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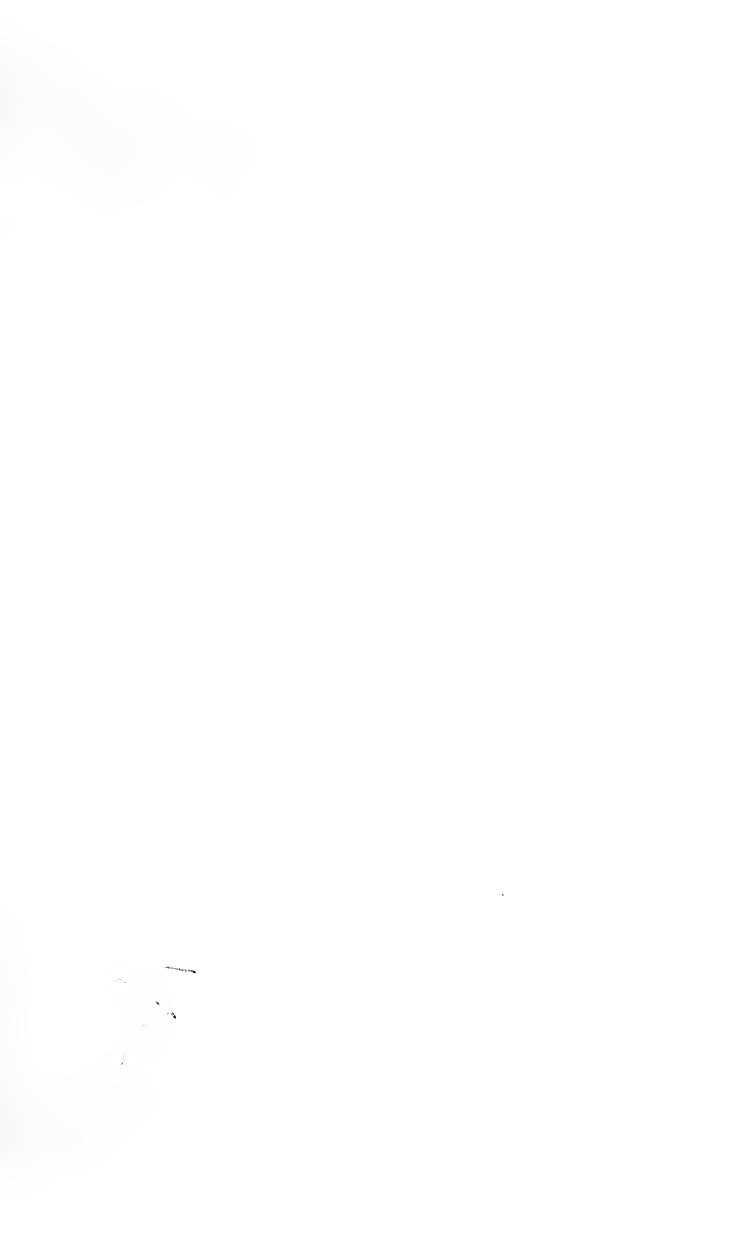


rising of the sun through a thick wood  
- Bride tied to a tree by Snyarooms









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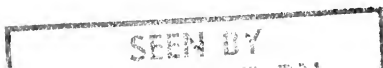
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DRAMATISTS OF THE RESTORATION.

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D'AVENANT.

IV.



*Printed for Subscribers only.*

450	copies	Small Paper.
150	„	Large Paper.
30	„	Whatman's Paper.
4	„	Vellum.

THE DRAMATIC  
WORKS OF SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT

WITH PREFATORY MEMOIR AND NOTES.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.



MDCCCLXXIII.

EDINBURGH: WILLIAM PATERSON.  
LONDON: H. SOTHERAN & CO.

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THE PLAYHOUSE TO BE LET.

*The Playhouse to be let. In D'avenant's Works, folio,*  
1673.

*The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru. 4to, 1658.*

*The History of Sir Francis Drake. 4to, 1659.*

“THE Playhouse to be let,” although not mentioned by Downes in his list of “plays acted from 1662 to 1665 both old and modern”—*Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 36—was without doubt produced, at the Theatre in Lincolns’ Inn Fields, within a short time after Sir William Davenant became its possessor. Mr Halliwell, in his Dictionary of old English Plays, sets it down as “first acted in 1663.” That it was performed prior to the Stepmother, a tragi-comedy by Sir Robert Stapylton, 1664, which is in Downes’ list, seems evident, as the prologue to that play says :—

“What’s here ? So many noble persons met ?  
Nay, then I see this house will not be let.”

The Biographia Britannica thus notices the piece :—  
“This was another very singular entertainment, composed of five acts, each being a distinct performance. The first act is introductory, shows the distress of the players in the time of vacation, that obliges them to let their house, which several offer to take for different purposes ; amongst the rest a Frenchman, who had brought over a troop of his countrymen to act a farce. This is performed in the second act, which is a translation of Moliere’s Sganarelle, or the Cuckold in Conceit ; all in broken French to make the people laugh. The third act is a sort of comic opera, under the title of the History of Sir Francis Drake. The fourth Act is a serious opera, representing the Cruelties of the Spaniards in Peru. The fifth act is a burlesque in Heroicks on the Amours of Cæsar and Cleopatra ; has a great deal of wit and humour, and was often acted afterwards by itself.”

With exception of the first act, all the others, which are separate and distinct but short dramatic pieces, were written in the time of Oliver Cromwell, and two of them at least were performed at the Cockpit, when Sir William Davenant had obtained permission to present his Entertainments of Music and perspective in Scenes.

The first act was afterwards introduced for the purpose of stringing together, as it were, those several little pieces so as to form a play of five acts, which was then the conventional length.

The only edition of "the Playhouse to be let" is that printed in the *Collected Works of Sir William Davenant*, folio, 1673. "Sir Francis Drake" and "The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru," which form the third and fourth acts, appeared separately when first produced. Their titles run thus:—"The History of Sir Francis Drake: exprest by Instrumentall and Vocall Musick, and by the Art of Perspective in Scenes, etc. The first part. Represented daily at the Cockpit in Drury Lane at Three afternoon punctually. London, Printed for Henry Herringham, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Anchor in the Lower Walk, in the New Exchange, 1659," 4to, pp. 37. Although styled "The first part," there was no subsequent continuation of the piece.

"The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru; exprest by Instrumentall and Vocall Musick, and by Art of Perspective in Scenes, etc. Represented daily at the Cockpit in Drury Lane, at three afternoon punctually. London, Printed for Henry Herringham, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Anchor in the Lower Walk, in the New Exchange," 1658, 4to.

To the end of the latter this note is appended:—"Notwithstanding the great expense necessary to scenes, and other ornaments in this entertainment, there is a good provision made of places for a shilling. And it shall begin certainly at three afternoon."

From the dates, it will be observed that "The Cruelty of the Spaniards" was acted prior to "The History of Sir Francis Drake."

"The British Theatre, containing the Lives of the English Dramatic Poets, with an account of all their Plays, Lond. 1752, 12mo," in noticing the Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru, has this note:—"We are told that Cromwell not only allowed this piece to be performed, but actually read and approved of it; and the reason given was, that it reflected on the Spaniards, against whom he was supposed to have formed great designs."

Malone has adopted this view of the case, which in all probability is true. Speaking of the Cruelty of the Spaniards he says :—" A performance which Cromwell, from his hatred to the Spaniards, permitted, though he had prohibited all other theatrical exhibitions." See *Malone's Supplement*, vol. i. p. 18.

There is "a ballad against the Opera, call'd, The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru, writ by Sir W. D'avenant" in the third part of "Miscellany Poems. By the most eminent hands. Published by Mr. Dryden. Lond. 1716, 12mo." but without any mention as to who was the Author. This ballad which consists of fourteen stanzas, is an attempt, but not a happy one, to ridicule the Scenery, Actors, and the Music of the piece. Take for example the following :—

"The next thing was the Scene,  
And that as it was lain,  
But no man knows where in Peru.  
With a story for the nonce  
Of raw-head and bloody-bones,  
But the devil a word that was true.

Neither must I here forget  
The musick, how it was set,  
Dise two ayres and a half and a *Jove*,  
All the rest was such a gig,  
Like the squeaking of a pig,  
Or cats when they're making their love."—

The second act of "The Playhouse to be let," consists of a very clever translation of Moliere's *Coçu Imaginaire*. It is from the same source that Murphy's excellent comedy "All in the Wrong" has emanated.

Langbaine has this notice of another comedy from this source :

"Tom Essence, or the Modish Wife: A comedy acted at the Duke's Theatre, 4to. Lond. 1677. This Play is founded on two French Plays, viz. Moliere's *Sganarelle*, ou le *Coçu Imaginaire*; and Tho. Corneille's *D. Cæsar D'Avalos*, in the part of Love-all's intrigue with Luce; without the reader will suppose that he followed a Spanish novel called the *Trepanner Trepanned*: and for the business of Tom Essence and his wife copied Sir William D'Avenant's *Playhouse to be let*, Act 2d, which is a translation from the former. This play is said to be writ by one Mr. Rawlins."

Mrs Gosnell, who is set down as the singer of "Ah! love is a delicate thing" in this second act, was maid to Lady Pepys. She is first noticed in Sir Samuel's Diary, in this entry:—"13th Nov. 1662. To the Duke's to-day, but he is gone a-hunting. After dinner, talking with my wife, and making Mrs. Gosnell sing; and then, there being no coach to be got, by water to Whitehall; but Gosnell, not being willing to go through bridge, we were forced to land and take water again, and put her and her sister ashore at the Temple. I am mightily pleased with her humour and singing."

Subsequently, "28th May 1663. By water to the Royal Theatre; but that was so full they told us we could have no room. And so to the Duke's House, and there saw 'Hamlete' done, giving us fresh reason never to think enough of Betterton. Who should we see come upon the stage but Gosnell, my wife's maid? but neither spoke, danced, nor sung, which I was sorry for."

"29th. This day is kept strictly as a holy-day, being the King's Coronation. . . . To the Royal Theatre, but they not acting to-day, then to the Duke's house, and there saw 'The Slighted Mayde,' wherein Gosnell acted *Æromena* [*Pyramena*], a great part, and did it very well, and I believe will do it better and better, and prove a good actor. The play is not very excellent, but is well acted, and, in general, the actors in all particulars are better than at the other house."

Mrs Gosnell continued on the stage for some time, as further entries by Pepys show:—

"26th Dec. 1666. To the Duke's house, to a play. It was indifferently done, Gosnell not singing, but a new wench that sings naughtily."

"20th May 1668. I hear that Mrs Davis is quite gone from the Duke of York's house, and Gosnell comes in her room, which I am glad of."

The tragedie travestie, or farce in burlesque verse, on the actions of Cæsar, Antony, and Cleopatra, forming the fifth act of this entertainment, is deserving of especial notice, as being the earliest burlesque dramatic piece in the English language, and as possessed of no ordinary merit in point of composition. It was performed separately at the Theatre in Dorset Gardens, by way of

farce, after the tragedy of Pompey, a work of Mrs Catherine Phillips, "the Divine Orinda."

Sir John Suckling, who appears to have had a penchant for abusing his friends, has, in his "Sessions of the Poets," the following lame attempt at satire on Sir William Davenant and his "Playhouse to be let:"—

Will. Davenant would fain have been steward o' th' court,  
To have fin'd and amerc'd each man at his will,  
But Apollo, it seems, had heard a report  
That his choice of new plays did show h'ad no skill.

Besides, some critics had ow'd him a spite,  
And a little before had made the god fret,  
By letting him know the Laureat did write  
That damnable farce, *the house to be let*.

"A Playhouse to be let," is the second title of a tragicomical-farcical ballad opera, written "by a gentleman late of Trinity College, Cambridge," and acted at Covent Garden in 1733. It bears no reference to the present piece.

The plot and scenery of the History of Sir Francis Drake have been derived from the several incidents detailed in Drake's Voyages. Of these, an account will be found in a small volume titled "The English Hero; or, Sir Francis Drake Reviv'd," the ninth edition of which, "Inlarged, reduced into Chapters, with Contents, and beautified with pictures: By R. B[urton], 1716," is presently before us. In this, the Captain who figures as one of the Dramatis Personæ in the dramatic entertainment of Sir Francis Drake, is called "Rawse," not "Rouse." Among many passages which bear upon the subject of the piece, we quote the following:—"There came into the same bay an English bark of the Isle of Wight, James Rawse, Captain, with 30 men, some of whom had been there with Drake the year before [*i.e.*, in 1571]. They brought in a Spanish carvel or advice boat, bound for Nombre de Dios, and a shallop with oars taken at Cape Blanck, and being acquainted with Drake's design, they joined with him therein. *July 22* [1572.] They sailed out of this harbour for Nombre de Dios, and coming in three days to the Isle of Pines, took two frigots laden with plank and timber from Nombre de

Dios: the negroes aboard informed them of the present state of the town, and that some soldiers were daily expected from the Governour of Panama to defend it against the Symerons, a black people, who, about eighty years past, fled from the cruelty of their masters—the Spaniards, and grew since into a nation under two Kings of their own, one inhabiting westward, and the other east, in the way from Nombre de Dios to Panama, who had almost surprised the town six weeks before. Capt. Drake resolving not to hurt these negroes, set them ashore on the mainland, that, if they would, they might join themselves to the Symerons, their countrymen, and thereby gain their liberty, or if not, yet the way being long and troublesome by land to Nombre de Dios, they might not give notice to them of his arrival, whom he intended to surprise with the utmost speed and secrecy.” “Having mustered and armed his men betimes in the morning, he exhorted them to be valiant and courageous, representing to them the greatness of the booty, the weakness of the town, and the hope of prevailing, and recompencing the wrongs he had received. In the evening they again set sail for Nombre de Dios, and in the evening reached the River Francisco, and lay close to the shore all day to prevent discovery from the watch-houses; in the night, they rowed hard till they came into the harbour under the high-land, resolving, after they were refresht, to attempt the town next morning by break of day; but Captain Drake observing that his men, from the report of the negroes, seemed to apprehend the danger of this attempt, because of the greatness and strength of the town, to prevent their fears, he took the opportunity of the rising of the moon that night, persuading them it was the dawning of the day, whereby they came to the town above an hour sooner than was at first proposed, which was about three in the morning.” Then follows a graphic account of taking the town, defeating the Spaniards, and acquiring treasure. In this, John Drake, the Captain’s brother, who sailed with him, and who may be regarded as the “Drake Junior” of the play, took a prominent part. There was another brother with them, named Joseph. Both of these men, however, were dead before Drake came within



sight of Panama or Venta Cruz; the former being killed in boarding a frigate, the latter dying of a calenture, from having drank some brackish water drawn at the mouth of the river, by the sailors who were sent to obtain water, but who were too indolent to proceed further up where it was fresher.

"They stayed with the Symerons that night, Feb. 7, and the next day till noon." "Their king dwelt in a city 16 leagues south-east of Panama, and was able to raise seventeen hundred fighting men. They were very earnest with Captain Drake to stay two or three days, engaging to double his number of men in that time if he thought good; but he, thanking them for their kind offer, resolved to prosecute his voyage." Four Symerons were sent on before to clear the way—"twelve went before as a vanguard, and twelve more in the rear, the English and the two Symeron captains marching in the midst. They were much encouraged by hearing there was a great tree about the midway, where they might at once discern the North Sea, from whence they came, and the South Sea, whither they were going. The fourth day after, Feb. 17, they came to the top of this desired hill, which was very high, and lay east and west like a ridge between the two seas. It was about ten o'clock in the morning when one of the chief Symerons, taking Drake by the hand, desired him to walk up this famous high tree, wherein they had cut divers steps to ascend almost to the top, where they had made a convenient arbour for twelve men conveniently to sit, and from whence, without difficulty, they might plainly discern both the north and south Atlantick Ocean, many of the adjoining trees being cut down to clear the prospect, and divers strong houses built thereupon by the Symerons."

Having taken Venta Cruz, Drake returned upon Panama, in the neighbourhood of which he and his followers secured as many bars and wedges of gold as they could well carry away, burying above fifty tons of silver in the sand and under old trees. After several adventures at other places, "with all manner of kindness they took leave of the Symerons. There were at this time belonging to Carthagena, Nombre de Dios, Rio Grand, Sancta Martha, Rio de Hacha, Venta Cruz, Veragua,

Nicaragua, the Honduras, and Jamaica, above two hundred frigots, some of one hundred and twenty, others of ten or twelve, but the generality of thirty or forty tun, who all traded between Carthagera and Nombre de Dios, most of which, during their abode on those coasts, the English took, and some twice or thrice over." Sailing from Cape St Anthony, they "arrived at Plymouth on Sunday at sermon time, Aug. 9, 1573. The news of Drake's return being speedily carried into the church, so much surprised the people with desire and joy to see him, that few or none remained with the preacher, all running out to observe the blessing of God upon the dangerous labours and endeavours of Captain Francis Drake."

Aboard the ship in which, in 1577, Drake sailed round the world, while it lay at Deptford, he feasted Queen Elizabeth, "who knighted and much honoured him for this service, he being the first who had accomplished so vast a design, as to encompass the globe." This ship was laid up at Deptford for several years, and was held in great admiration by many who came to see it; but being afterward decayed by time, and at length broken up, a chair was made of the planks thereof, and presented to the University Library of Oxford, by John Davies of Deptford, Esq., upon which chair the renowned Cowley thus descants:—

"To this great ship which round the world has run,  
And matcht in race the chariot of the sun,  
'This Pythagorean ship—for it may claim  
Without presumption, so deserv'd a name,  
By knowledge once, and transformation now—  
In her new shape this sacred post allow;  
Drake and his ship could not have wisht from Fate  
A more blest station, or more blest estate;  
For, lo! a seat of endless rest is given  
To her in Oxford, and to him in heaven."

*Upon the Poet's sitting and drinking in the Chair made of  
the Relics of Sir Francis Drake's Ship.*

#### I.

"Cheer up, my mates! the wind does fairly blow,  
Clap on more sail, and never spare,  
Farewell all lands, for now we are  
In the wide sea of drink, and merrily we go;

Bless me ! 'tis hot ! another bowl of wine !  
 And we shall cut the burning line !  
 Hey, boys ! she scuds away, and by my head I know  
 We round the world are sailing now ;  
 What dull men are those that tarry at home,  
 When abroad they might wantonly roam,  
 And gain such experience, and spy too  
 Such countries and wonders as I do ?  
 But, prithee, good Pilot, take heed what you do,  
 And fail not to touch at Peru ;  
 With gold there our vessel we will store,  
 And never, and never be poor,  
 No, never be poor any more.

## II.

“ What do I mean, what thoughts do me misguide ?  
 As well upon a staff may witches ride  
 Their fancied journey in the air  
 As I sail round the ocean in this chair.  
 'Tis true, but yet this chair, which now you see,  
 For all its quiet now and gravity,  
 Has wand'ring and has travelled more  
 Than ever beast, or fish, or bird, or ever tree before,  
 In every air, and every sea hath been,  
 Has compass'd all the earth, and all the heaven has seen.  
 Let not the Pope's itself with this compare,  
 This is the only universal chair ;  
 Drake's vessel now, for all her labour past,  
 Is made the seat of rest at last.  
 Let the case now quite alter'd be,  
 And as thou went'st abroad the world to see,  
 Let the world now come to see thee.

## III.

“ The World will do't ; for curiosity  
 Does no less than Devotion pilgrims make,  
 And I myself, who now love quiet too,  
 As much almost as any chair can do,  
 Would yet a journey take  
 An old wheel of that chariot to see,  
 Which Phaeton so rashly brake,  
 Yet what could that say more than these remains of  
 Drake ?  
 Great relic ! thou too in this port of ease  
 Hast still one way of making voyages ;  
 The great trade-wind, which ne'er does fail,  
 Shall drive thee round the world, and thou shalt run  
 Along, around it as the sun.

The streights of Time too narrow are for thee ;  
 Launch forth into an undiscovered sea,  
 And steer the endless course of all eternity ;  
 Take for thy sail this verse, and, for thy pilot, me."

The family of Drake is thus described in "the English Baronetage, containing an account of the English Baronets existing in 1741," and taken, in a great measure, from the papers of Arthur Collins, Esq., the peerage writer, and William Holman, Esq., of Halstead, in Essex, who wrote concerning the antiquities of that county,—5 vols., Lond., 1741, 8vo, vol. i., p. 531.

#### DRAKE OF BUCKLAND, DEVONSHIRE.

Francis, Esquire, created baronet, Aug. 2, 1622. The first we find mentioned of this family is John Drake of Tavistock, in county Devon, afterwards vicar of Upnor, in that county, who fled into Kent, temp. Henry VIII., for fear of the Six Articles, wherein the sting of Popery still remained, though the teeth thereof were knocked out, and the Pope's supremacy abolished. He had two sons, Francis and Thomas ; the eldest son was Sir Francis Drake—having that Christian name from his godfather, Francis, Earl of Bedford—knighted by Queen Elizabeth on shipboard at Deptford, 1581. He represented Boffiney, in Cornwall, 27 Eliz., and Plymouth, in Devon, 35 of that reign. Mr Cambden calls him the greatest captain of the age in maritime achievements. His blocking up the Bay of Mexico for two years together, with continual defeats of the Spaniards, his sailing quite round the world, with great conduct and bravery, and change of fortune, and his other naval achievements, which made him so famous and memorable, are fitter for a history and volume of itself than a design of this nature. He married Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir George Sydenham of Combe-Sydenham, in county Somerset, knight (who, surviving him, afterwards married William Courtenay of Powderham Castle, in Devonshire, Esq.), and dying, Jan. 28, 1595, without issue, left a large estate to his nephew, Francis Drake, Esq., son and heir of his brother Thomas, by Elizabeth, daughter of — Gregory, which Thomas had also a daughter, Elizabeth, married to John Bampfylde of Pottimore, in Devon, Esq.

Francis Drake, Esq., before mentioned, was advanced to the dignity of a baronet 20 Jac. I., and, in 25 of that reign, he was representative in Parliament for Plymouth, in that county, and 3 Car. I., knight of the shire for Devon. He married two wives; first, Jane, daughter of Sir Amias Bampfylde, of Pottimore, in county Devon, Knt., by whom he had one daughter, Dorothy, that died an infant; secondly, Joan, daughter of Sir William Strode, of Newnham, in Devon, Knt., by whom he had four sons: 1. Sir Francis, his successor; 2. Thomas, who married the daughter of — Grimes, Esq., and was father of Sir Francis, hereafter mentioned; 3. — Drake of Ivybridge; and 4. Joseph.

Drake's last voyage was to the West Indies, in 1595. He set sail from Plymouth on the 28th Aug. On "22d Jan. 1596 they departed from Scoday to an island near Nombre de Dios, and two days after came to Portobello; where, the same day they arrived, our famous hero, Sir Francis Drake, departed this life, his death being supposed to be much hastened by his unsuccessfulness in this voyage; his greater spirit, always accustomed to victory and success, not being able to bear the least check of fortune, which occasioned such melancholy thoughts as were thought to be a chief cause of his end. His death was exceedingly lamented by all the Company, who lookt upon him to be the life and soul of their enterprizes and undertakings. His interment was after this manner: his body, being put into a coffin of lead, was let down into the sea, the trumpets in a doleful manner echoing out their lamentation for so great a loss, and all the cannon in the fleet were discharged, according to the custom of all sea funeral obsequies. . . . And thus having brought our renowned knight through so many dangers and adventures to his watery grave, we will take our leave of him with this short epitaph, written upon him many years since:—

"Where Drake first found these last, he lost his name,  
And for a tomb left nothing but his fame;  
His body's buried under some great wave,  
The sea that was his glory is his grave;  
Of whom an epitaph none can truly make;  
For who can say, Here lies Sir Francis Drake?"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ACT 1.

INTRODUCTORY.

PLAYER.  
HOUSEKEEPER TO THE THEATRE.  
MONSIEUR.  
MUSICIAN.  
DANCING-MASTER.  
POET.  
PORTER.  
TIRE-WOMAN TO THE THEATRE.  
CHAR-WOMAN TO THE THEATRE.

ACT 2.

SGANARELLE.

GORGIBUS.  
SGANARELLE.  
LELIE.  
VILLEBREQUIN.  
CELIE.  
SGANARELLE'S WIFE.  
SERVANT.

ACT 3.

HISTORY OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

PLAYER.  
HOUSEKEEPER.  
KING OF THE SYMERONS.  
SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.  
DRAKE JUNIOR.  
CAPTAIN ROUSE.  
PEDRO, *formerly a slave of the Spaniards.*

PAGE.  
 BOATSWAIN.  
 STEERSMAN.  
 MARINERS.  
 ENGLISH LAND-SOLDIERS.  
 SEA-CARPENTERS.  
 SYMERONS.  
 PERUVIANS.  
 DANCERS.

## ACT 4.

## THE CRUELTY OF THE SPANIARDS IN PERU.

PLAYER.  
 HOUSEKEEPER.  
 - THE TWO ROYAL BRETHREN, *Sons of the last Inca.*  
 PRIEST OF THE SUN.  
 ENGLISH MARINERS AND SOLDIERS.  
 SPANISH SOLDIERS.  
 PERUVIANS, *Male and Female.*

## ACT 5.

## TRAGEDY TRAVESTIE.

PLAYER.  
 HOUSEKEEPER.  
 CÆSAR.  
 MARK ANTHONY.  
 LEPIDUS.  
 PTOLOMY.  
 NIMPHIDIUS.  
 EUNUCHS.  
 CLEOPATRA.  
 GYPSIES, *Male and Female.*

## PROLOGUE.

SINCE you affect things new, what I'm to say  
Shall be as great a novel as our play,  
Custom would have me speak a prologue now,  
But that we may entire adherence show  
To novelty (which in the mode of plays  
Like sovereign nature over custom sways)  
I mean my prologue shall a riddle be ;  
And thus propound it to the company.

A teeming muse, big with imagination,  
Conceived a monster of so new a fashion,  
That of the hasty birth b'ing brought to bed,  
We found it neither had a tail nor head.  
The limbs are such, as no proportion bear,  
No correspondence have, and yet cohere :  
Of several use, and several forms they be,  
Yet in the whole contexture they agree :  
They are disjoin'd yet united too,  
Which cannot but a monster seem to you ;  
Yet such a monster 'tis, as you'll admit  
For pleasure, and still pay for nursing it.

I see y'are puzzl'd ; but we so despise  
Th'advantage we might make by a surprise,  
That to unriddle this, you here may come  
And join your heads together in one room,  
Where, for your money, you shall sit at ease,  
Two hours a day, till Christmas if you please.



## THE PLAY-HOUSE TO BE LET.

### THE FIRST ACT.

*The SCENE opens, and upon two stools are discover'd the TIRE-WOMAN and CHAR-WOMAN, one shelling of beans, and the other sewing.*

*Enter PLAYER and HOUSE-KEEPER.*

PLAY. WHAT! shelling of beans? 'tis a proper work

For the long vacation. You may e'en dry 'em  
In the sun, and lay 'em up in the tiring-house  
For the players: they may get bacon to 'em  
When the Term comes.

HOUS-K. Nay, you may work on too; 'tis hospital ware:  
Coarse shirts for the poor poets.

*[Knocking heard at door.]*

PLAY. Are they mad? Sure, they take the play-house for  
The church-yard o'er the way; and mean to wake  
Our dead neighbours. What would you have?

*[Knocking again.]*

TIRE-W. Pray, knock civilly! I believe it is  
Some country poet with a stock of plays.  
He brings his ware to sell when the fair's done.

*[Knocking again.]*

PLAY. Some university muse is in hard labour,  
And she takes our Tire-woman for a midwife.  
Open the door!—

*[Exit HOUS-K. and enter again with MONSIEUR.]*

MONS. Be you von, two, tree of de teatre?

HOUS-K. We are standing properties of the  
play-house,

Which, in vacation, lye in pawn for the rent.

MONS. Dat is vel ! bi de bill de house is to let.

PLAY. 'Tis to let ! but you, Sir, knock'd so hard  
As if you meant to take it by assault.

MONS. Sir, me beseesh your pardon, and vill give  
De good mony vor de rent dis vacation.

HOUS.-K. What would you do in't ? we must  
like your trade  
Before we let our shop, lest we should ride  
With John Dory\* to Paris to seek rent.

MONS. Mi vil make presentation of de farce.

TIRE-W. Farces, what be those ? New French  
bobs for ladies ?

PLAY. Pray, peace ! I understand the gentleman.  
Your farces are a kind of mongrel plays.  
But, sir, I believe all French farces are  
Prohibited commodities, and will  
Not pass current in England.

MONS. Sir, pardon me ! de Engelis be more  
Fantastique den de Fransh. De farce  
Bi also very fantastique, and vil passe.

PLAY. The Monsieur's in the right ; for we  
have found  
Our customers of late exceeding humorous.

MONS. De vise nation bi for tings heroique,  
And de fantastique, vor de farce !

TIRE-W. I like not that these French *pardonney*  
*moys*  
Should make so bold with old England.

HOUS.-K. Peace, woman ! We'll let the house,  
and get money.

PLAY. But how will your French farce be  
understood ?  
For all our travell'd customers are gone  
To take the air with their own wives, beyond  
Hide-Park a great way ; a homely country mode

\* A French private, whose name was proverbial.

Of their fore-fathers.

TIRE-W. With grief we speak it ;  
They may be asham'd to leave their poor mistresses  
And us behind 'em without customers.

PLAY. Pray, save your tears for our next tragedy.  
The Monsieur's all for merry farces, but,  
As I said, sir, how shall we understand 'em ?

MONS. Me have a troop of French Comœdiens  
Dat speak a little very good Engelis.

TIRE-W. Bless us ! a troop ?

PLAY. Woman, thou art no linguist ; they in  
France

Call a company of players, a troop.\*

TIRE-W. I thought he had ta'en our long  
Tennis-Court

For a stable.

PLAY. And you are shelling beans for his  
horses. [*Knocking without again.*]

HOUS.-K. Our bill at the door draws in more  
customers. [*Exit House-Keeper.*]

PLAY. House-Keeper, look out !

Monsieur, you may draw up your troop of farceurs  
Within the pales ; they may chance to give us  
A short trial of their prowess in poetry.

MONS. Vel, sir, you sall see trange ting.

[*Exit Monsieur.*]

PLAY. Who is't that knock'd ?

*Enter HOUSE-KEEPER.*

HOUS.-K. Nay, there's a couple !

PLAY. What are they ?

HOUS.-K. Men in their shirts doing penance  
For the most scandalous sin of poverty ;  
Two very hot fencers without doublets :

\* " We say a troop of thieves, a troop of beggars, and a troop  
of authors ; but learn to say a company of comedians ! " —  
*Gil Blas*. 3 vols., 8vo, Lond. 1802. Vol. i., p. 309.

They would hire our Play-house.

PLAY. For what use?

HOUS.-K. For a school, where they'd teach the art of duel,

Which is a fit trade in the long vacation :

For nothing makes young gentlemen so quarrelsome  
As want of money.

PLAY. Tell 'em the Red Bull \* stands empty for fencers :

There are no tenants in it but old spiders.

Go, bid the men of wrath allay their heat

With prizes there.

HOUS.-K. I told 'em of Pancras-Church, where their scholars,

\* The Red Bull Theatre was situated in St. John Street, Clerkenwell.

It was at this house that "Green's Tu quoque" was originally produced. That comedy is by Cooke, and was called the City Gallant, but the inimitable acting of Green in the part of Bubble, whose answer to every complaint is "Tu quoque," occasioned the alteration of title. Green is said to have been an excellent clown. He appeared at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields in his celebrated character in 1665, shortly before the production of the present piece, in which, in all probability, he also performed.

That theatres were occasionally let for sword exercise is shewn by Pepys. "June 1st, 1663. The duke having been a-hunting to-day, and so lately come home and gone to bed, we could not see him, and we walked away, and I with Sir J. Minnes, to the Strand May-pole ; and there light out of his coach, and walked to the New Theatre, which, since the King's players are gone to the Royal one, is this day begun to be employed by the fencers to play prizes at. And here I came and saw the first prize I ever saw in my life ; and it was between one Mathews, who did beat at all weapons, and one Westwicke, who was soundly cut several times both in the head and legs, that he was all over blood ; and other deadly blows they did and take in very good earnest, till Westwicke was in a sad pickle. They fought at eight weapons, three bouts at each weapon. This being upon a private quarrel, they did it in good earnest ; and I felt one of their swords, and found it to be very little, if at all, blunter on the edge than the common swords are. Strange to see what a deal of money is flung to them both upon the stage between every bout. So, well pleased for once with this sight, I walked home."

When they have kill'd one another in duel,  
Have a Church-yard to themselves for their dead.

[*Knocking again.*]

PLAY. Bid 'em march off! [*Exit House-Keeper.*]  
We'll let this Theatre and build another, where,  
At a cheaper rate, we may have room for scenes.  
Brainford's \* the place!

Perhaps 'tis now somewhat too far i' th' suburbs;  
But the mode is for builders to work slight and  
fast;

And they proceed so with new houses,  
That old London will quickly overtake us.

*Enter HOUSE-KEEPER, MUSICIAN, and PORTER  
bearing cases for instruments.*

HOUS.-K. I've brought the man, who, without  
the merchandize of two Cats, shall make us all rich  
Whittingtons.

PLAY. Hey, what have we here?  
A load of tombs for dead fiddles?

MUS. I find, sir, by your bills, you'd let the  
Play-house.

PLAY. We would find means to live, this dead  
vacation.

MUS. That is, you wou'd have a good round  
rent for it.

PLAY. Which you'll scarce pay by playing  
Sellinger's-round.

MUS. Your wit, sir, will never grow up to  
madness:

'Tis only the fume of an empty stomach.  
You may recover in the Term, when you

\* Brentford, then a common place of resort of the citizens of London, and now commemorated chiefly by Cowper's ballad of John Gilpin.

Luke Sparkes, the comedian, is buried here, as well as Henry Giffard, Garrick's contemporary, and his wife, an actress of much repute.

Get money to get meat.

PLAY. Prettily well said. But however, sir,  
You should have been sure of our shop before  
You brought in your ware.

MUS. Rest you merry !  
There is another Play-house to let in Vere-street.

HOUS.-K. This man of music has more in his  
head

Than mere crotchets. I pray a word, sir :  
I am the House-Keeper.

MUS. You may sleep out your office, sir,  
Y'are not like to be wak'd with visitants.

[Going out.

PLAY. Sir, under your favour, let's not part thus.  
Please but to clear the mist which you brought  
with you.

MUS. Well, sir, be brief !

PLAY. Why came you with such confidence to  
take

The house, as made you bring your furniture  
Before we treated for the rent ?

MUS. Because I thought you had been more in  
love

With your profit, than with your wit.

PLAY. Ay, that's the point ! Whence should our  
profits rise ?

MUS. I meant to entertain the people with  
A novelty ; which I suppose is no  
Ill bait for those small fishes, which I thought  
Mine own, and purpos'd you a share i' th' net.

PLAY. But what's the composition of your bait ?

MUS. I would have introduced heroique story  
In *Stilo Recitativo*.

PLAY. In *Stilo Recitativo* ? 'tis well ;  
I understand you, sir. But do you think  
That natural ?

MUS. Because 'tis not in custom,

You therefore think, sir, it is out of nature ?

PLAY. It seems so, sir, to me, unless you would Metamorphose men into birds. Suppose I should not ask, but sing you now a question, And you should instantly sing me answer ; Would you not think it strange ?

MUS. Well, sir, as how ? *[Plays and sings.*

PLAY. Take out your watch, and tell me, sir, the hour ?

Then you reply,

My watch, sir, is at pawn, but 'tis past four.

MUS. Your heart is good, sir, but y'are an ill mimic

In music, and your voice does breed some doubt Of your virginity.

PLAY. You'd make me blush If there were strangers here ; but if you please Cease your rebukes, and proceed to instruction.

MUS. Recitative music is not compos'd Of matter so familiar, as may serve For every low occasion of discourse. In tragedy, the language of the stage Is rais'd above the common dialect ; Our passions rising with the height of verse ; And vocal music adds new wings to all The flights of poetry. *[Knocking within again.*

HOUS.-K. Look out again ! There's a fresh customer. *[Exit Tire-Woman*

PLAY. Be pleas'd, sir, to retire awhile, and tune Your instruments. You shall make trial of The length and depth of all the ears we have.

MUS. I'll chuse the women's tiring-room for privacy.

PLAY. You may ; for they are gone, sir, to rob orchards, And get the green-sickness in the country.

*[Exeunt Musician and Porter at the one door.*

*Enter TIRE-WOMAN at the other.*

TIRE-W. There's such a crowd at door, as if we had

A new play of Gundamar.\*

PLAY. See who they be!

*[Exit House-Keeper.]*

Our bill has been up but two days, and I perceive  
We shall have use again of our wardrobe.

Go, woman! drive away the moths;  
For they are grown as big as butterflies.

*[Exit Tire-woman.]*

*Enter HOUSE-KEEPER with a DANCING MASTER.*

Hous.-K. All the dry old fools of Bartholomew  
fair

Are come to hire our house. The German fool,  
Yan Boridge of Hamb'rough, and numberless  
Jack-puddings; the new motion men of Norwich,  
Op'ra-puppets; the old gentlewoman  
That professes the galliard on the rope;  
Another rare Turk that flies without wings;  
Rich jugglers with embroider'd budgets; hoop-men,  
And so many tom-tumblers that you'd think  
Lincolns-Inn-Field a forest of wild apes.

PLAY. Your tumblers may trot hence, your  
jugglers too  
May e'en pass and repass away to Southwark;  
But, till the nation be more civiliz'd,  
Your Fool and Devil may be entertain'd;  
They'll get money; none now but very choice  
Spectators will vouchsafe to see a play  
Without 'm. Pray, what is that gentleman?

\* Referring, no doubt, to "A game at chess," by Middleton, the character of the Black Knight being intended for Gondomar, who was Spanish ambassador in England—the active instrument to advance the match of Prince Charles with the Infanta.



HOUS.-K. Not a spectator, sir ; but one that would

Fain hire our house to draw spectators hither.

PLAY. What is your mystery ?

DAN. MA. Historical dancing.

PLAY. How ? High history upon ropes ?

DANC. MA. Fie no, sir ; I'm for down-right plain history

Express in figures on the floor, a kind  
Of morals in dumb shows by men and beasts.

PLAY. Without any interpreter ?

DANC. MA. Pardon me, sir ; the audience now  
and then

Must be inform'd by chorus's in rhyme.

PLAY. O, dumb-shows with speeches ?

DANC. MA. Yes, sir, the same : but very short.

PLAY. I apprehend you, sir, if these be not  
Novelties, I'll to the sea, and straight seek out  
A new world to find 'em. These will take rarely.

HOUS.-K. We'll buy shovels to keep our money  
from rusting.

PLAY. Well, my dear fantastic friends of London,

Who love novelty, and would scorn to look  
Even on the moon, but that she changes often  
And becomes new ; I hope we shall please you now.

*[Knock again.]*

HOUS.-K. Another man of mystery !

*[Exit Hous.-K.]*

PLAY. Sir, pass the back way over to the Grange ;  
An inn where you may bait your men and beasts ;  
And we'll be for you straight.

*[Exit Danc. Ma.]*

*Enter, at the other door, HOUSE-KEEPER.*

HOUS.-K. Here is one goodman John Leyden  
desires

To speak with you; and he does promise great satisfaction

By a word to the wise.

PLAY. Tell him, the wise are not at leisure now  
To hear his sov'reignship. What would he have?

HOUS.-K. He would hire the turband, sceptre,  
and

Throne of our Solyman the Magnificent; and reign  
This long vacation over all the dominions  
In Portugal-Row.\*

PLAY. He was an enemy  
To the exil'd Comicks. I will not hear him.

HOUS.-K. Consider well! He'll draw spectators  
hither.

PLAY. Yes, such as will give no more to see him  
here

Than in the street to see a blazing star.

Money is the main material of rent:

Your kings of Munster pay in prophecies only.

HOUS.-K. He has a ream of paper about him:  
They are bills of exchange or prophecies.

PLAY. Bills of exchange sign'd long ago at  
Munster.†

\* Solyman the Magnificent is one of the characters in the "Siege of Rhodes," then recently performed at the theatre in Portugal Row.—*See the Play itself* in our third volume.

† John Buckhold, otherwise called John of Leyden, was a butcher there: "a crafty fellow, very eloquent, very perfect in the Scriptures, subtle, confident, more changeable than Proteus, a serious student of sedition,—briefly, a most fervent anabaptist,"—John Mathias, a baker of Haarlem, calling himself a prophet, appointed him his successor, in 1534, the anabaptists, with Mathias as their chief leader having, in the earlier part of the year, taken possession of Munster, and repulsed the Bishop's forces who besieged it, with a loss of 4000 men. Buckhold assumed the magistracy, exercised great cruelty, allowed polygamy, took to himself three wives, one being Mathias' widow, whom he afterwards dignified by the title of Queen, on his creating himself King of Munster, which he did after another new prophet, one John Tuysentschreuer, a goldsmith of Warendorp, had foreshadowed such a

Bid him be gone !

HOUS.-K. He's not such an enemy to the  
Comics,

As one without is a foe to him ;  
One who desires admittance too.

PLAY. What is he ?

HOUS.-K. A man of metre, a poet.

PLAY. Dismiss your doling, and let in your  
poet.

We must be ever civil to the Muses.

HOUS.-K. The poet has a special train behind  
him ;

Though they look lean and empty,  
Yet they seem very full of invention.

PLAY. Let him enter ! and send his train to our  
House-inn, the Grange. *[Exit House-Keeper.]*

result. This man proclaimed in the market place that the "most holy prophet, John Buckhold of Leyden, was to be exalted to kingly dignity, and that he should inherit the eternal seat of his father David, and should possess it with farre greater majesty." This Buckhold kneeling down said, that "so much had been revealed to him from God the Father ten dayes before ; though it was against his inclination to undertake the difficulties of government." After being invested with all the regalia of supreme authority, he degraded the twelve councillors of state, and appointed his own officers. His titles were, "the King of Justice, the King of the New Jerusalem." He caused money to be coined, and all things were to be common among his followers. The aim of the Anabaptists was universal monarchy. They attempted to take Amsterdam during the night of the 10th May 1535, but were worsted. Shortly afterwards the city of Munster itself was betrayed to the Bishop for a sum of money by Buckhold's confidant, John Longstrat. After a firm resistance and much bloodshed, Buckhold and several of his confederates were taken, and, in January 1536, were brought to execution, being fastened to a stake and pulled piecemeal by two executioners, "with pincers red-hot out of the fire." Thereafter their carcasses were put into iron baskets, and hung out of the tower of St. Lambert, "as anathemas of eternal example." See "Apocalypsis : or, the Revelation of certain notorious advancers of Heresie." Appended to Ross's Pansebeia. Lond. 1655. 12mo.

John of Leyden is the hero of Meyerbere's opera "Le Prophete."

Virgil himself, as ancient poets say,  
Was once a groom, and liv'd by oats and hay.

*Enter HOUSE-KEEPER and POET.*

POET. The bill upon your door shews that  
Your house was not of late much haunted.

HOUS.-K. Not with play-visitors, nor is it now  
With spirits, for you see none are afraid  
To hire it.

POET. I did not suspect, sir, it could be haunted  
With spirits, for you players never hide money.

PLAY. You poets do; for, 'tis but seldom, sir,  
That any has been found about ye.

POET. D'you set up of your selves, and profess  
wit  
Without help of your authors? Take heed, sirs!  
You'll get few customers.

HOUS.-K. Yes, we shall have the Poets.

POET. 'Tis because they pay nothing for their  
entrance.

But, my friends, leave off the endeavour to  
Grow witty without occasion. I pray  
Be in earnest. Do you mean to get money?

PLAY. That's the cause why we endeavour at  
wit.

POET. Wit will not do your work alone.  
You must have something of a newer stamp to  
make your

Coin current. Your old great images of  
Love and honour are esteem'd but by some  
Antiquaries now. You should set up with that  
Which is more new. What think you  
Of romances travestie?

PLAY. Explain yourself!

POET. The garments of our fathers you must  
wear

The wrong side outward, and in time it may

Become a fashion.

HOUS.-K. It will be strange, and then 'tis sure to take.

POET. You shall present the actions of the heroes,

Which are the chiefest themes of tragedy,  
In verse burlesque.

PLAY. Burlesque and travestie? These are hard words,

And may be French, but not law-French.\*

Take heed, sir, what you say; you may be question'd for't.

We would do nothing, sir, but what is legal.

HOUS.-K. If it be French, I pray translate it to us.

PLAY. Good sir, no French translation till the Term;

It is too precious for vacation-ware.

Most of the men of judgment are retir'd  
Into the country, and the remainder that  
Are left behind, come here not to consider  
But to be merry at such obvious things  
As not constrain 'em to the pains of thinking.

POET. Would you avoid translations out of French?

PLAY. We had a trial here of so much force  
As human wit could bring, but truly, sir,  
The number of our customers, for whom  
Our shop is chiefly open in vacation,  
Affect commodities of lesser price.

POET. You meet my judgment in a direct line.

PLAY. The French convey their arguments too much

In dialogue: their speeches are too long.

POET. Indeed, such single length in their debates  
Bears some resemblance with that famous duel,  
Which, in the fields of Finsbury, was fought.

\* The Reports of the Law pleadings in the Courts in England were, for a long time, printed in French.

Whilome at Rovers with long bow and arrows :  
It began at day-break, and ended at  
Sun-setting ; whilst they each did gather up  
The weapons which the other shot, and sent  
Them back again with like effect.\*

PLAY. Such length of speeches seem not so un-  
pleasing

As the contracted walks of their designs,

POET. Which are as narrow as the allies in  
Our City-gardens.

PLAY. I perceive you take the  
Air sometimes within the walls of London.

POET. If I agree with you in finding your  
Disease, it is some sign that I may know  
Your remedy ; which is the travestie,  
I mean burlesque, or, more t'explain my self,  
Would say, the mock-heroique must be it  
Which draws the pleasant hither i'th' vacation,  
Men of no malice who will pay for laughter.  
Your busy Termers come to theatres,  
As to their lawyer's chambers, not for mirth,  
But, prudently, to hear advice.

PLAY. You'd take our house for poetry-bur-  
lesque ?

POET. I would, and introduce such folly as shall  
Make you wise ; that is, shall make you rich.

\* Rovers : arrows shot with an elevation generally at 45 degrees. There were marks on the target also so called. An Act was passed in Edward IV. for butts to be erected in every township, where the inhabitants were obliged to shoot up and down on feast days, or forfeit a halfpenny for every omission. Several statutes were made to promote archery in Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, which were strictly enforced till Charles II., who was himself an archer, and who issued a commission to the Lord Mayor and certain of his privy-council to prevent the fields near London being so enclosed as "to interrupt the necessary, and profitable exercise of shooting." So late as 1753, targets were erected in Finsbury Fields during the Easter or Whitsun holidays, for shooting at with the long bow.

PLAY. Well, we'll be content, like other rich fools,

To be laught at. There is an old tradition  
That in the times of mighty Tamberlane,  
Of conjuring Faustus, and the Beauchamps bold,  
You poets us'd to have the second day.\*  
This shall be ours, sir, and to-morrow yours.

POET. I'll take my venture. 'Tis agreed !

PLAY. You bring materials with you to set up ?

POET. My mock-burlesquers are without.

PLAY. Conduct 'em to the wardrobe, sir, where  
you

May take your choice of clothes and properties ;

Only give way, sir, to your predecessors :

The proverb does appoint the first that come

To be first serv'd. Here is a Monsieur with

His farce ; A spiritual musician too

With his seraphic colloquies exprest

In stilo recitativo.

HOUS.-K. And historical dancers that disperse

\* The author's night (or benefit) was after this the first night. Subsequently, the third night—latterly no night at all. And finally, in these days, many managers of theatres, who are for the most part speculative adventurers, with no care for the literature of the stage, strive in every possible way to get new pieces without any consideration whatever. This, by the way, the first day of a new play the prices of admission seem to have been raised ; and this was the practice on the benefit nights of authors to the end of the seventeenth century.

Tamberlaine the Great ; or the Scythian Shepherd, is a tragedy in two parts by Christopher Marlowe. 4to, 1590-1593. Dr Faustus's Tragical History is also by Marlowe. 4to, 1604. The Bold Beauchamps is an old play, supposed to have been lost. It is mentioned in the Knight of the Burning Pestle : "My husband hath promised me any time this twelvemonth to carry me to the Bold Beauchamps, but in truth he did not." In the Goblins the 1st thief alludes to "the author of the Bold Beauchamps and England's Joy." The prologue to the Dumb Lady avers that people formerly came to the theatre, "to cry up the Bold Beauchamps of the stage." The "Bold Beauchamps" is also spoken of in the Epilogue to "Every man in his Humour as revived."

Morality by speeches in dumb-shows.

POET. Well, I will take my turn. I must come last.

But, to declare my self a linguist, sir,  
I dare pronounce, *Finis coronat opus*. [Exit Poet.

*Enter TIRE-WOMAN at the other door.*

TIRE-W. The crowd are hast'ning to our doors, as if——

PLAY. It were to see an old acquaintance hang'd.  
What is the bus'ness?

TIRE-W. They would come in, and see  
Strange things for nothing.

HOUS-K. They follow'd the porter that  
Brought the load of music.

PLAY. A man may bring a pageant through the  
streets

As privately upon my Lord Mayor's day,  
As a burden of viol-cases hither.

TIRE-W. The fat gentleman desires he may come  
in ;

He that has but one hand.

PLAY. He is our constant friend ;  
A very kind and hearty spectator ;  
One who ne'er fails to clap at ev'ry play.

HOUS-K. How can he clap with one hand ?

PLAY. 'Troth, the good man makes shift by  
laying his

Plump cheek thus . . . then with such true affection  
Does so belabour it. He shall come in.

Woman ! bid him hasten to the back-door.

HOUS-K. We have some half hearted friends  
who clap softly

As if they wore furr'd mittens.

PLAY. We must provide our party 'gainst to-  
morrow ;

Watch at the doors before the play begins,



And make low congèes to the cruel critics  
As they come in ; the poets should do that ;  
But they want breeding, which is the chief cause  
That all their plays miscarry.

HOUS.-K. There is least malice in the Upper  
Gallery,  
For they continually begin the plaudit.

PLAY. We'll hire a dozen laundry-maids and  
there  
Disperse 'em, wenches that use to clap linen ;  
They have tough hands, and will be heard.

HOUS.-K. They shall be heard, or else we'll make  
'em bring  
Their laundry-battledores.

PLAY. Go, Guardian of the house, bestir your  
self !

HOUS.-K. And bid our new projectors to make  
haste.  
If you will lend 'em clothes and properties,  
I'll fit some of our scenes for their occasions.

PLAY. Let them begin in order, and to work !  
This is their day of trial, whilst we sit  
Like two judicious magistrates of wit.  
The Spanish poet had six hours to do  
What we dull English undertake in two.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

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## THE SECOND ACT.

*Enter* GORGIBUS, CELIE *weeping*, SERVANT.

CELIE. Ah tinke not myn art vill consant to dat.

GORG. Doe you grom-bell littel impertinant ?  
Vat, vould your young fantasque braine govarne mi  
Raison paternell ? Vich sold give de law

De fader or de chile? You sold be glad  
Of such a husband. You will say you be ignorant  
Of his humeur, bute you know he is rish,  
He has terty tousant duckat, and derefore  
Is honest gentill man.

CELIE. Helas! my arte!

GORG. If de colore soud mi transport, I soud  
Make you sing helas in anoder façon.  
Dis is de fruit of de romance; fling me  
In de fire dos papiers dat vill your head  
Vit colibets, end rede de stanzas of Pibrac,  
End de tablets of de Consilier Matieu,  
Viche vill teach you to follow mi direction.  
Am I not Gorgibus your vader?

CELIE. Ah, vader, vill you dat I forgete d'amitie  
Dat I vow to Lelie? I soud be blame  
If vit out your consant I dispose myn person,  
Bute your self did give myn fait to his oat.

GORG. Lelie is vell accomplis, bute all ting  
Must submit to de good occasion of  
Richess; de rishe person vill come dis nite,  
If I see you regard him vit de helas  
I sall——vell, I say no more——

[Exit.

SERV. Madam, I finde tis convaniant to have  
De husband to ly vit one in de cold nite.  
De ive berry viche show finely on de tree  
Ven separate is good for no noting; peace be  
Vit myn dead Martin. I did tinke it redicule  
To use de cerimony of airing de sheet  
In de vinter, bute now I shake and quiver  
In de dog days.

CELIE. Sall I comit de forfat of de vow  
In abandon Lelie vor dis uglea person?

SERV. Your Lelie is but ass to let his  
Voyage stop him so long, de length of his distance  
Make me sugest some shange.

CELIE. Ah do not sink me dead vit de presage.

SERV. I know you love him mush tenderly.

*[Celie draws forth Lelie's Picture and gazing on it falls into a sound.\*]*

Madam, from vence procede dis? Ah! ce falls  
Into a sonde! Hey quickly, Ho la!  
Help, some bodey!

*Enter SGANARELLE.*

SGAN. Vat is de matter?

SERV. Myn maitresse is dying.

SGAN. Is dat all? I did tink all vas lost to hear  
Sush cry; but mi vill aprosh her. Madam, tell me  
If you be dead. Hey! see say noting.  
Can I believe her vit out her vorde?

SERV. I vill veche some body to carry her a vay.  
Vill you old her up? *[Exit Servant.]*

SGAN. See is cold every vere. I vill feel if  
Her mout give de breat. Leta me feel a littel.  
*[Lays his hand on her breast.]*

By my trot me know not, but me doe finde  
Some sign of de life——

*[Sganarelle's Wife looks out of the window.]*

WIFE. Ah! vat I see, a damoselle in de armes  
Of myn usband? I will goe doone. He betray me,  
Ende I will surprise de villaine husband.

SGAN. Vee must depesh to sucor her; she vil  
Be to blame to let her self dy: to goe  
To toder vorlt is grand sottise van vee  
May tarry in dis. *[Exit carrying her out.]*

*Enter SGANARELLE'S Wife.*

WIFE. Ha! is he already flay vay vit his  
Dilicate minion? Mi vonder not mushe  
At de strange coldness, of his late affection.  
De ingrate doe reserve his caresse for oder.  
Ah, how angry be I dat de law does not

\* Swoon.

Permet de vife change husband as de smock :  
 Dat voud be commode. But vat doe I find ?  
 De enamail is singulier, de graving  
 Charming ; me vill open it.— [*Opens the picture.*]

*Enter SGANARELLE.*

SGAN. Dey tought her dead and see is live again  
 As de harang in de sea. Ha ! myn vife here !

WIFE. O, Even ! a picture of man, of fine person-  
 age ! [*Sganarelle looks over his wife's shoulder.*]

SGAN. Vat does see consider vit so mush  
 attention ?

Dis picture speaks no good ting to myn honeur ;  
 I feel de littel horne on mi bro.

WIFE. De vorke is more vort den de gold. It  
 smells suet.

SGAN. Vat a plague ! does see kiss it ?

WIFE. You voud not be attaque by sush fine  
 man ?

Ah vy has not myn usband sush bon mien ?  
 But myn usband has de vil'd palt-pate.

SGAN. Ah, curre beesh !

[*Snatches the picture from her.*]

Doe mi surprise you in your vantones,  
 In meditation to injure your usband ?  
 Is not myn morsell sufficient to  
 Stay your stomach, but must you taste de  
 Haut gout of a gallant ?

WIFE. Dat is good jeast ; you tink bi 'tis finees  
 To evade myn complaint.

SGAN. Let oders be made tom-fool, de case is  
 Plane in myn hand, a token of your amours.

WIFE. Min anger has already too mush occasion,  
 Tink not to keep dat from me.

SGAN. May I not as vell make mush of de  
 Cotype, as you of de original ?

WIFE. Verefore you say dis ? you keep de

Mistris in your arms. Vell I can see your trick.

SGAN. 'Tis is de fine boy, de minion of de  
Bed, de dainty drolle vit vome.—

WIFE. Vit vome ? proceed.—

SGAN. Vit vome, I sall tell tee in time.

WIFE. Vat does de good man drunkard means  
by tis ?

SGAN. Goody slutt, you understand me too vell.  
My name sall be no more Monsieur Sganarelle,  
But mi lore cuckol ; mi sall make your body less  
By vone arme, and two ribe.

WIFE. You dare continue dis discours to put  
Me off, of de tought of your mistris.

SGAN. And you dare play me dis divellis trick.

WIFE. Vat divilis trick, speaka ?

SGAN. 'Tis not vort myn labour to complaine now,  
Bute you provide myn brou vit a fine  
Feadar of a buck.

WIFE. Vell, after you give me de most sensible  
injure

Dat can invite a voman to great vengeance,  
You voud amuse me vit counterfeit anger  
To prevent d'effect of myn resentment ?  
You make de offence, and begin de quarrel.

SGAN. Rare impudence, you carry it cunningly  
To make me tink you virtuous voman.

WIFE. Go to your mistresses and caress dem !  
Bute returne myn picture vit out more trick.

*[She snatches away the picture and runs out.]*

SGAN. You tink to scape me, bute I vill ave it  
once more.

*[Runs after.]*

*Enter LELIE.*

LELIE. Myn arte does abandon me too mush  
To feare. De fader has promesse allways,  
And Celie has manifesse dat love  
Viche support myn hope.

*Enter SGANARELLE.*

SGAN. I ave got it from de baggage, mi vife.

*[Starts at the sight of Lelie, and compares the picture with his face.]*

De devil is not so like de devil, as dat face is to dis.  
Dat is de villain dat make me de trange  
Ting call'd de cuckol.

*[Lelie spies the picture in his hands.]*

LELIE. Vat do I see ! if dis bi myn picture.

Ah Celie vat soud I tink of ti love ? *[Aside.]*

SGAN. Ah pauvre Sganarelle, to vat destine  
Is dy reputation expose now ? *[Aside.]*

LELIE. Dis token does alarme mi credence. *[Aside.]*

Is it departed from de fair hand  
To viche I gave it one time ?

SGAN. I sall be discern'd between two fingers,  
In de ballade vit horns on mi bro. *[Aside.]*

LELIE. Do myn eies deceive myn heart ? *[Aside.]*

SGAN. Ah villain, hast dow de courage to make  
A cuckol of Sganarelle in de fleur of his age. *[Aside.]*

LELIE. Myn eyes dos not sheate me ; tis myn  
own picture. *[Sganarelle turning his back to him.]*

SGAN. De man is cunning.

LELIE. Myn surprise is exceeding.

SGAN. Vat voud he ave ?

LELIE. I vill accost him. *[Aside.]*

May I——Hey ! of grace, a vord ? *[Aside.]*

SGAN. Vat vould he say ?

LELIE. May I obtain de faveur to know now.

How dat picture came to your hand ?

SGAN. Pardon me ; I vill advise a littel——

*[He compares the picture and Lelie's face together.]*

Begar ! 'tis mi man, or rader 'tis

Mi Vive's man !

LELIE. Put me out of paine and say from vome  
it came.

SGAN. Dis picture viche does vex you is your resemblance.

It vas in de hand of your acquaintance.

De sweet ardeur betweene mi lady and you is known

To me, bute I sall desire you hereafter

To maks no more sush kine of love to injure

De husband, and to abuse our marriage.

LELIE. Vat! do you meane her, from vome you had dis token?

SGAN. See is myn vife, and I am her husband.

LELIE. Her husband?

SGAN. Yes, her husband; and a very melancholique

Husband; you know de occasion,

And I sall acquaint her parents vit it. [*Exit.*]

LELIE. Ah vat have I heard? I vas told her new espouse

Vas ugly as de devil. After tousant protestation

From de unfaitful mout couds don shange me

For sush a vile object? Dis sensible affront

Togeder vit de toyle of mine long voyage

Does give me on de sodains a chocque of sush

Violence dat min arte begin to fail.

*Enter SGANARELLE'S Wife.*

WIFE. I vill seek min perfidious husband. Did you not see

An ugly knave pass dis vay?—Helas!

Vat is it dat troubell dis fine gentelman?

You are ready to fall down vit sickness.

LELIE. 'Tis sickness dat take me on de scdaine.

WIFE. I be feare you vil fall in de sound.

In compassion let me lead you to the porch of myn house;

You may sit down a vile to recover.

LELIE. Vor a moment I accept dis faveur.

*Enter SGANARELLE.*

*[Spies them at his porch.*

SGAN. Ah! vat do I see? I dy! dere is no question  
Of de cotype of de picture, now I finds  
Myn vife vit de original. I not  
Dare enter in mine house, vor fear of mine collere  
And vor more fear dat his collere should be  
Greater than mine own.——

WIFE. Maks not sush haste away, your sicknesse  
If you depart so soon vil take you agen.

LELIE. No, no, I give you all tank imaginarie  
Vor dis obligeing favour. I am recover'd.

*[Exit Wife.*

SGAN. Dis is cunning! dey disguise all vit  
civillitees.  
He perceive me; let see vat he vill say.

*Enter CELIE, and LELIE gazes on her.*

LELIE. Myn art revive, dis object mi inspire,  
But I soud now myn selve condamne vor myn  
Injust transport; see can not be blame.  
It be de error of fortune dat vill  
No let me ave a vife so delicate.

*[Exit.*

*[SGAN. sees not CELIE, but looks after LELIE'S going out.*

SGAN. Ven he casts seep eyes toward myn house,  
Den I soud tink he voud make me one ram.

CELIE. Lelie has appear just now to myn eye;  
Myn cruel fader has conceal from me  
His return from his voyage.

SGAN. Vat myn vife doe may be in civilitie  
And compliment to him; de compliment  
Be good sometime; but 'tis no good façon  
To make de usband cuckol. Vel, sal I  
Lament vit out revange?

CELIE. Sir, de gentilman dat vas before you  
Just now, vere did you know him?



SGAN. Helas ! 'tis not mi, madam, dat know him,  
But it is he dat know myn vife.

CELIE. Vat does give tro-bell to your esprit ?

SGAN. Madam, I ave great disposition to cry.  
Sganarelle is rob of his honeur, bute  
Figa for honeur, I be rob of myn reputation  
Vit de nabeurs.

CELIE. Vit your permission tella me how ?

SGAN. Dat young gentil-man, I speak it vit  
reverence

To his qualitee, make bole vit myn vife.

CELIE. He dat now pass by ?

SGAN. De same ; he make mushe of myn vife in  
corner.

CELIE. Ah ! mi did judge dat his secret return  
From his voyage vit out myn knowledge,  
Vas presage of loose trick.

SGAN. Madam, you take myn part vit mushe  
sharitee,

You grieve vor poor cuckol, bute oders  
Of de vicked vorlt made laugh at dem.

CELIE. O, Even ! Is it possibel dat he tink  
To live after dis perfidie ?

SGAN. Madam, he is not dying : he is steal vay  
To eat de good pottage to make him abel  
To make me more cuckol.

CELIE. Ah traître ! vicked man vit dobill art,  
End vit no soul.

SGAN. Mi not know if he have soul, bute mi  
Vife be acquainted vit his body.

CELIE. No torture is sufficien vor his grand  
crime !

He deserve to ly on de rack.

SGAN. He doe ly already at rack an manger.  
But dat doe him good and me hurt.

CELIE. Helas ! de inconstancy !

SGAN. Hey ! Bute de sigh vit out revange be

To no more propose den de bray of de ass.

*[Sighs aloud.]*

CELIE. Ah, injure de art dat never vas infidel ?

SGAN. De man dat make cuckol ave no justice.

CELIE. 'Tis too mushe, end de art cannot tink  
On it vit out dying vit grief.

SGAN. Be not too mush in colere, Madam, I pray.  
My grief give you too great impression.

CELIE. Tink not I vill dy vit out mi revenge ;  
I vill instantly about it. *[Exit.]*

SGAN. Trange ting dat her goodness prompts her  
to be

Revenge vor me ! mi tink her anger does  
Augment myn disgrace, and teach mi vat to doe.  
Begar ! I vill pe revange vit grand fury ;  
Bute, Sganarelle, softly if you please !

*[Steps two or three steps forwards and returns back.]*

De cuckol-maker may be muche valiant,  
And lay de baston on de back as he doe lay de  
Horn on mi head. He may kill me ;

'Tis better to ave de horn den no life.

If my vife has done injure, let her grieve :

Vy soud I cry dat doe no rong ? But agen

I begin to be sensible and vil ave de vengeance,

And soundely, vor I vill virst tell de vorlt

Dat he ly vit myn vife.

*[Exit.]*

*Enter GORGIBUS, CELIE, SERVANT.*

CELIE. I am prepar'd to submit to your vill ;

Dispose, fader, of myn vous and of me ;

Ordonne mi vedding ven you please.

GORG. In trot, de joy of dis doe transport me.

If I not feel de gout my leg voud caper

Vor joy of your obedience ; you make mi

Young as de chile, and I vill goe make de

Preparation to make you gette de chile.

*[Exit.]*

SERV. Dis shange be ting of vonder.

CELIE. Ven you sall know de motive dat constrain me

To dis façon of doing you vill not vonder mush.

SERV. Dat may vell be.

CELIE. Know Lelie invad myn art vit perfidie,  
He is come from de voyage and vas vit——

SERV. Look vere he come.——

*Enter LELIE.*

LELIE. Before dat vor perpetual time I sall depart  
From you, I sall reproshe you justly.

CELIE. Vat, can you ave de confidance  
To speak vit me agen?

LELIE. If I soud not reproshe you for your choice,  
I ver vicked man. Live! live constant  
End make mushe of vort mor espouse.

CELIE. Vell, traître! mi vill live, and mi desire  
Soud be dat your arte be troubell to see it.

*Enter SGANARELLE in armour.*

SGAN. Begar! mi be desp-rate, end de-fy  
Man, voman, and chile dat make de cuckol.

CELIE. Vat do you turn your eyes vit  
same end not anser mi?

LELIE. Ah I ave see too mush.

CELIE. Do dis object suffice to confond ti?

LELIE. But it oblizhe you to blush rader.

SGAN. My colere care not noo one littel  
Pudding vor his valeur.

LELIE. Vat man be you dat tro-bill me, end  
make

Mi angry? vit vom vod you vite?

SGAN. Vit somebody, bute mi be cunning  
As de devil and vill no tell.

LELIE. Vi be you armed in dis façon?

SGAN. Perhaps 'tis my façon vor fear it soud rain:  
Vat contantmant it vod be to kill him

Sganarelle, tak corage !

LELIE. Vat you say ?

SGAN. Mi say notin bute about bussnes  
Vit myn self. [*He beats his stomach and face.*]

LELIE. Dat is strang man !

SGAN. If mi had tail like de lion, mi voud  
Beat myn body into courage.

CELIE. Dat object soud make you ane shame,  
From vich your eyes seem to be vonded.

LELIE. Yes, mi know bi dat object, dat you be  
Guilty of infidelite inexcusable.

SGAN. Myn arte is littel as de pin head.

CELIE. Ah, cease before mi traître dis  
Cruel insolence in your discour.

SGAN. Begar ! see be more angry vor mi den  
I be vor mi selve. Be generous, Sganarelle,  
Ands kill him a littel as soon as he  
Sall turn his back——

[*Lelie passing two or three steps without design,  
makes Sganarelle return, who did approach to  
kill him.*]

LELIE. Celie, since myn discour move your colere,  
I vill seem vell satisfait of your arte,  
End praise de choice it has made.

CELIE. Yese, my choise is sush as noting can  
alter.

LELIE. Yese, you doe vell in defending it.

SGAN. See is stout voman end does vel to defend  
Myn cause. Sir, your amours bi not legall.  
But I'm vise, else strange slaughter voud proceed.

LELIE. From vence dis plaint end brutal anger ?

SGAN. Myn vife is myn in publique and yours  
in privat.

LELIE. Sush suggestion be redicule.

CELIE. Ah traître ! dou know vell to disembel.

LELIE. Vat, be you also angry because mi  
Teach him discretion ?

CELIE. Make your discour to him : he know too mush.

SGAN. In trot, madam, you oblige mi vit your Trobel in mi defence.

*Enter SGANARELLE'S Wife and speaks to Celie.*

WIFE. Vell, ave I found you now one oder time ?  
Mi see vat doe passe ; bute you soud doe vell  
Not to seduce de heart of myn veak usband.

CELIE. Vat is de occasion of dis tempeste ?

WIFE. You ave as mush conscience as de devil,  
Ven he be seeke vith eating vlesh on Fryday.

CELIE. Vat conscience ? speaka boldly.

SGAN. No body send for your company, Caroyne.  
Doe you kerelle vit her vor defending mi ?  
Dont fear, dy gallante sall be taken away.

CELIE. Go ! be not fear mi' ave sush intantion.  
Dis be vone extraordinarie dreame.

LELIE. Vat extravagance be dis ?

*[Turning towards Celie.]*

SERV. Vat be de end of dese galantries ?

*[Servant steps between Lelie & her mistress.]*

De more mi listen de lesse mi understand,  
I see mi must be concerne.

LELIE. Vel, vat you say ?

SERV. Make response in order and leta me speak.  
Vat is it dat you reprosh to my maitresse ?

LELIE. De infidel has change me vor anoder.  
End upon de rumour of her being mary'd  
Mi vas transport vit grief not to be egall'd.

SERV. Marry'd ? to vome ?

LELIE. To dat vonderfull gentilman.

*[Points to Sganarelle.]*

SERV. Vat, to him ?

LELIE. Yese, en verite !

SERV. Voo told you sush ting ?

LELIE. Himselfe.

SGAN. Begarr ! dis be true as de sun shina,  
Dat I may be marry'd to myn vife.

LELIE. Mi did see you vit great tro-bell of  
Arte snash myn picture.

SGAN. Vell, end here it be !

LELIE. You tolda me de person from vome  
You did snash dis token, vas bond to you  
Vit de knot of mariage.

SGAN. Mi vas cunning to snash it ; vor  
Vit out dat, mi nevair discover her vile amour.

WIFE. Vat story bi tis ? mi found it by shance  
Under myn veet ; and presantly after  
Mi got monsieur in his veaknesse into myn house.  
Mi know not vome de picture resemble.

*[Shewing it Lelie.]*

CELIE. I vas de cause of dis adventure  
Of de picture ; vor mi let it fall ven mi  
Vas by your care convey to your house.

SERV. Vit out me dere had bin strange mis-  
prision.

SGAN. Sall vee take dis as currant money of  
France,  
End tink de horne vas imaginaire ?

WIFE. Myn fear is not depart so quickaly.

SGAN. Bi mi trot, let us tink our selve onest  
peuple.

Accept wit out delay de berregaine propose.

WIFE. Take heed den of de cudgel, if I learn  
new ting  
Of your design in corner.

*[Celie having talkt aside with Lelie.]*

CELIE. O, Evens ! if it be so, vat ave I done ?  
Vor tinkng you vit out true fait, mi ave  
Take in revange de unhappy resolution  
Viche I did alvay reject. Mi ave promesse  
To myn vader——bute here he come.

*Enter GORGIBUS.*

LELIE. Mi vill speak vit him. Sir, you see me  
return

Vit myn first ardeur of true love, end nou  
Mi hope you vill accomplis your promesse  
Touchant mi mariage vit Celie.

GORG. Sir, I see you return vit de same ardeur,  
Bute mi resolution ave found occasion——  
Sir, your hum-bill serviteur !

LELIE. Vat, sir, vill you shange myn felicitie ?

GORG. Yes, sir, myn daughter sall follow de law.

CELIE. Helas ! how sall myn duty be expresse  
Against de honeur of myn love ?

GORG. Be dis spoken like de daughter to myn  
Commandements. Vell, you vill den retreat from  
Your inclination to monsieur Valere ?——

*Enter VILLEBREQUIN.*

Bute dere be his vader ! sure he is come  
To condus de business.——Vat bring you here,  
Monsieur Villebrequin ?

VILLE. One important secret dat I be tell  
Dis morning viche does break myn promess to you.  
Mi son, vome your daughter did accept vor  
Espouse, has in private deceiv'd us all.

GORG. Vat be de intantion of dis ?

VILLE. He has bin espoused four mont to Lise,  
End de lady being of goot alliance,  
Mi vant de power to break de contract  
Mi made to you.——

GORG. Vell, let it broken, if so, vit out  
Your leave your son Valere be first ingage  
To anoder ; mi cannot conceal from you  
Dat my selve did make promesse to my  
Daughter, dat monsieur Lelie soud marry her,  
Hoo is come riche in vertu from his voyage,

End sall ave her.

VILLE. De choice please me vell.

LELIE. End it vill crown myn life vit happiness.

Myn arte is leap out of min breast for joy.

SGAN. Did ever some body tink himself more  
Cuckol den I. Vell, a vise man may be  
Deceive sometime, derefore to de husbands  
As a presant I sall dis council bring,  
Dat is, tho you see all, believe no ting.

GORG. Bi mi trot, it sall be a new proverb,  
End vor de joy of dis conclusion  
Let us have a dance a la ronde.

VILLE. Mi vill make one.

GORG. Mi vill make two.

WIFE. And mi vill make vone, two, tree.

SGAN. Mi cannot dance, but sall veche one  
Dat sall dance rare Saraband vit Castiniet.

[Exit Sganarelle.

*They dance a la ronde. After the dance Sganarelle  
returns in a buffoon habit, and dances a jig, and  
so the farce ends.*

*The Song to the dance a la ronde.*

1.

MRS GOSNEL. Ah, love is a delicate ting,  
Ah, love is a delicate ting,  
In vinter it gives de new spring.

*Chorus.* It makes de dull Dush vor to dance  
Nimbell as Monsieur of France.

2.

MRS GOSNEL. And dough it often does make,  
And dough it often does make  
De head of de cuckol to ake ;  
*Chorus.* Yet let him bute vink at de lover,  
And de pain vill quickly be over.



## 3.

MRS GOSNEL. De husband must still vink a little,  
 De husband must still vink a little,  
 And sometime be blind as a bee-  
 tell ;

*Chorus.* And de vife too some time must be,  
 Ven he play trick as bline as he.

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

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## THE THIRD ACT.

*Enter* HOUSE-KEEPER, PLAYER.

PLAY. W'are now to take a farther voyage than  
 From England into France, and think  
 Our selves with Captain Drake in the West Indies.

HOUS.-K. Now we shall be in *Stilo Recitativo*.  
 I'm in a trance when I hear vocal music ;  
 And in that trance inclin'd to prophecy  
 That 'twill bring us inundations of shillings.

PLAY. Thou understand'st recitative music  
 As much as a dray-horse does Greek.

---

## THE

## HISTORY OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

*Express by instrumental and vocal music, and by art  
 of perspective in scenes, &c.*

## THE DESCRIPTION OF THE FRONTISPIECE.

An arch is discover'd, rais'd upon stone of  
 rustic work ; upon the top of which is written, in  
 IV. D

an antick shield, PERU ; and two antick shields are fix'd a little lower on the sides, the one bearing the figure of the sun, which was the scutcheon of the Incas, who were Emperors of Peru: The other did bear the spread-eagle, in signification of the Austrian family.\*

#### THE FIRST ENTRY.

*The preparation of the opening of the scene is by a prelude and corante. Afterwards the curtain rises by degrees to an ascending air, and a harbour is discern'd, (which was first discover'd by Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, and called by him Port-pheasant) where two ships are moor'd, and sea-carpenters are erecting a pinnace, whilst others are felling trees to build a fort. The narrowness to the entrance of the harbour may be observ'd, with rocks on either side ; and out at sea a ship towing a prize. And likewise, on the top of a high tree, a mariner making his ken. This prospect is made through a wood, differing from those of European climates, by representing of coco-trees, pines, and palmetos. And on the boughs of other trees are seen monkies, apes, and parrots.*

The Introduction of the Entry is by a martial Saraband.

*The SARABAND† being ended, Enter DRAKE junior, and BOATSWAIN.*

DRA., jun. Climb, Boatswain, climb ! and from the height

\* In the original edition, 1659, here follows this note :—"This Frontispiece which belong'd to the late Representation ; and it was convenient to continue it, our argument being in the same country." The reference here is to "the cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru," which, though originally produced first, now forms the next Act of this piece.

† *Saraband.* A Spanish Dance. "The several modifications of

Of that steep rock inform thy sight !

From yonder point our master call !

I'll here attend our Admiral. [*Exit Boatswain.*]

The mist ascends, and south'rd it grows clear !

Methinks at distance somewhat does appear,

Which wakens us with hope.

BOATS. A sail ! a sail !

DRA., *jun.* 'Tis English built, or else my sight  
does fail.

BOATS. (*within.*) Oho ! Oho ! another ship I spy,  
And, by their course, both to this harbour ply.

DRA., *jun.* She low'rs her main-sail. Hark ! the  
wind does rise !

BOATS. (*within.*) She now bears in, and she does  
tow a prize !

*Enter DRAKE, Senior.*

DRA., *sen.* To sea, to sea ! man out the boat !

DRA., *jun.* It has not tide enough to float.

DRA., *sen.* Stir, mates ! stir, stir ! and bring  
more hands :

Shove, shove ! and roll her o'er the sands !

Launch forth, and make your ken !

Both by her rigging and her mould

She brings her country-men ;

And has a rich and heavy hold. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter a MARINER.*

1 MAR. Ho, mate ! ho, ho ! what canst thou see  
From the top-gallant of that tree ?

MAR. (*within.*) The ship does anchor cast ;  
And now her boat does haste

To reach the shore.

1 MAR. What seest thou more ?

this tune-playing quality in a fiddle, to play preludes, Sarabands, jigs, and gavots, are as much real qualities in the instrument as the thought is in the mind of the composer."—*Arbutnot and Pope.*

MAR. (*within.*) Enough to make me hasten down :  
 For if my eyes prove true,  
 The bowels of Peru  
 Shall be ript up and be our own.  
 The lion Rouse is landed here !

1 MAR. I'll run to meet him at the pier.  
 A tun of yellow gold,  
 Conceal'd within our hold,  
 For half my share I scorn to take,  
 When he is join'd with Dragon-Drake. [*Exit.*

*Two mariners having met with another newly landed,  
 dance to a rustic air.*

*The dance being ended, Enter DRAKE senior, Captain  
 ROUSE, DRAKE junior, and PAGE.*

DRA., *sen.* Welcome to land, my brother of the  
 sea !

From childhood rockt by winds and waves like me.

Who never canst a danger dread,  
 Since still in dang'rous tempests bred.

Yet still art safe and calm within thy breast,  
 As lovers who in shady coverts rest.  
 Thy fame about the world does make her flight,  
 And flies as swiftly as the wings of light.

ROU. My fame does lay her trumpet down,  
 When your's does publish your renown.

DRA., *sen.* What is your prize ?

ROU. 'Tis fraught with spies :  
 A carvel \* rigg'd at Seville for this coast,  
 To fetch from hence  
 Intelligence ;

But, meeting me, she has her voyage lost.

DRA., *sen.* Brave friend, wilt thou now guided be  
 By that bright star which ushers me ?

\* I gave them order, if they found any Indians there, to send  
 in the little fly-boat, or the *carvel*, into the river ; for, with our  
 great ships, we durst not approach the court.—*Ralegh.*

ROU. What man is that, lov'd Admiral,  
 Who does not hasten at your call?  
 He must be either deaf, or ever lame,  
 Who follows not your loud and leading fame.

DRA., *sen.* My course must now not be  
 Upon the open sea :  
 Our country's foes we must invade  
 Through woods, and seek them in the shade ;  
 And follow them where Phœbus never shines,  
 Through depths as dark and winding as their  
 mines.

CHORUS *of all.*

That which enlightens, and does lead  
 The world, and all our vict'ries breed,  
 We in those caverns shall behold,  
 In seeing man's bright mistress, gold.  
 DRA., *sen.* Boat all our guns ! haste, haste aboard !  
 Unlade ! then let our ships be moor'd !  
 To raise our fort, some hew down trees !  
 Whilst others rig our pinnaces.  
 Their watchful guards let ev'ry sentry keep,  
 That, after labour, all may safely sleep.  
 Some o'er remoter grounds  
 Walk, and relieve their rounds :  
 Whilst some secure each post  
 On out-lets of the coast.  
 That, after wand'ring long to trace  
 Wild rivers, we may find this place  
 For our embarkment free,  
 To wander more at sea.

DRA., *jun.* The jealous Spaniards long have  
 understood  
 The danger of this harbour's neighbour-  
 hood,  
 'Tis therefore fit  
 That thou shouldst leave behind,  
 To govern it,

A great experienc'd mind.

SEN.

DRA., *jun.* I know it is of high import.

My second thoughts conclude, thou, Rouse shalt stay,

To finish and secure the fort ;

Whilst we to Venta-Cruz enforce our way.

CHORUS of all.

We must the main forbear,

And now a coasting go,

Then up with rivers steer,

To watch how far they flow.

But if landing we pass

Where Recoes through foords are long wading.

Then we in pit alas !

Their mules must ease of their lading.\*

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

#### THE SECOND ENTRY.

*A symphony variously humour'd prepares the change of the scene.*

*The SCENE is chang'd.*

*In which is discern'd a rocky country of the SYMERONS, who were a Moorish people, brought formerly to*

\* "Coming within a mile of the highway, they refreshed themselves all night, hearing many carpenters working on the ships (because of the great heat of the day) at Nombre de Dios ; next morning, April 1, 1573, they extremely rejoiced to hear the mules coming with a great noise of bells, hoping, though they were formerly disappointed, they should now have more gold and silver than they could carry away, as accordingly happened ; for soon after there came three Recoes, one of fifty mules, and two more of seventy in each company, every one carrying three hundred pound weight of silver, amounting in all to about thirty tun ; they soon prepared to go into the highway hearing the bells, and seized upon the first and last mules, to see what metal they carried. These three Recoes had a guard of about forty-five souldiers, fifteen to each, which caused the exchange of some shot and arrows at first."—*English Hero ; or Sir Francis Drake Reviv'd.* By R. B. London, 16mo. 1716.

PERU *by the SPANIARDS, as their slaves, to dig in mines; and having lately revolted from them, did live under the government of a King of their own election. A sea is discover'd, and ships at distance, with boats rowing to the shore, and SYMERONS upon the rocks.*

*The prospect having continu'd a while, this song is sung by a STEERSMAN in the foremost boat, and the CHORUS by mariners rowing in it.*

## 1.

STEERS. Aloof! and aloof! and steady, I steer!  
       'Tis a boat to our wish,  
       And she slides like a fish,  
 When cheerily stem'd, and when you row clear.  
       She now has her trim,  
       Away let her swim.  
 Mackrels are swift in the shine of the moon;  
       And herrings in gales when they wind us,  
 But, timeing our oars, so smoothly we run,  
       That we leave them in shoals behind us.  
 CHORUS. Then cry, one and all!  
       Amain, for Whitehall!  
 The Diegos we'll board to rummage their hold;  
 And drawing our steel, they must draw out their  
       gold.

## 2.

STEERS. Our master and's mate, with bacon and  
       pease,  
       In cabins keep aboard;  
       Each as warm as a lord;  
 No queen, lying in, lies more at her ease.  
       Whilst we lie in wait  
       For reals of eight,

And for some gold quoits, which fortune must send ;  
     But, alas ! how their ears will tingle,  
 When finding, though still like Hectors we spend,  
     Yet still all our pockets shall jingle.

CHORUS.   Then cry, one and all !  
             Amain, &c.

## 3.

STEERS. But, oh ! how the purser shortly will  
                     wonder,  
     When he sums in his book  
     All the wealth we have took,  
 And finds that we'll give him none of the plunder ;  
     He means to abate  
     The tythe for the State :  
 Then for our owners some part he'll discount :  
     But his fingers are pitched together ;  
 Where so much will stick, that little will mount,  
     When he reckons the shares of either.

CHORUS.   Then cry, one and all !  
             Amain, &c.

## 4.

STEERS. At sight of our gold, the boatswain will  
                     bristle,  
     But not finding his part,  
     He will break his proud heart,  
 And hang himself strait i'th' chain of his whistle.  
     Abaft and afore !  
     Make way to the shore !  
 Softly as fishes which slip through the stream,  
     That we may catch their sentries napping.  
 Poor little Diegos, they now little dream  
     Of us the brave warriors of Wapping.

CHORUS.   Then cry, one and all !  
             Amain, &c.



*This song being sung, Enter the KING of the SYMER-  
RONS, DRAKE senior, PEDRO, and PAGE.*

KING. Great wand'rer of the sea,  
Thy walks still pathless be !  
The races thou dost run  
Are known but to the Sun.  
And as the walk above,  
Where he does yearly move,  
We only guess, though him we know,  
By great effects below.

So, though thy courses traceless are,  
As if conducted by a wand'ring star,  
Yet by thy deeds all climes acknowledge thee ;  
And thou art known and felt as much as he.

DRA. *sen.* So narrow is my merit wrought,  
That when such breadth you thus allow my fame,  
I stand corrected and am taught  
To hide my story, and to shew my shame.

KING. As tireless as thy body is thy mind :  
No adverse current can thy progress stop.  
Thy forward courage leaves all doubts behind,  
And when thy anchor's lost, thou keep'st thy hope.  
Welcome ! and in my land be free,  
And pow'rful as thou art at sea.

DRA. *sen.* Monarch of much ! and still deserving  
more  
Than I have coasted on the western shore !  
Slave to my Queen ! to whom thy virtue shows  
How low thou canst to virtue be ;  
And since declar'd a foe to all her foes,  
Thou mak'st them lower bow to thee.

KING. Instruct me how my Symérons and I  
May help thee to afflict the enemy.

DRA. *sen.* Afford me guides to lead my bold  
Victorious sea-men to their gold :  
For nothing can afflict them more,  
Than to deprive them of that store

With which from hence they furnisht are  
T'afflict the peaceful world with war.

KING. Here, from my bosom Pedro take !

And him thy chief conductor make ;  
Who once was an unhappy slave to them ;  
But now is free by my deserv'd esteem.

He is as watchful as the eye  
Of age still wak'd with jealousy ;  
And like experienc'd lovers wisely true,  
Who after long suspicion find

They had no cause to be unkind,  
And then with second vows their love renew.

DRA. *sen.* He is, since so deservingly exprest,  
Remov'd but from thy bosom to my breast.

KING. All other aids requir'd to thy design,  
Choose and receive, for all my strengths are thine.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter four SYMERONS, who dance a MORISCO for joy  
of the arrival of SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, and de-  
part. Then this song is sung by a Chorus of  
mariners within.*

CHORUS *of mariners within.*

Winds now may whistle, and waves may dance to  
'em,

Whilst merchants cry out, such sport will undo'em.

And the master aloud bids, lee the helm, lee !

But we now shall fear nor the rocks nor the sand,

Whilst calmly we follow our plunder at land,

When others in storms seek prizes at sea.

### THE THIRD ENTRY.

*The change of the Scene is prepared by a symphony,  
consisting of a martial air, which, having con-  
tinu'd a while, the Scene changes, and represents a  
Peruvian town, pleasantly situated, with Palmetto-  
trees, Guavas, and Cypresses, growing about it,*

*whilst English land-soldiers and seamen seem to be drawn up towards the west end ; whilst the Peruvians are feasting their guests, and two of their boys bearing fruit towards the strangers.*

*This object having continu'd a while, Enter DRAKE senior, DRAKE junior, PEDRO, PAGE.*

DRA., *sen.* March ! March ! wheel to the right  
hand still,

To shun loose footing on that hill.

From thy meridian run,

O, thou inflaming sun !

The air above us else to fire will turn,

And all this sand beneath like cinders burn.

Now give the word !

DRA., *jun.* Stand !

*Within.* 1. Stand ! 2. Stand ! 3. Stand !

DRA., *sen.* All firm and sudden to command !

Halt for our rear awhile, and then

West from that wood draw up our men.

Stand to your arms till we send out

Our trusty Symérons to scout.

PEDRO. Scouts I have chosen, who can trace

All the retreats, which, in the chase,

The hunted seek all shades to which they run,

When strength leaves them, and they the hunters  
shun.

DRA., *sen.* Are these Peruvians friends ? or, by  
surprize,

Must we secure them as our enemies ?

PEDRO. Great Chief, they rev'rence thy renown,

And thou may'st quarter in their town.

Yet so advance with care,

In all the shapes of war :

That when the Spaniards know

How well they treat their foe,

The entertainment may appear,  
Not the effect of love, but fear.

DRA., *sen.* Their dwelling seems so fresh and  
flourishing,

As if it still the nurs'ry were  
Of all the seeds that furnish out the spring  
For every clime, and all the year.

DRA., *sen.* Here, nature to her summer court  
retires :

Our northern region is the shade,  
Where she grows cold, and looks decay'd,  
And seems to sit by artificial fires.

DRA., *jun.* Advance, advance !

And in the rear,  
To make our number more appear,  
Let all our trusty Sym'rons spread  
Their ranks, and be by Pedro led.

CHORUS *of all.*

All order with such clemency preserve,  
That such as to our pow'r submit  
May take delight to cherish it,  
And seem as free as those whom they shall serve.  
[*Exeunt.*

*Five Peruvians\* enter, and dance to a rustic air, after which, this song is sung by a Peruvian, and the Chorus to it by his country-men, whilst they dance again in a Round.*

1.

PERU. With boughs and with branches trim up  
our bow'rs,  
And strew them with flow'rs ;  
To receive such a guest  
As deserves for a feast

\* The number of Peruvians who enter here, is not specified in 1st Edition.

All that the forest, or the field  
Or deeper lakes and rivers yield.

CHORUS. Still round, and round, and round,  
Let us compass the ground.  
What man is he who feels  
Any weight at his heels?

Since our hearts are so light, that all weighed  
together

Agree to a grain, and they weigh not a feather.

## 2.

PERU. The lord of the sea is welcome to land,  
And here shall command  
All our wealth, and our arms;  
For his name more alarms  
The Spaniards, than trumpets or drums:  
Hark, how they cry, Drake comes! Drake  
comes!

CHORUS. Still round, and round, and round,  
Let &c.

## 3.

PERU. Though to his foes like those winds he is  
rough,

That meet in a huff:  
Yet that storm quickly ends,  
When embrac'd by his friends:  
Then he is calm and gentle made,  
As love's soft whispers in a shade.

CHORUS. Still round, and round, and round,  
Let &c.

## THE FOURTH ENTRY.

*A wild air by way of symphony, prepares the change  
of the Scene: which having continu'd a while, the  
Scene is chang'd; wherein is discern'd upon a hill,  
a wood, and in it a tree, which was famous in those  
times for extraordinary compass and height; on*

*the top of which, Pedro (formerly a slave to the Spaniards, but now employ'd by the Moorish King to conduct Sir Francis Drake towards Panamah) had promis'd Sir Francis Drake to shew him both the North and the South Atlantic Seas.\* English soldiers and mariners are reposing themselves under it. At distance the natives are discern'd in their hunting of boars; and at nearer view, two Peruvians are killing a stag. This object having remain'd a while,*

*Enter* DRAKE senior, DRAKE junior, PAGE.

DRA. senior. A boar so fierce and large  
No hunter e'er did charge.  
Advance thy spear,  
And turn him there!

DRA. jun. This last encounter he has bravely  
stood;

But now has lost his courage with his blood.

DRA. sen. He foams and still his tusks does whet,  
As if he still disdained retreat.

DRA. jun. The wound you gave him makes  
him turn his head,

To seek the darker shades, where he was bred.

PAGE. Follow, follow!

DRA. sen. Stay, my victorious boy!

When a courageous beast does bleed,

Then learn how far you should proceed

To use advantage where you may destroy:

To courage even of beasts some pity's due;

And where resistance fails, cease to pursue.

*Enter* PEDRO.

PEDRO. Our men have firmly stood and swiftly  
run:

The game was plenteous and the chace is done.

\* See Preface.

DRA. *jun.* Pedro in sev'ral forms has all  
That ev'ry where we merit call.

DRA. *sen.* Wary in war as chiefs grown old ;  
And yet in sudden dangers bold.  
Civil and real too in Courts ;  
Painful in bus'ness and in sports.

PEDRO. Behold that tree which much superior  
grows  
To all that in this wood  
Have many ages stood :

Beneath whose shade your warriors may repose.

DRA. *jun.* There let us stay  
And turn our prey  
Into a feast  
Till in the west

The cypress curtain of the night is drawn ;  
Then forward march as early as the dawn !

DRA. *sen.* Is this that most renown'd of wes-  
tern trees

On whose main-top  
Thou gav'st me hope

To view the north and south Atlantic Seas ?

PEDRO. It is ! therefore with speed  
Thither, my chief, proceed !

And, when you climbing have attained the height,  
Report will grow authentic by your sight.

DRA. *sen.* When from those lofty branches I  
The south Atlantic spy  
My vows shall higher fly,

Till they with highest Heav'n prevail,  
That, as I see it, I may on it sail.

DRA. *sen.* No English keel hath yet that Ocean  
ploughed.

PEDRO. If prophecy from me may be allow'd,  
Renowned Drake, Heav'n does decree  
That happy enterprize to thee :

For thou of all the Britons art the first  
 That boldly durst  
 This western world invade ;  
 And as thou now art made  
 The first to whom that ocean will be shown,  
 So to thy Isle thou first shalt make it known.

CHORUS *of all*. This prophecy will rise  
 To higher enterprise.

The English lion's walk shall reach as far  
 As prosp'rous valour dares adventure war,  
 As winds can drive, or waves can bear  
 Those ships which boldest pilots steer. [*Exeunt*

*This SONG is sung by two Land Soldiers and by two  
 Sea-men.*

SEA. How comes it you Landmen, and we of  
 the sea,

Though oft mixt together yet seldom agree ?

LAND. A riddle, which we can find out no more  
 Than you can why seas contest with the shore.

SEA. We give a shrewd guess how our quarrels  
 have grown ;

For still when at land we are jointly design'd  
 To the dainty delight of storming a town,  
 You run to the plunder, and leave us behind.

LAND. Alas, our dear brothers ! How can we  
 forbear ?

But aboard when you have us, where wonderful  
 gold

Is shovell'd like ballast, y'are even with us there :  
 We fight on the decks, whilst you rummage the  
 hold.

SEA. But now we shall march where the  
 Diegos though loth  
 To part with it civ'ly may soon oblige both.

LAND. They so much are scar'd from their wits  
 with their dangers,



That now they want wit to be civil to strangers.

CHORUS OF ALL.

Come let us join hands then, and ne'er part asunder,  
But, like the true sons of trusty old mothers,  
Make equally haste to a snap of the plunder,  
Then justly divide, and spend it like brothers.

*This song being ended, the two Land-Soldiers and two Sea-men dance a jig to intimate their future amity.\**

THE FIFTH ENTRY.

*This Entry is prepared by an air and corante;† and then the Scene is chang'd, in which is discover'd the rising of the sun through a thick wood, and Venta-Cruz at great distance on the south side. This being discern'd a while,*

*Enter DRAKE senior, DRAKE junior, PAGE, SOLDIER.*

DRA. jun. Bold Rouse, doubting our safety by  
our stay ;  
Thinking his patience longer than our way ;  
And having well secur'd our port,  
Our trenches digg'd, and rais'd our fort,  
Is here arriv'd, resolving still to be  
A sharer in your worser destiny.  
He was conducted by a Symeron ;  
And bows for what his rasher love has done.

DRA., sen. I shall be very slow  
When I must backward go  
With punishment to overtake  
The errors which my friend did make.  
Tell him I know his fault is past ;  
And now I cannot but go fast,

\* "Their future agreement," 1st Edition.

† A lofty, sprightly dance. "It is harder to dance a corante well than a jig: So in conversation, even, easy, and agreeable, more than points of wit."—*Temple*.

When I shall forward move  
To meet approaching love.

[*Exit Soldier.*]

The morn begins her glory in the east ;  
And now the world prepares  
To entertain new cares ;

Though th' old suffic'd to hinder all our rest.

DRA., *jun.* Benighted seamen now their course  
reform,

Who, coasting, were misguided by a storm.  
Now merchants to imported stowage haste,  
Whilst ploughmen drive from cottages their teams.  
The poor in cities rise to toil and fast ;  
And lovers grieve to leave their pleasant dreams.

DRA., *sen.* Be careful not to let

The camp's reveille beat  
To make our warriors rise and move :  
But as Heav'n's traveller above  
Unheard begins, and silently his way  
Does still continue till he perfects day,  
So all this progress must be calmly made.

The winds, which still unseen  
Have in their motion been,  
Oft pass without a whisper through the shade.

DRA., *sen.* Each, duteous as your slave,  
Does to your orders grow ;

And all, as in the grave,  
Are husht and private now.

DRA., *sen.* Ere we begin to march, send out  
The Symérons again to scout !  
Let not our wings be loosely spread :  
The van I'll at some distance lead.

Those who the baggage bear  
Let Pedro still relieve, and close  
Secure their haltings in our gross.  
You shall command the rear.

*Enter ROUSE.*

ROUSE. Arm, arm ! make haste, and bring me to my Chief !

DRA., *sen.* What great distress does hasten for relief ?

ROU. I come not now thy pardon to receive,  
Because my rasher love without thy leave  
Durst venture for a share  
Of thy mishaps in war.

DRA., *sen.* What wildness more  
Than I have seen before  
In deserts openly expos'd,

Or woods with ancient growth of shades enclos'd,  
Or seas, when nought but light'ning has appear'd,  
And only thunder and the winds were heard,

Does now thy wond'ring looks possess ?

DRA., *jun.* What more than yet thou canst express !

ROU. Drake, thy belov'd renown is lost,  
Of which thy nation us'd to boast :  
Since now, where thou a sword dost wear,  
And many marks of pow'r dost bear,

The worst of license does best laws invade :

For beauty is an abject captive made ;

Even whilst those flow'ry ornaments are worn

Which should the Bridal dignity adorn.

If thus the crowd be suffer'd to deride

The sacred rites and honours of a bride,

Let savage war devour all civil peace,

Love fly from Courts to camps, and sexes cease.

DRA., *sen.* Thy mystic meaning thou dost less  
By words than by thy looks express.

DRA., *jun.* That we may better know  
Thy thoughts, make haste to shew

The object of our wonder, and thy fear.

ROU. Turn your unhappy eyes, and see it there !

*The Scene is suddenly changed into the former prospect of the rising of the morning, and Venta Cruz ; but about the middle, it is varied with the discovery of a beautiful lady tied to a tree, adorn'd with the ornaments of a Bride, with her hair dishevel'd, and complaining, with her hand towards Heaven : About her\* are likewise discern'd the Symérons who took her prisoner.*

DRA., *sen.* What dismal beauty does amaze my sight,  
Which from black sorrow breaks like morn from night ?

And though it sweetest beauty be  
Does seem more terrible to me  
Than all the sudden and the various forms  
Which death does wear in battles and in storms.

ROU. A party of your Symérons, whose eyes  
Pierce through that darkness which does night  
disguise,

Whom weary toils might sleepy make  
But that revenge keeps them awake,  
Did ere the early dawning rise,  
And close by Venta-Cruz surprize  
A Bride and Bridegroom at their nuptial feast,  
To whom the Sym'rons now  
Much more than fury show ;

For they have all those cruelties exprest  
That Spanish pride could e'er provoke from them  
Or Moorish malice can revenge esteem.

DRA., *sen.* Arm ! Arm ! the honour of my nation  
turns

To shame, when an afflicted beauty mourns.  
Though here these cruel Symérons exceed  
Our number, yet they are too few to bleed

\* In first edition, " near her."

When honour must revengeful be  
For this affront to love and me.

DRA., *jun.* Our forces of the land,  
Brave Chief, let me command !

DRA., *jun.* March on ! whilst with my seamen I  
advance,  
Let none, before the dice are cast, despair ;  
Nor after they are thrown, dislike the chance ;  
For honour throws at all, and still plays  
fair.

ROU. In beauty's noble cause no seaman doubt,  
If poets may authentic be.  
For sea-born Venus' sake let them march out,  
She leads them both at land and sea.

DRA., *sen.* Long yet ere night  
I shall in fight  
Their stormy courage prove :  
Each seaman hath his mermaid too,  
And by instinct must love,  
Though he were never taught to woo.

*Enter PEDRO.*

PEDRO. Stay ! stay ! successful Chief ! my heart  
as low  
As the foundation where thou tread'st does bow :  
But 'tis not for my own offence ;  
For if I should offend  
My King, in thee his friend,  
I would not with my self dispense.  
Thy mercy shall our pattern be,  
Behold th' afflicted Bride is free.

*The Scene is suddenly chang'd again, where the lady  
is vanisht, and nothing appears but that prospect  
which was in the beginning of the Entry.*

She is as free and as unblemisht too  
As if she had a pris'ner been to you.

DRA., *sen.* What are they who disguis'd in night's  
dark shade,  
Unlicens'd from our camp this sally made ?  
Straight to the stroke of justice bring me  
those !

PEDRO. They thought their duties was to take  
their foes.

Be merciful, and censure the offence  
To be but their mistaken diligence.

DRA., *jun.* Suspect not Pedro in this crime,  
who still

Has shewn exact obedience to thy will.

PEDRO. And, noble Chief, the cruelties which they  
Have often felt beneath the Spaniards' sway,  
Who midst the triumphs of our nuptial feasts  
Have forc'd our brides, and slaughter'd all  
our guests,

May some excuse even from your reason draw :  
Revenge does all the fetters break of law.

DRA., *sen.* The future guidance and the care  
Of their demeanour in this war  
Is strictly, Pedro, left to thee :

The gentle sex must still be free.

No length of studied torments shall suffice  
To punish all unmanly cruelties.

March on ! they may ere night redeem  
By virtuous valour my esteem.

[*Exeunt Drake Senior, Drake junior, Rouse, and Page.*]

PEDRO. Ho ! ho ! the pris'ners straight unbind,  
And let the Bride all homage find ;  
The father and the Bridegroom hither bring !  
Ere yet our van shall far advance,  
Know, Diegos, you must dance !  
Strike up, strike up ! in honour of my King.

*Enter the Father of the Bride, and her Bridegroom ;  
the Bridegroom dancing with Castanietos, to express*

*the joy he receives for his liberty, whilst the father moves to his measures, denoting the fright he had receiv'd from the Symérons, when he was surprized at his nuptial entertainment.*

## THE SIXTH ENTRY.

*This Entry is prepar'd with a martial air, and presently the scene is chang'd ; wherein is discover'd the prospect of a hilly country, with the town Panamah at a distance, and Recoes of mules, in a long train, loaden with wedges of silver and ingots of gold, and travelling in several roads down a mountain. There likewise may be discern'd their Drivers and Guards.*

*Enter DRAKE Senior, DRAKE Junior, PAGE.*

DRA., *jun.* The Reco is not yet within our ken.

DRA., *sen.* It will be strait. Draw up our men,  
And in low whispers give our orders out !

DRA., *jun.* Where's Pedro now ?

DRA., *sen.* Upon the brow  
Of that high hill. I sent him there to scout.  
[*Exit Drake, jun.*]

*Enter ROUSE.*

ROU. Chief ! we are all into a body drawn,  
And now an hour is wasted since the dawn.

DRA., *sen.* The time will yet suffice. We halted  
here

To stay for our tir'd baggage in the rear.

ROU. If aught from new resolves thou wilt  
command,

Speak, Chief ! we now in expectation stand.

DRA., *sen.* If English courage could at all be  
rais'd,

By being well persuaded, or much prais'd,

Speech were of use : but valour born, not bred,  
 Cannot by art (since being so,  
 It does as far as nature go)  
 Be higher lifted, or be farther led.  
 All I would speak, should tell you, I despise  
 That treasure which I now would make your prize :  
 Unworthy 'tis to be your chiefest aim,  
 For this attempt is not for gold, but fame ;  
 Which is not got when we the Reco get,  
 But by subduing those who rescue it.

*Enter a SOLDIER.*

SOL. Pedro descends the hill, and does desire  
 That from this open plain you would retire,  
 And wheel behind that wood a little space.

DRA., *sen.* Divide our forces to secure the  
 pass. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter DRAKE junior, a SOLDIER, ROUSE, and a  
 MARINER, the Soldier and Mariner being  
 brought to be plac'd as Sentries.*

DRA., *jun.* This must your station be ;  
 Stand stedfast as that tree !

ROU. Bravely alive upon this ground,  
 Or greater else in death be found.

*[Exeunt Drake junior and Rouse.]*

*The bells of the mules are heard from within.*

MAR. Mules ! Mules ! I hear their walking chime,  
 Ting, ting !—

They love sad tunes. How dolefully they  
 ring !

SOL. This sound seems single, and from far does  
 come.

Would I were leading one rich mule at home.

MAR. Still one and all I cry.

SOL. The rest are passing by.



Hark! hark! this mournful tolling does  
foretel

Some Diego's death! it is his passing-bell.

*Enter PEDRO, leading a SYMERON to be plac'd as a sentry.*

PEDRO. Here, Sym'ron, you must bold and  
watchful be.

Two foes resist, but if opprest by three,  
Then strait fall back to that next sentry  
there:

Or if in gross th' enemy does appear,  
Both to the third retirement make,  
Till we th' alarm, advancing, take.

MAR. Friend Pedro! friend! Is't one and all?

PEDRO. Speak softly, Sentry! dost thou call?

MAR. How many golden Recoes didst thou spy?

PEDRO. But two: in which I guess  
By distant view, no less

Than ninety laden mules are passing by.

SOL. What number is their guard who march  
before?

PEDRO. Five hundred foot, their horse may seem  
threescore. *[Exit.*

SOL. Friend of the sea! their number is not  
small.

MAR. 'Twill serve our turn, they crying one and all!  
But, brother of the land!  
We now must understand  
That Basta is the word.

SOL. Would thou wer't safe aboard.

MAR. Asleep under deck, and danc'd on a billow,  
With two silver wedges, each for my pillow.

*Enter DRAKE senior, with his sword drawn.*

DRA., *sen.* That volley was well fir'd,  
Our out-guards are retir'd.

Draw all our sentries in!  
The skirmish does begin.

[*Exit.*

[*Clashing of arms is heard afar off.*

*Enter* DRAKE Junior.

DRA., *jun.* More pikes! more pikes! to reinforce  
That squadron, and repulse the horse.

*Enter* ROUSE.

ROU. The foe does make his first bold  
count'nance good.

Our charge was bravely made, and well with-  
stood.

*Enter* PEDRO.

ROU. Your Sym'rons, valiant Pedro, seem to  
reel.

PEDRO. Suspect your rocks at sea. They do  
but wheel.

Haste! haste! brave Sym'rons, haste to gain that  
bank,

And with your arrows gall them in the flank.

[*Clashing of arms within again. Exeunt.*

*Enter* DRAKE senior, PAGE.

DRA., *sen.* How warmly was this strife

Maintain'd 'twixt death and life,

Till blood had quench'd the flame of valour's fire!

Death seeming to advance in haste,

Whilst life, though weary, yet stood fast;

For life is still unwilling to retire.

My land-men bravely fought,

And high renown have got,

For twice my sea-men they from death reliev'd.

As oft my sea-men have

Preserv'd them from the grave,

And did requite the rescue they receiv'd.

*Enter DRAKE junior.*

DRA., *jun.* They fly ! they fly ! yet now they  
                   seem to face  
 All those who them pursue,  
 And would the fight renew.

*Enter ROUSE & PEDRO.*

ROUS.           They fly ! they fly !

DRAK., *sen.* Away ! make good the chase.

*[Exeunt omnes.]*

CHORUS *of all within.* Follow, follow, follow !

*Enter DRAKE senior, DRAKE junior, ROUSE, PEDRO,  
 PAGE.*

PEDRO. The mules are seiz'd, and in our pow'r  
           remain.

DRA., *sen.* Draw out new guards, and range  
           them in the plain !

Those who hereafter on our legend look,  
 And value us by that which we have took,  
   May over-reckon it, and us misprize.

Our dang'rous course through storms and raging  
           floods,

And painful march through unfrequented woods,  
   Will make those wings by which our fame shall  
           rise.

Your glory, valiant English, must be known,  
   When men shall read how you did dare  
   To sail so long, and march so far,  
 To tempt a strength much greater than your own.

DRA., *jun.* And now by making our retreat,  
   We shall new wreaths and statues get.

*The GRAND CHORUS first sung by DRAKE Sen.*

CHORUS *of all.* Our course let's to victorious  
           England steer !

Where, when our sails shall on the coast appear,

Those who from rocks and steeples spy  
 Our streamers out, and colours fly,  
     Will cause the bells to ring,  
     Whilst cheerfully they sing  
 Our story, which shall their example be,  
 And make Succession cry, "To sea, to sea!"  
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*The Grand Dance begins, consisting of two Land-soldiers, two Seamen, two Symérons, and a Peruvian; intimating, by their several interchange of salutations, their mutual desires of amity. The dance being ended*

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

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#### THE FOURTH ACT.

*Enter* HOUSE-KEEPER, PLAYER.

PLAY. Now, friend, we must still suppose  
 Our selves at Peru.

HOUS.-K. What's he? a human bird!

PLAY. A feather'd priest, who must speak in the  
 Dumb show, and describe the condition of America,  
 Before the Spaniard surpriz'd it.

#### THE CRUELTY of the SPANIARDS in PERU.\*

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*The Argument of the whole design, consisting of six*  
 ENTRIES.

The design is first to represent the happy condition of the people of Peru anciently, when their

\* This piece, when originally produced at the Cockpit, was exhibited after the style of a masque, presenting a frontispiece, the description of which has been given at the opening of "Sir Francis Drake" in preceding act, but without this note: "The design of the Frontispiece, is, by way of preparation, to give some notice of that argument which is pursued in the scene."

inclinations were govern'd by Nature ; and then it makes some discov'ry of their establishment under the twelve Incas, and of the dissensions of the two sons of the last Inca. Then proceeds to the discov'ry of that new Western World by the Spaniard, which happen'd to be during the dissention of the two Royal brethren. It likewise proceeds to the Spaniards' conquest of that Incan Empire, and then discovers the cruelty of the Spaniards over the Indians, and over all Christians, excepting those of their own nation, who landing in those parts, came unhappily into their power. And towards the conclusion, it infers the voyages of the English thither, and the amity of the natives towards them, under whose ensigns—encourag'd by a prophecy of their Chief Priest—they hope to be made victorious, and to be freed from the yoke of the Spaniard.

#### THE FIRST ENTRY.

*The audience are entertain'd by instrumental music and a symphony, being a wild air suitable to the region, which having prepar'd the Scene, a lantd-chap\* of the West-Indies is discern'd ; distinguish'd from other regions by the parcht and bare tops of distant hills, by sands shining on the shores of rivers, and the Natives, in feather'd habits and bonnets, carrying, in Indian baskets, ingots of gold and wedges of silver. Some of the natives being likewise discern'd in their natural sports of hunting and fishing. This prospect is made through a wood, differing from those of European climates, by representing of coco-trees, pines, and palmitos ; and on the boughs of other trees are seen monkies, apes, and parrots ; and, at farther distance, vallies of sugar-canes.*

*The symphony being ended: the CHIEF PRIEST OF PERU*

\* Landscape.

*enters with his attendant after him. The Priest is cloth'd in a garment of feathers, longer than any of those that are worn by other Natives, with a bonnet whose ornament of plumes does likewise give him a distinction from the rest, and carries in his hand a gilded verge. He likewise, because the Peruvians were worshipers of the sun, carries the figure of the sun on his bonnet and breast.*

THE FIRST SPEECH, SPOKEN BY THE PRIEST  
OF THE SUN,

*Taking a short view of their condition, before the Royal Family of the Incas taught them to live together in multitudes, under laws, and made them by arms reduce many other nations.*

Thus fresh did nature in our world appear,  
 When first her roses did their leaves unfold :  
 Ere she did use art's colours, and ere fear  
 Had made her pale, or she with cares lookt old.  
 When various sports did man's lov'd freedom show,  
 And still the free were willing to obey ;  
 Youth did to age, and sons to parents bow.  
 Parents and age first taught the laws of sway.  
 When yet we no just motive had to fear  
 Our bolder Incas would by arms be rais'd ;  
 When, temp'rately, they still contented were,  
 As great examples, to be only prais'd.  
 When none for being strong did seek reward,  
 Nor any for the space of Empire strove :  
 When valour courted peace and never car'd  
 For any recompence, but public love.  
 We fetter'd none, nor were by any bound ;  
 None follow'd gold through lab'rynths of the  
 mine :  
 And that which we on strands of rivers found,  
 Did only on our priests in Temple shine.

Then with his verge, each Priest  
 Could, like an exorcist,  
 The coldest of his students warm,  
 And thus provoke them with a charm.

## THE FIRST SONG.

*In pursuance of the manner of their life, before their  
 Incas brought them to live in cities, and to build  
 forts.*

## 1.

Whilst yet our world was new,  
 When not discover'd by the old ;  
 Ere beggar'd slaves we grew,  
 For having silver hills, and strands of gold.  
*Chorus.* We danc'd and we sung,  
 And lookt ever young,  
 And from restraints were free,  
 As waves and winds at sea.

## 2.

When wildly we did live,  
 Ere crafty cities made us tame :  
 When each his whole would give  
 To all, and none peculiar right did claim.  
*Chorus.* We danc'd and we sung, &c.

## 3.

When none did riches wish,  
 And none were rich by bus'ness made ;  
 When all did hunt or fish,  
 And sport was all our labour and our trade.  
*Chorus.* We danc'd and we sung, &c.

## 4.

When forts were not devis'd,  
 Nor citadels did towns devour :

When lowly sheds suffic'd,  
 Because we fear'd the weather more than pow'r.  
*Chorus.* We danc'd and we sung, &c.

## 5.

When garments were not worn,  
 Nor shame did nakedness resent :  
 Nor poverty bred scorn :  
 When none could want, and all were innocent.  
*Chorus.* We danc'd and we sung, &c.\*

## THE SECOND ENTRY.

*An alman and corante† are play'd: after which a trumpet-air changes the Scene; where a fleet is discerned at distance, with a prospect of the sea and Indian coast; the ships bearing in their flags the spread-eagle, to denote the Austrian family; and on the right side are seen some Natives of Peru pointing with amazement to the fleet, (as never having had the view of ships before) and in a mourning condition take their leaves of their wives and children; because of an ancient prophecy amongst them, which did signify, that a bearded people (those of Peru having ever held it uncomely to wear beards) should spring out of the sea, and conquer them. The object having remained a while, the Priest of the Sun enters.‡*

\* In the first edition the following stage business as here introduced :—

*After this song a rope descends out of the clouds and is stretched to a stiffness by an engine, whilst a rustic air is played, to which two apes from opposite sides of the wood come out, listen, return; and coming out again, begin to dance; then, after awhile, one of them leaps up to the rope, and there dances to the same air, whilst the other moves to his measures below. Then both retire into the wood. The rope ascends.*

† *Allemande*, a grave kind of music. *Corante*, sprightly music applicable to the dance so called.

‡ “With his attendant.” 1st Edit.



## THE SECOND SPEECH,

*Describing briefly the pleasant lives of the Incas till this season of fulfilling that prophecy, when a bearded people should come from the sea to destroy them, and two of the Incan family ruin that Empire, which twelve of the Emperors had erected.*

In all the soft delights of sleep and ease,  
 Secure from war, in peaceful palaces,  
 Our Incas liv'd : but now I see their doom :  
 Guided by winds, the bearded people come !  
 And that dire prophecy must be fulfill'd,  
 When two shall ruin what our twelve did build.  
 'Tis long since first the sun's Chief Priest foretold  
 That cruel men, idolaters of gold,  
 Should pass vast seas to seek their harbour here.  
 Behold, in floating castles they appear !

Mine eyes are struck ! away, away  
 With gentle love's delicious sway !  
 The Incas from their wives must fly !

And ours may soon believe  
 We mourn to see them grieve,  
 But shall rejoice to see them die.  
 For they by dying safety gain :  
 And when they quit,  
 In death's cold fit,  
 Love's pleasure, they shall lose life's pain.\*

## THE SECOND SONG,

*Intimating their sorrow for their future condition, (according to the prophecy) under their new masters the Spaniards.*

1.

No more, no more,  
 Shall we drag to the shore

\* "The Priest having waved his Verge, his attendant performs the trick of activity called the Sea-horse." 1st Edit.

Our nets at the ebb of the flood ;  
     Nor, after we lay  
     The toils for our prey,  
 Shall we meet to compass the wood.  
 Nor with our arrows e'er delight,  
     To get renown  
     By taking down  
 The soaring eagle in his flight.

## 2.

Make haste ! make haste !  
 You delights that are past !  
 And do not to our thoughts appear :  
     Lest vainly we boast  
     Of joys we have lost,  
 And grieve to reckon what we were.  
 The Incas' glory now is gone !  
     Dark grows that light,  
     Which chear'd our sight,  
 Set is their deity, the sun.

*Chorus.* All creatures when they breed,  
     May then with safety feed :  
 All shall have times for liberty but we.  
     We, who their masters were,  
     Must now such masters fear,  
 As will no season give us to be free.

This Song being ended, a doleful air is heard, which prepares the entrance of two Indians, in their feather'd habits of Peru. They enter severally from the opposite sides of the wood, and, gazing on the face of the Scene, fall into a mimic dance, in which they express the argument of the prospect, by their admiration at the sight of the ships, (which was to those of Peru a new and wonderful object) and their lamentation, at beholding their

country-men in deep affliction, and taking their leaves of their wives and children.

### THE THIRD ENTRY.

*A symphony, consisting of four tunes, prepares the change of the Scene ; the prospect consisting of a plain Indian country, in which are discern'd at distance two Peruvian armies marching, and ready to give battle, being led by the two Royal brethren, sons of the last Inca, arm'd with bows, glaves, and spears, and wearing quivers on their backs. The object having continu'd a while, the Priest of the Sun enters.\**

### THE THIRD SPEECH,

*Intimating the unhappy event of the love of the last Inca ; for he (contrary to the custom of all his Royal ancestors, who always married their own sisters) had chosen to his second wife the beautiful daughter of an inferior Prince ; his Priests and People having always believ'd no blood, less distant than that of his sister's, worthy to mingle with his own for propagation of the Imperial race. This foreign Beauty so far prevail'd on his passion, that she made him in his age assign a considerable part of his dominion to a younger son, his ancestors never having, during eleven generations, divided their empire. This youth, growing ambitious after his father's death, invaded his elder brother at that unfortunate time when the Spaniards, pursuing their second discovery of the Peruvian coast, landed, and made a prodigious use of the division of the two brethren, by proving successful in giving their assistance to the unjust cause of the younger.*

How fatal did our Inca's passion prove,  
Whilst long made subject to a foreign love ?

\* " *With his attendant.*" 1st Edit.

Poor lovers, who from Empire's arts are free,  
 By Nature may entirely guided be,  
 They may retire to shady cottages,  
 And study there only themselves to please :  
 For few consider what they mean or do ;  
 But nations are concern'd when monarchs woo.  
 And though our Inca by no law was tied  
 To love but one, yet could he not divide  
 His public Empire as his private bed :  
 In thrones each is to whole dominion bred.  
 He blindly pris'd his younger son's desert,  
 Dividing Empire as he did his heart ;  
 And since his death, this made the younger dare  
 T'affront the elder's sov'reignty with war.  
 Ambition's monstrous stomach does encrease  
 By eating, and it fears to starve, unless  
 It still may feed, and all it sees devour.  
 Ambition is not tir'd with toil, nor cloy'd with  
 pow'r.\*

### THE THIRD SONG.

*Which pursues the argument of the speech, and further  
 illustrates the many miseries, which the civil war  
 between the two Royal brethren produc'd.*

#### I.

Twelve Incas have successively  
 Our spacious empire sway'd ;  
 Whose power whilst we obey'd,  
 We liv'd so happy and so free,  
 As if we were not kept in awe  
 By any law,  
 Which martial kings aloud proclaim.  
 Soft conscience, Nature's whisp'ring orator,

\* *This speech being ended, the Priest waves his verge, and his attendant very actively performs the SPRING, and, they departing, this third song is sung.*—1st Edit.

Did teach us what to love or to abhor ;  
And all our punishment was shame.

## 2.

Our late great Inca fatally,  
Did by a second wife  
Eclipse his shining life,  
Whilst reason did on love rely.  
Those rays she often turn'd and check't,  
Which with direct  
Full beams should have adorn'd his known  
And first authoriz'd race : but kings, who move  
Within a lowly sphere of private love,  
Are too domestic for a throne.

*Chorus.* Now rigid war is come and peace is gone,  
Fear governs us, and jealousy the throne.

Ambition hath our chiefs possess't :

All now are wak't, all are alarm'd ;

The weary know not where to rest,

Nor dare the harmless be unarm'd.

After this song a warlike air is play'd, to which succeeds a martial dance, perform'd by four Peruvians, arm'd with glaves, who enter severally from opposite sides of the wood, and express by their motions and gestures the fury of that civil war, which, by the ambition of the younger brother, has engag'd their country ; and then depart in pursuit of each other.

## THE FOURTH ENTRY.

*A symphony, consisting of four tunes, prepares the change of the Scene ; which represents a great Peruvian army, put to flight by a small body of Spaniards. This object is produc'd in pursuance of the main argument ; for the Spaniards having first bred an amazement in the Natives, by the noise*

*and fire of their guns, and afterwards subverted the elder Inca by assisting the younger, did in a short time attain the dominion over both by conquest. The object of this Scene having remain'd a while, the Priest of the Sun enters.\**

#### THE FOURTH SPEECH.

*Intimating the amazement of the Peruvians at the sight of the Spaniards in arms ; the consideration of the great distance of the region from whence they came ; of the ill effects of armour worn by a People whom they never had offended, and of the security of innocence.*

What dark and distant region bred  
     For war that bearded race,  
     Whose ev'ry uncouth face  
 We more than death's cold visage dread ?  
 They could not still be guided by the sun :  
     Nor had they ev'ry night  
     The moon t'inform their sight ;  
 How durst they seek those dangers which we shun ?  
     Sure they must more than mortal be,  
     That did so little care  
     For life, or else they are  
     Surer of future life than we.  
 But how they reason's laws in life fulfill  
     We know not ! yet we know,  
     That scorn of life is low,  
 Compar'd to the disdain of living ill ;  
     And we may judge that all they do  
     In life's whole scene is bad,  
     Since they with arms are clad  
     Defensive and offensive too.  
 In nature it is fear that makes us arm :

\* *With his attendant.* 1st Edit.

And fear by guilt is bred :  
 The guiltless nothing dread,  
 Defence not seeking, nor designing harm.\* [Exit.†

## THE FOURTH SONG.

*Pursuing the argument of the amazement and fear of  
 the Natives, occasion'd by the consideration of the  
 long voyage of the Spaniards to invade them.*

## 1.

Those foreign shapes so strange appear,  
 That wonderful they seem ;  
 And strangeness breeds esteem :  
 And wonder doth engender fear :  
 And from our fear does adoration rise :  
 Else why do we incline  
 To think them Pow'rs divine,  
 And that we are ordain'd their sacrifice ?  
*Chorus.* 1. When we our arrows draw,  
 It is with dreadful awe ;  
 2. Moving towards them whom we are loth to meet,  
 3. As if we marcht to face our destiny :  
 4. Not trusting to our arrows but our feet,  
 As if our bus'ness were to fly, to fly !

## 2.

*All in chorus.*

We thought them more than human kind ;  
 That durst adventure life  
 Through the tempestuous strife  
 Of seas and ev'ry raging wind.  
 Through seas so wide, and for their depth so fear'd,  
 That we by leaps as soon  
 May reach th' ascended moon,

\* "The Priest of the Sun waves his verge, and his attendant performs the SELF-SPRING."—1st Edit.

† "With his attendant."—Ib.

As guess through what vast dangers they have steer'd.

*Chorus.* When we our arrows draw, &c.

This song being ended, a saraband is play'd, whilst two Spaniards enter from the opposite sides of the Scene, exactly cloth'd and arm'd according to the custom of their nation : and to express their triumph after the victory over the Natives, they solemnly uncloak and unarm themselves to the tune, and afterwards dance with castanietos.

#### THE FIFTH ENTRY.

*A doleful pavin\* is play'd to prepare the change of the Scene, which represents a dark prison at great distance ; and farther to the view are discern'd racks, and other engines of torment, with which the Spaniards are tormenting the Natives and English mariners, which may be suppos'd to be lately landed there to discover the coast. Two Spaniards are likewise discover'd, sitting in their cloaks, and appearing more solemn in ruffs, with rapiers and daggers by their sides ; the one turning a spit, whilst the other is basting an Indian Prince, which is roasted at an artificial fire. This object having remain'd a while, the Priest of the Sun enters.*

#### THE FIFTH SPEECH.

*The horror of the Natives, bred by the object of the diversity of new torments devis'd by the Spaniards.*

These study arts of length'ning languishment,  
And strength'ning those for pains whom pain hath spent.

\**Pavin*, a grave and stately dance. Here however the word is used in reference to the air.



They make the cramp, by waters drill'd, to cease  
 Men ready to expire,  
 Baste them with drops of fire,  
 And then, they lay them on the rack for ease.

What race is this, who for our punishment  
 Pretend that they in haste from Heav'n were sent,  
 As just destroyers of idolatry?  
 Yet will they not permit  
 We should our idols quit,  
 Because the Christian law makes converts free.

Or if, to please their Priests, some Chief permits  
 A few of us to be their proselytes ;  
 Yet all our freedom then is but deceit.  
 They ease us from our chains  
 To make us take more pains,  
 Light'ning our legs to give our shoulders weight.

And other Christian strangers landing here,  
 Strait, to their jealous sight, as spies appear:  
 And those they so much worse than heathens  
 deem,  
 That they must tortur'd die.  
 The world still waste must lye,  
 Or else a prison be to all but them.\*

### THE FIFTH SONG.

*Pursuing the argument of the speech, by a farther de-  
 testation of that cruelty, which the ambition of  
 the Spaniards made them exercise in Peru.*

#### 1.

If man from sov'reign reason does derive  
 O'er beasts a high prerogative,

\* "*His speech being ended, he waves his verge, and his attendant  
 performs the PORPOISE.*"—1st Edition.

Why does he so himself behave,  
That beasts appear to be  
More rational than he,  
Who has deserv'd to be their slave ?

## 2.

How comes wild cruelty in human breasts ?  
Proud man more cruel is than beasts;  
When beasts by hunger are enrag'd,  
They no long pains devise  
For dying enemies,  
But kill, and eat and are assuag'd.

## 3.

So much is man refin'd in cruelty  
As not to make men quickly die :  
He knows by death all pains are past.  
But as he hath the skill  
A thousand ways to kill,  
So hath he more to make pains last.

CHORUS. When beasts each other chase and then  
devour,  
'Tis nature's law, necessity,  
Which makes them hunt for food, and not for  
pow'r:  
Men for dominion, art's chief vanity,  
Contrive to make men die ;  
Whose blood through wantonness they spill,  
Not having use of what they kill.

This song being ended, a mournful air is play'd, preparing the entrance of three Peruvians, limping in silver fetters. They are driven into the wood by an insulting Spaniard, with a truncheon; then enter again loaden with Indian baskets full of golden ingots, and silver wedges, and lying down

with the weight of their burdens, are raised by the blows of the Spaniard, and fall into a halting dance, till the Spaniard reviving their weariness with his truncheon, drives them again into the wood.

### THE SIXTH ENTRY.

*A symphony prepares the last change of the Scene, and an Army is discern'd at distance, consisting of English and Peruvians; the van is led by the English, who are distinguisht by the Ensigns of England, and their red-coats. The rear is brought up by the Peruvians, who are known by their feather'd habits, glaves, and spears. There is likewise discern'd a body of armed Spaniards, their backs turn'd, and their rear scatter'd as if put to flight. These imaginary English forces may seem improper, because the English had made no discovery of Peru, in the time of the Spaniards' first invasion there; but yet in poetical representations of this nature, it may pass as a vision discern'd by the Priest of the Sun, before the matter was extant, in order to his prophecy. This object having remain'd a while the Priest of the Sun enters.\**

### THE SIXTH SPEECH.

*Intimating their first adoration of the Spaniards when they landed, the behaviour of the Spaniards towards them, and a prophecy that they shall be reliev'd by the English.*

We on our knees these Spaniards did receive  
As gods, when first they taught us to believe  
They came from Heaven, and us o'er heights would  
lead,  
Higher than e'er our sinful fathers fled.

\* "With his attendant." 1st Edition.

Experience now—by whose true eyes, though slow,  
 We find at last, what oft, too late we know—  
 Has all their coz'ning miracles discern'd :  
 'Tis she that makes unletter'd mankind learn'd :  
 She has unmask't these Spanish dark divines.

Perhaps they upward go,  
 But hasten us below,  
 Where we, through dismal depths, must dig in  
 mines.

When first the valiant English landed here,  
 Our reason then no more was rul'd by fear ;  
 They straight the Spaniards' riddle did unfold,  
 Whose Heav'n in caverns lies of others' gold.  
 Our griefs are past, and we shall cease to mourn  
 For those whom the insulting Spaniards scorn,  
 And slaves esteem  
 The English soon shall free ;  
 Whilst we the Spaniards see  
 Digging for them.\*

The Priest being gone, a wild air is play'd, differing from that in the first Entry, which prepares the coming in of a Spaniard out of the wood, loaden with ingots of gold, and wedges of silver. He makes his footing to the tune of the instruments ; and after a while he discovers a weariness and inclination to sleep, to which purpose he lies down, with his basket for his pillow. Two apes come in from opposite sides of the wood, and dance to the air. After a while, a great baboon enters, and joins with them in the dance. They wake the Spaniard, and end the antic measures with driving him into the wood.

\* *The Priest having ended his speech waves his verge, and his attendant performs* THE DOUBLE SOMERSET.—1st Edit.

## THE SIXTH SONG,

*Pursuing the argument of that prophecy, which foretells  
the subversion of the Spaniards by the English.*

We shall no longer fear  
The Spanish eagle darkly hov'ring here ;  
For though from farthest climes he hither fled,  
And spaciouly his wings has spread,

Yet the English Lion now

Does still victorious grow,

And does delight

To make his walks as far

As th'other e'er did dare

To make his flight.

CHORUS. 1, High ! 2, high ! 3, and high !

4, Our arrows shall fly,

And reach the winged for our prey

Our nets we'll cast, and sprindges lay :

The air, the river, and the wood,

Shall yield us sport and change of food.

ALL IN CHORUS. After all our disasters

The proud Spaniards our masters,

When we extol our liberty by feasts,

At table shall serve,

Or else they shall starve ;

Whilst th' English shall sit and rule as our guests.

This song being ended, an air consisting of three tunes, prepares the grand dance, three Indians entering first ; afterwards to them three English soldiers, distinguisht by their red coats, and to them a Spaniard, who mingling in the measures with the rest, does in his gestures express pride and sullenness towards the Indians, and pays a lowly homage to the English, who often salute him with their feet, which salutation he returns with a more lowly gravity ; whilst the English and the Indians, as

they encounter, salute and shake hands, in sign of their future amity.\*

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THE FIFTH ACT.

*Enter* HOUSE-KEEPER, *and* PLAYER.

PLAY. Now we must have one voyage more from Peru to Alexandria, which in good troth Is but a step to swift imagination, And then we may sleep in our empty inn Until next Term.

HOUS.-K. We have no Scene of Alexandria.

PLAY. A Canopy of State to shew the majesty Of those who are presented will serve turn.

HOUS.-K. Have w'ee,† quoth the blind harper, When he wisht to be as little seen as he saw others. Draw, ho !

*The Scene of the Canopy where CÆSAR, ANTHONIUS, LEPIDUS, PTOLOMY, and CLEOPATRA appear, and their several trains on each side of them.*

PLAY. This vision should have been enabled too, By a short speech t'acquaint the doubtful spectators With Cæsar, Antonius, and Lepidus, Ptolomy, Cleopatra, and their train.

HOUS.-K. That w'are to make this a kin to the dumb show.

*Enter the* GYPSIES, *men and women.*

These are the gypsies with which Cleopatra Entertain'd Cæsar, as blind authors say.

*The* GYPSIES *dance.*

\* *This Dance being performed, the entertainment ends, and*

THE CURTAIN FALLS. 1st Edit.

† i.e., Have with you.

*The dance being ended, the GYPSIES depart, and the Scene changes into a Parrad or Court du Guard.*

PLAY. But where are now our bullies the burlesquers,  
That show the wrong side of the hero's outward?

*Enter two EUNUCHS.*

Oh, here come two of Ptolemy's Eunuchs!

*Enter NIMPHIDIUS, and another EUNUCH.*

EUN. You of your news, Nimphidius, are so dainty!

NIMP. If I had news, in troth I would acquaint ye.

EUN. Then I have some, but oh, 'tis doleful matter!

NIMP. Hab nab's the word! All castes are not cinque quatre.

EUN. Rome now of Egypt quickly will beguile us,  
Tyber is come to play her pranks in Nilus.

NIMP. If Tyber brings her plund'ring base Burgonians,  
Farewell on Nilus' banks our leeks and onions!

EUN. A cruel wight, whose name is Mark Anthony,

So hard of heart that it is held all boney,  
Is here arriv'd for love of our black Gypsy,  
On Cleopatra he has cast a sheep's-eye.  
And Cæsar too, with many a stout tarpauling,  
Landed with him and comes a caterwawling.

NIMP. How she will simper, at the sight of Cæsar!  
And oh, how trusty Tony means to tease her!

EUN. Ah, fickle fortune! who would e'er have dreamt this,

Rome's roaring boys will swagger now at Memphis.

NIMP. Behold they come who quickly can inform us!

EUN. Nimphidius, mum! be silent as a dormouse.

*Enter CÆSAR, MARK-ANTHONY, CLEOPATRA, PTOL-  
LOMY, ANTHONIO leading CLEOPATRA.*

NIMP. There Tony is our Cleopatra leading ;  
Her eyes look blue ; pray heav'n she be not  
breeding !

EUN. There's Cæsar too, and Ptolomy behind  
him,  
Proud princcock-Cæsar\* hardly seems to mind him.  
*[Exeunt Nymph, Eunuch.]*

ANTH. Which is your brother, dear ? I prithee  
shew me !

Cry mercy, sir ! are you the king Ptolomy !

PTOL. I am as surely he, most mighty Tony,  
As she is my sweet sister, and your honey.

ANTH. Great Cæsar, come ! shake fists with strip-  
ling Royal,  
Though Pompey was betray'd, this imp was loyal.

CÆSAR. Know tender springal, I'll not chide  
but frump ye,  
You play'd at trap,† when traps were lay'd for  
Pompey.

Finger in eye his wife had never wept here  
If stead of trapstick you had then us'd sceptre.

PTOL. When fortune frumpish is, who e'er with-  
stood her ?

Cæsar, this bus'ness makes too great a pudder :  
I would not slander Pompey now he dead is ;  
Yet let me tell, what by my people said is,  
You'll say the prattling people falsely charge men ;  
But all report that Pompey's barge and bargemen  
Had plunder'd Nilus' banks till there was scarce one  
Turkey or pig left for the tythe of parson ;

\* Princcock or princox, a coxcomb.

"You are a saucy boy ;

This trick may chance to scathe you I know what ;

You must contrary me ! you are a princox, go."—*Shakespeare.*

† Unruly boys learn to wrangle at trap, or rook at span-  
farthing.—*Locke.*



Of which even Pompey muncht his share in cabin,  
 Where, from the shore, he beckon'd many a drab in :  
 Under the rose I speak't, he was a dragon  
 When he brown damsel got with scarce a rag on ;  
 And came not here for rescue, but to rob us ;  
 Yet we at last bob'd him who meant to bob us.

CÆSAR. Youth, you are too young to sit in the  
 saddle,

And crow in a throne, go cry in a cradle !  
 Tutor should teach you to speak well of dead men,  
 Go ! learn to rob orchards, not to behead men.  
 With blood of Roman your Eunuch does grow fat ;  
 Such knaves wax cruel, having lost—you know  
 what.

He rules the roast, but, some body, go call him !  
 I swear, by Hector Haunch, I mean to maul him !

CLEO. Is this your Cæsar ? tell, me dearest  
 bunting :

I'faiks I must have leave to speak of one thing.  
 Can he that's cock of Rome be so mistaken  
 As thus to threaten poor Egyptian capon ?  
 I scorn, though but a female and no Roman,  
 To meddle with an Eunuch who is no man.  
 When first we saw you sailing to our haven,  
 We little thought to find your cock a craven.

ANTH. Peace, lamb ! and be, like lamb-kine, meek  
 and humble,

Cæsar, like wolf, will bite when he does grumble.  
 Where a place does not itch I seldom rub ye,  
 Nay, you are strait blub'ring if I but snub ye.  
 If Cæsar's blood be up blade will not spare ye,  
 Egypt will then be in a fine quandary.

CLEO. I'll not be scar'd, though he look ne'er so  
 hideous,

He may go snick-up\* if he hates Nymphidius.

\* Meaning :—"Go and be hanged ! Begone ! away with  
 you ! Get out ! Shunt !"

ANTH. His stomach bears not long the wrongs  
 he swallows,  
 But, if you'll not be counsell'd, take what follows.  
 He'll strait be all for plunder and for forage.

CLEO. Cæsar may spare his breath to cool his  
 porridge ;  
 He'll be the worse the more one him beseeches.

ANTH. Chuck, I have done ! I see you'll wear  
 the breeches.

CÆSAR. What have I heard ? shall it be said in  
 hist'ries,  
 That Marcus Tony squabl'd with his mistress ?  
 If love be out of joint, I'll be the joiner ;  
 Say, son of Sceptre,—speak ! thou Monarch-minor !  
 Shall lovers fall to scratch like midnight pussies ?  
 Let's turn their frowns and wrath to leers and busses.

PTOL. Most puissant plund'rer ! know the short  
 and long is,  
 That all who know thee find thy breath so strong is,  
 As merely with a word it quells the mighty,  
 And stuns them past the cure of aqua-vitæ.

CLEO. Egypt's no fool for Rome to put her  
 tricks on,  
 And you shall find that I can be a vixen.  
 Must warbling Eunuch die, who ne'er was sick long  
 And sing short psalm in rope, who taught me  
 prick-song ? \*

PTOL. Shall he who can read, and love lessons  
 taught her,  
 Be now denied book, and die for man-slaughter ?

ANTH. Cæsar, things are not as th' world now  
 supposes ;  
 The case seems plain as on your face your nose is.

\* Prick-song was distinguished from plain song in respect of the harmony being written or pricked down, whereas the latter was at the will of the singer—a species of extempore music.

Great Pompey near shore for poultry was gaping,  
Did count without host, and so was tane napping.

CLEO. What Eunuch has done, he did for your  
sake, then :

As Pompey did brew he made him to bake, then.

CÆSAR. Let Memphion mistress look but blithe  
and bonny,

On Cæsar smile, as she does smerk on Tony,  
Then Eunuch plump shall live, and grow still  
thicker,

Like hostess fat, who sits in chair of wicker.

CLEO. Cæsar, gramercy ! you now show your  
breeding :

Invite him, sweet heart, I pray to our wedding !

I thought my self truly quite under hatches.

But now call maid to bring her Queen new patches,

Bring kerchief lac'd ! I'll no more be a mourner !

And Cæsar, you shall find——— a friend in corner.

ANTH. Great son of slaughter leers ! he'd fain  
be at her.

I'll dash his chops, if's mouth begin to water.

*Enter CORNELIA.*

CÆSAR. Sly scowling look, though men of Mars  
ne'er mind it,

Hat black and broad, long cypress down behind it ;

Gown short and loose, and her hair under pinner,\*

As if locks on cheek were token of a sinner,

Where bodkin is stuck in fashion so oddly,

As though, out of zeal, dame laid the French mode  
by.

'Mass ! now I think on't, 'tis Pompey's rich widow

ANTH. Of mumping minx would we were fairly  
rid, ho !

\* The lappet of a head loose-flying.

Her goodly countenance I've seen,  
Set off with kerchief starch'd, and pinners clean.— *Guy.*

CLEO. Lord, how she looks ! she could cut us in collops :

Shall Tony and I fear ev'ry fat trollop's ?  
Like hard hearted heart\* she over us hovers,  
As kite watches chickens she watches lovers.

CORN. What, have I caught ye ? how all of ye stare on't,  
I' faith I'll to Rome, and there do your errand !  
By Senate y'are sent to follow your calling,  
They think you are now their enemies mauling ;  
Man, woman, and child, you chief should be killing,  
But 'stead of bombasting you are a billing  
With Queen who should be her parish's pattern,  
Good housewife in house not saunt'ring young slattern.

CLEO. Bodikins ! pray why agog, Mistress Pompey ?

As high as you are, a Joan may out-jump ye.  
Be an example before y'are a tut'ress !  
You want a Tarquin to make you a Lucrece !

CORN. Marry come up ! Goodman Ptolemy's daughter,  
Faith, in your wine I perhaps may put water ;  
For all your new gown y'are but a black gypsey,  
Sure Tony and you have drunk till your tipsy ;  
Nay take the whole mess y'have yet but a spoonful,  
I'll bate not an ace,† as widow of consul.  
For though you now perk it, as daughter of King,  
By'rlady, I'll give you as good as you bring :  
I know your back's broad enough, I'll put you to't.

CLEO. Well, gossip, I know too the length of your foot.

CÆSAR. Hey for Cornelia ! she's still for old Rome.

CORN. Cæsar, yo'd cog now, but some wiser than some,

\* Hawk ?

See Vol. 1. p. 158.

Your crony and you in Egypt now flaunt it,  
 Spending like roysters, whilst honest men want it.  
 Leave off your heet'ring with heirs whilst you fool  
 'um,

And drinking beer-glasses *super naculum* ;  
 Drowning of sorrow like negligent debtors,  
 Sending to provinces short begging letters,  
 Which being denied, then with armies you go  
 And take what you'll pay back to-morrow to mow.

CÆSAR. Your tippet's up, but Bilbo wights ne'er  
 mind ye,  
 Turn buckle of girdle, wear it behind ye.\*

ANTH. Let gossips shake hands, and Cæsar  
 appoint her  
 Some blade that has house to make her a jointure.  
 Widow, be friends ! make no more such a hot coil ;  
 We'll find out rich husband to make you the pot  
 boil.

CLEO. If the wound be sew'd up I'll not unrip it,  
 I'll keep my tongue in, if she'll pin down tippet.

CÆSAR. Proud Pompey, whom now we never  
 shall lack more,  
 Came in at a gate, sneakt out at a back door :  
 Great was the mortal, and long cock-a-hoop too,  
 But down he did fall, whom all men did stoop to.  
 Yet fortune has done but what does become her ;  
 In winter w'are hay and grass in the summer.

CORN. In troth, it is true ! we are of that sort all !  
 Then farewell, sweet Pompey ! since thou wert but  
 mortal.

CLEO. Well said, Cornelia, I see you are heart  
 whole,  
 Hang up all care, which from body would part soul !  
 Where are the fiddlers ? what tune shall we fix on ?  
 Faith ! let's have the round of merry Mall Dixon.

\* "If you are angry turn the buckle of your belt behind  
 you."—*Sir Walter Scott's Rob Roy.*

CÆSAR. Call in the fiddlers ! but hark ye, friend Tony,  
 Whilst now I think on't, have you any money ?  
 For though in war I did bear all before me,  
 Cash stays behind, and I'm fain to cry "score me !"  
 ANTH. Cæsar, my plunder, I speak it with  
 sorrow,  
 Is squander'd with girls, and I'm forced now to  
 borrow.  
 Yes ! let 'em play at but princum and prancum,  
 And we'll pay at last, or else we'll thank 'um.

## THE DANCE.

CÆSAR. Let's to the ale-house go, where tapsters  
 know me ;  
 Fat hostess there will trust ; lead, King Ptolomey !  
 Fiddlers will thither come, and never grumble ;  
 In Play-house they are proud, in ale-house humble.  
 Gossips shall tattle there, while tongues will wag on,  
 And to my Gipsey's health I'll drink a flagon.  
*[Exeunt.]*

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HOUS.-K. What ! is all done ?  
 PLAY. Ay, and we—are undone !  
 Such a sad coil was ne'er before in London.  
 Somebody has let our neighbours in—and we  
 Have been, in toto, mulcted of our fee.  
 'Slight the house is e'en full—Well ; that's no  
 crime—  
 Free now, they're free to pay another time.  
 So stop 'em ! they're like to hear, if they will stay,  
 An Epilogue, since they have seen a play.  
*[Exeunt omnes.]*

## EPILOGUE.

Since you at land no more can hurried be,  
The shifted scene shall turn us now to sea,  
Where our small bark does strike, when we'd espy  
You're the Admiral, with your main-top high.  
Our Pilot-Poet should his laurel vail,—  
Which is his flag,—as low as we our sail.  
To shew you things yet newer, we did mean  
To represent a mermaid in that scene ;  
Not proudly combing, with a comb of gold,  
Her long wet hair, till the vain wretch takes cold,—  
For so she's painted by each bungling rogue,—  
But in her hand an humble Epilogue ; \*  
Which she by signs—for Mermaids seldom speak—  
Should recommend to critics on the deck :  
And, by a court'sy, should a plaudit beg ;—  
Note, female fishes never make a leg.  
But that's an observation by the by,—  
And now, methinks, I hear some ask me why  
That observation's made ? Our author says  
'Tis just like those which critics make at Plays.  
He said he wish't for our sakes, not his own,—  
Yet that's a charity but rarely known—

\* It would seem that it was very common to hang out the picture of a fish, real or imaginary, at ordinaries. Thus in Mayne's *City Match*, 1639.

"*Roseclap*" (*The keeper of an Ordinary*.) "Faith, I do grant  
This is the strangest fish. Yon' I have hung  
His other picture in the fields, where some  
Say 'tis an o'ergrown porpoise ; others say,  
'Tis the fish caught in Cheshire ; one to whom  
The rest agree, said "'twas a mermaid."—

In the same play, Timothy, a merchant's son, while in a state of inebriety and asleep, is exhibited by his companions, by way of fun, as "a strange fish," and the spectators pay for admission.

Such audiences as learning do forbear ;  
I mean, who never strive to shew it here.

    This landscape of the sea,—but by the way—  
That's an expression which might hurt our play,  
If the severer critics were in town ;  
This prospect of the sea cannot be shewn :  
Therefore be pleas'd to think that you are all  
Behind the Row, which men call Portugal ;  
The title at our doors was that which drew  
You hither by the charm of being new.  
You'll spoil the jest, unless the Play succeed  
For then we may e'en let our House indeed.



NEWS FROM PLYMOUTH.

*News from Plymouth. Folio, 1673.*

THIS is one of the six plays printed for the first time, in the folio edition of Sir William Davenant's Works, 1673. It was one of his earlier productions, having been licensed by Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, 1st August 1635, and, in all probability, performed shortly afterwards. There is no record, however, existing of such performance. Geneste remarks that "this is far from a bad comedy, but there is little or no plot. Of this defect" he further, although deducing from false premises, remarks,—“Davenant was sensible,—he says in the Prologue,—

‘We could not raise  
From a few seamen, wind-bound in a port,  
More various changes, business, or more sport.’ ”

“It is clear,” he goes on to observe, “that Davenant had originally laid the scene at Portsmouth, as the widow Carrack, towards the close of the first act, characterises her house as the best in Portsmouth. From certain expressions in the Prologue and Epilogue, it was highly probable that this play came out at the Globe; but the matter is put past a doubt by Davenant's poems, in which the Epilogue is printed, a second time, as the Epilogue to a vacation play at the Globe—the name of the play is not mentioned.”



## PROLOGUE.

A NOBLE company ! for we can spy,  
Beside rich gaudy sirs, some that rely  
More on their judgements than their clothes, and  
may,

With wit as well as pride, rescue our play :  
And 'tis but just, though each spectator knows  
This house, and season, does more promise shows,  
Dancing, and buckler fights, than art or wit ;  
Yet so much taxt of both as will befit  
Our humble theme you shall receive, and such  
As may please those who not expect too much.  
For when you but survey the narrow ways  
We walk in, you will find we could not raise  
From a few seamen, wind-bound in a port  
More various changes, business, or more sport.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

SIR SOLEMN TRIFLE, *a foolish old knight.*  
SIR FURIOUS INLAND, *a country knight.*  
WARWELL, *a gentleman, servant to Loveright.*  
SEAWIT,            }  
TOPSAIL,            } *Sea-captains.*  
CABLE,             }  
BUMBLE, *a dutch captain.*  
BOATSWAIN,  
DASH, *Clerk to Trifle.*  
SCARECROW,        }  
ZEAL,                } *Intelligencers.*  
PRATTLE,            }  
SAILORS,  
PORTER,  
LADY LOVERIGHT, *niece to Trifle.*  
MRS. JOYNTURE, *cousin to Loveright.*  
NIGHTINGALE, *Loveright's waiting-woman.*  
CARRACK, *a rich widow.*  
SMOOTHALL, *her maid.*

Scene : PLYMOUTH.

## NEWS FROM PLYMOUTH.

### ACT I.

*Enter* SEAWIT, TOPSAIL, CABLE.

SEA. The wind still southerly ? here we are like  
To stay till grass grow on our decks, and all  
Our masts take root, bud forth too and bear acorns,  
Which, as I take't my salt-sea friends, is like  
To be our food when all our victual's spent.  
How thrives your treasure, Cable ? when your looks  
Are heavy, we shall need small magic to  
Divine your pockets light.

CA. A few mild-sixpences with which  
My purser casts account is all I've left.

TOP. There are ith' harbour, sir, those of the  
faithful  
That will trust, upon a good pawn : you must  
Engage your plate.

SEA. His plate ! alas ! poor soul,  
What plate hath he more than his boatswain's  
whistle.

As for the silver seal that hung at's wrist,  
Whereon was carv'd the lover's scutcheons, sir,  
The bleeding heart ; that's gone long since t'adorn  
His mistress' court cupboard, which, on a cloth  
Of network edg'd with a ten-penny lace,  
Stands now between her thimble and her bodkin ;  
Objects of state, believ't, and ornament.

CA. This town is dearer than Jerusalem

After a year's siege ; they would make us pay  
 For day-light, if they knew how to measure  
 The sun-beams by the yard. Nay, sell the very  
 Air too if they could serve it out in fine  
 China-bottles. If you walk but three turns  
 In the High-street, they will ask you money  
 For wearing out the pebbles.

SEA. This is your region, Topsail, for you sea-  
 men

Love to converse of plenty, where you may  
 Be co'z'ned for your ware, and meat, and think  
 Such negligence becomes a noble spirit,  
 As well as thrift a lean attorney or  
 Fat alderman, until your mercer and  
 Your man that squeezes your lusty wine of Greece,  
 Or brisk vin-dy, remove from's smokey habitation  
 In the town, unto your manor house :  
 There ride in triumph o'er your conquer'd land,  
 As if he did bestride my Lord Mayor's horse,  
 As if your meadows were Cheapside, and all  
 Your woods the just precincts of his own ward.

CA. And these two disciples to St. Tantlin,  
 That rise to long exercise before day,  
 And cozen'd soundly before noon ; these shall  
 Grow old within your manor house, and die  
 There too, and be buried in your own chapel ;  
 And have their sinful seacoal dust mingled  
 With th' ashes of your warlike ancestors.

TOP. 'Tis true, to these unpleasant hazards  
 Riot and youth must bring us :  
 The gallant humour of the age, no remedy.  
 Whilst yet the mother's blessing quarrels and  
 chimes

Ith' pocket thus : the thrift of thirty years  
 Sav'd out of mince pies, butter, and dry'd hops.  
 It must away ; but where ? In the metropolis,  
 London, the sphere of light and harmony ;



Where still your tavern bush is green and flourish-  
ing,

Your punk dancing in purple,  
With music that would make a hermit frisk  
Like a young dancer on a rope. But alas !  
There's no such pure materials for delight  
In this dull harbour, I will sooner draw  
My sword than my purse here. 'Tis a place fit  
Only for midnight battles with the watch.

CA. And vildly destitute of women. Here  
Are none but a few matrons of Biscay,  
That the Spaniards left here  
In eighty eight.

SEA. Your hostesses' daughter at the Hoop  
Desir'd me last night I would speak to you  
For an old sprit-sail to make her a smock.

CA. You have money, sir ; you may be merry.

SEA. In sober truth, thou art—

CA. Why, what am I ?

SEA. As great a sinner  
As e'er eat biscuit and salt beef.  
But, gentlemen, it lies much now within  
My power, although here wind-bound and distress,  
To make your sad hearts light.

CA. Proceed any news of a late shipwreck,  
Of two strangers seen floating on a plank,  
Each with a bag of Portuguez under  
His left arm ?

SEA. No, sir ! but since our navy anchor'd in  
This port, our fame hath prospered so,  
That to behold our pride, and strength, there is  
This day arriv'd a lady.

TOP. How ! a lady ?

SEA. The very flower and pleasure of the Spring,  
And hath a wit so prosperous, one hour  
Of her converse would make a courtier of  
A carman : so rich, that the Turk's vast army

Cannot starve upon her land : [all there]  
Are prime gamesters ; the very housewives of  
Her dairy play at cent : and her plough-boys  
Double their wages at cribbage and picket.

CA. Well, I'm the luckiest rogue that ever seckt.\*  
By this hand, gentlemen!  
I think if my brains were knocked out o'er night,  
I should find them in my skull again next morning.  
O my good stars, I do thank your bright worships!  
Send such a purchase hither just in the nick  
And period of distress.

TOP. Seawit, a little more intelligence !  
Where doth this lady lie ?

SEA. At widow Carrack's house,  
Where there are wells new digg'd to lay her bottled  
wine,  
Grottos to keep her person cool, and kitchens  
That would serve Mark Anthony.

CA. But will she eat and drink ?

SEA. How ! Do you think I bring you tidings  
of  
The Maid of Brabant, that lived by her smell,  
That din'd on a rose, and supt on a tulip.†

CA. I mean, will she feed high, and drink deep,  
like  
A Saxon-bride, until her lover sleep

\* Kicked—i.e., lived.—*Teste* the phrase, “ Alive and kicking.”

† “ What would ye have me do ?

D'ye think I'm the Dutch Virgin that could live

By the scent of flowers ? ”—*Mayne's City Match*, A. 2, S. 4.

“ But the strangest I have met with in this kinde is the historie of Eve Fleigen, out of the Dutch translated into English and printed at London, Anno 1611 : who, being borne at Meurs, is said to have taken no kind of sustenance by the space of fourteen yeeres together ; that is from the yeere of her age twenty-two to thirty-six, and from the yeere of our Lord, 1597 to 1611 ; and this we have confirmed by the testimony of the magistrate of Meurs, as also by the minister, who, made tryall of her in his house thirteene days together, by all the means he

Upon her lap ?

SEA. She entertains ! What will  
You more, gentlemen ? I hear not of her vices.

CA. Oh were she but a whore now, I were made.  
For if she be honest, she is not worth  
A hollow tooth.

SEA. Why, Cable ? Why ?

CA. Your honest women are still unfortunate  
To me, they talk of marriage, which I am prone too,  
Come, call in quickly her dull deacon ! or small  
Tythe-taker—in his dimity——cassock,  
And let him squeeze, and join our hands, until  
They ache ; then there's a pause, whilst her parent,  
With a sour brow, and trencher beard, strait blasts  
My ear, with an odd heathen word, call'd jointure.  
Well, sir ! I, as in duty bound towards  
My self, promise largely : then spies are sent  
T'enquire for one Captain Cable of the south,  
What lands, what farms he hath ; and word is  
brought,  
That all the purchase he e'er made was but  
A noble for a map, which hangs in his  
Great cabin.

TOP. Seawit ! Yourself and I must move alone,  
In visitation to this lady.

SEA. You must excuse me, sir, he shall along ;

could devise, but could detect no imposture. Over the picture  
of this maiden, set in front of the Dutch copie, stand these  
Latin verses :

“ Meursæ hæc quem cernis decies ter sexque peregit  
Annos, bis septem prorsus non vescitur annis  
Nec potat, sic sola sedit, sic pallida vitam  
Ducit, et exigui se oblectat floribus horti.”

Thus rendered in the English copie :

“ This maid of Meurs twenty-six yeares spent,  
Fourteene of which she tooke no nourishment ;  
Thus pale and wan she sits, sad and alone,  
A garden's all shee loves to looke upon.”

*Hakewill's Apologie. Fol. 1635.*

The interview will be too calm else. Come let's prepare !

Guard well your eyes ! I'll bring you to a beauty  
Shall put you both unto the wink.

CA. Thou art my admiral, I will fight under  
Thy lee, and celebrate thy morning's draught  
With a broad-side.

[*Exeunt.*]

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ACT I. SCENE II.

*Enter* CARRACK, PORTER, SMOOTHALL.

CAR. Be careful, porter ! Let not a piece of canvas,

Or coarse kersey that smells of pitch or tar,  
Pass o'er the threshold. Their gross feedings  
On fulsome butter, Essex cheese, dried stockfish,  
And scarce sweet beef on festivals, makes 'em  
savour

Like the pump of a ship, and to a tender nostril  
'Tis very dangerous.

POR. Is't your worship's pleasure ?

CAR. Well answered ! I am worshipful indeed,  
For I am rich, and a wise woman told me  
My gold, in time, may make clowns say mine  
honour ;

There are examples extant, but proceed  
With your question to my worship.

POR. May I suffer no man of war to enter ?

CAR. Yes, your captains  
Of the last edition, and their officers too ;  
Nay, I allow young volunteers, provided  
They show rich lace, and purl,\* and without  
magic

Have shut a manor in a trunk of clothes,

\* An embroidered and puckered border.

In hope to prove commanders.

POR. With your pardon,  
What think you of a buff jerkin ?

CAR. It may pass,  
And chamois too, so it be well embroider'd,  
And have a touch of amber.

POR. I am glad of't.  
'Tis Captain Cable's wear, and I should be sorry  
To thrust myself into a certain beating  
By shutting him out.

CAR. True, 'tis a boist'rous sir,  
And should be welcome in his shirt ; but that  
His captainship hates a priest, and laughs at wed-  
lock,

But ravins on his fly-blown lamb or mutton,  
Though he meet it in the city, or the suburbs.  
But do your duties ! I'll think of him alone.

POR. I shall be careful ! [Exit Porter.]

CAR. Now to you, Smoothall ; if that you be vigi-  
lant  
And mark, and learn the fashions of the time,  
'Twill help you sooner to a husband, than  
Your father farmer's crop or wool. Consider  
What noble guests are now under my roof.  
The lady Loveright, not an heir, and rich  
In expectation only, but possess  
Of a huge estate, four thousand a-year, which  
came

From her dead grandmother. The earl, her father,  
Hath left it at her dispose, without a guardian.  
Then Mistress Jointure, one of a good estate too,  
My lady's gentlewoman, Mistress Nightingale,—  
I may make thee a gentlewoman, though thy  
mother

Was Goody Smoothall, and do it by my lord's  
pattent

When I am a baroness : 'tis now in fashion

To metamorphose chambermaids. The King  
Dubs knights, and new-stamp't honour creates  
gentry.

SMOOTH. And, please you the mere hope of this  
will prompt me  
To wait with diligence.

CAR. And I'll reward it.

SMOOTH. What may the grave knight be that is  
so busy  
About the lady of honour ?

CAR. Her honour's uncle,  
Sir Solemn Trifle. He's a Justice of Peace,  
And, in his country, *custos rotulorum*;  
He can give a charge to the jury at Quarter-sessions  
And tell aforehand what will be their answer ;  
To all his fellow Justices he speaks gravely,  
And will hear none but himself. Have a care of  
him !

You may have good of his clerk,—a handsome  
stripling,  
He hath serv'd already three years of his prenti-  
ship,  
And, if he thrive out of his quarter fees,  
He may in time set up for himself. Fall off !  
My noble guests appear. Now to my posture !

*Enter* SIR SOLEMN TRIFLE, LOVERIGHT, JOYNTURE,  
NIGHTINGALE.

TRI. See, honour'd niece, our careful land-lady !  
She bows most neatly, you would say, and court-  
like ;

Pray you, give me leave !

CAR. Madam !

TRI. You would excuse again—  
I know your thoughts,—the want  
Of apt accommodations to receive

Such noble guests.

LOVE. Sir, in my judgment, all things—

TRI. Are, under pardon, you would say beyond  
All expectation of entertainment  
In a port-town.

LOV. The gentlewoman, sir,  
Hath ample means.

TRI. To make this good. I know it,  
And that you would add, she is a rich widow,  
Well monied, and well landed.

NIGH. Sir, her husband !—

TRI. You will be chattering, too, pert Mrs. Mag-  
pie,  
Ye shall be no more a Nightingale ; her husband,  
This you would say, and make a tedious tale of't,  
With, ay forsooth, and no forsooth, but I can  
Relate it more concisely,—for I hate  
Impertinence, and babbling,—was a Captain,  
A stout and fortunate Captain, and could carry  
His ship to any coast under the moon  
Without the help of his master ; and could use  
His ropes-end on the ship-boys and the sailors,  
As well as his boatswain, which did well demon-  
strate

His skill and valour. Then——

LOVE. Now give me leave,  
You reprehend in others, that which you  
Convince yourself of. This is from the purpose.

TRI. I come to it now ! Pray you, give me leave !

CA. Excuse me !

Her honour shall have leave, sir, with your  
pardon ;

Fine women stand by, and one old man talk all !  
'Tis monstrous, nay abominable ! I'll not suffer  
Such discipline in my house. I have a tongue too,  
And therefore, pray you be silent. I am bold  
To interrupt your honour. But a word,

And I have done. 'Tis true I am a widow,  
And rich, too, as Sir Solemn says ; my house,  
The best in Portsmouth, and hath entertain'd  
An admiral, and his mistress too ; but they  
Have lain in several chambers, on mine honour,  
I should have said my credit, I cry you mercy,  
Heartily mercy !

LOVE. There is no offence.

CAR. My husband, rest his soul in Neptune's  
bosom,

For his body hath fed haddocks, took a prize  
From the Hamburgers, and Brasile Men, furnisht  
me

With plenty of provision, but grown old  
He went to sea again and died, but left me  
A lusty young widow. I must weep to think  
How timely he went from me.

TRI. Mourn in silence !

I will discourse the rest. Pray you, give me leave !

CAR. I cannot, nor I will not give you leave  
Till I have told my story, and how far  
I am her honour's servant, would  
I had means to express it, as it is  
Pray you accept of't. There is nothing court-like  
Your honour can expect, or I dare promise !  
My house is but a simple pile.

TRI. I will have leave now ;  
She should have said, a stately edifice.  
For orchards, curious gardens, private walks,  
Like an Italian palace.

CAR. Good Sir Solemn !

TRI. With drawing rooms, in every one a couch,  
For all occasions, and uses ready.

CAR. That's common ! but my hangings.—

TRI. Silk and gold,  
I know not whence you had 'em, but I find  
The Rose and Crown and E. R. wrought upon 'em.



I'll save your modesty ! you shall not boast of  
Your other furniture.

CAR. You will o'ercome,  
And having read the inventory—

TRI. I can say, that  
For the coarsest use you shall have silver.

CAR. A bed with utensils  
Perchance, or so ; but for my linen—

TRI. That  
Exceeds the rest ; pure damask, and perfum'd too !  
Her cambric sheets, down beds—Nay, give me  
leave !

I think I have done you right.

CAR. There's something else  
You might remember.

LOVE. Nay, no more, I pray you.  
Was there ever such a medley ?

JOYNT. On this theme  
I think she would ever hear him.

CAR. Good Sir Trifle !

TRI. You would say, I thank you—

JOYNT. A new storm !

LOVE. We are rescu'd !

JOYNT. What are these ?

LOVE. Captains of the Fleet ; and sent for  
By my direction. You have both spoke well ;  
Take breath a while !

*Enter LOVERIGHT'S Woman.*

Wo. The captain that sent hither to entreat  
Admittance for himself and's friends, attends  
Your ladyship's command.

LOVE. Entreat him enter ! *[Exit Woman.]*

JOYNT. Shall we be charg'd with men o'war, too,  
madam ?

What captain's this ?

LOVE. Seawit ! a fellow that preserves his soul

So full of mirth, as if he never knew  
 Calamity nor sin; why he will make  
 A pris'ner laugh upon the rack: his reason too  
 Transcends his wit, and's courage equals both;  
 The very darling of the court and town.

*Enter SEAWIT, CABLE, TOPSAIL.*

SEA. If there be trouble in this visit, Madam,  
 You are to chide your virtues and your fame,  
 That doth oblige strangers to love and serve you.

LOVE. It is your kindness, Sir, to trust such fond  
 reports;

But I have cause to wish your knowledge of me  
 May not instruct you to repent your faith.

SEA. Your courtesy equals your beauty, lady.  
 Let me press these gentlemen unto  
 Your knowledge and respect, they will both strive  
 How to deserve it better than my self.

LOVE. They are your choice, Sir, and that com-  
 mends 'em. [*Topsail and Cable salutes her.*]

TRI. All these are mighty men, and have no  
 money.

CA. Topsail! I pray Heaven she be not honest!  
 I fear her shrewdly, and the pure grief of it  
 Wounds my very heart. Ah, what pity 'tis,  
 So excellent a creature should be honest!

TOP. Cable! If she but vouchsafe to love me,  
 That shall appear no great impediment;  
 Nor shall you dare to think her honesty  
 A vice. You mark my words, you shall not dare!

CA. If she be honest, in sad homely truth  
 You must not presume to love her; because  
 Time, occasion, and the devil, may make  
 Her blood turn, and then, Sir, she's for my pur-  
 pose.

Do not look scurvily! 'Tis dangerous!

SEA. Are you both mad? or do take this mansion

For pick'd-hatch ? \* You would be  
Suitors, yes to a she-dear, and keep your  
Marriages in Paris-Garden.

TOP. No more ! we are govern'd !

*Enter Woman.*

WO. Your dinner doth attend your ladyship.

LOVE. Gentlemen ! you'll give me leave t'invite  
you to a feast.

SEA. We are your troubles, but ready to obey.

JOYNT. Sir Solemn, what's th'occasion of your  
thoughts ?

TRI. I am thinking that my scrivener will hardly  
Take that fat captain's bond.

JOYNT. You have reason, sir.

Nine of 'em in a team have scarce the strength  
To draw a hundred pounds out of Cheapside.

TRI. Heaven help 'em ! do they e'er think to be  
sav'd then ?

LOVE. Come, uncle, lead the way !

TOP. Small hands, full breasts, soft lips, and  
sparkling eyes !

If I can board her, she'll prove lawful prize.

*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT II.

TRIFLE, SEAWIT, LOVERIGHT, TOPSAIL, JOYNTURE,  
CABLE, CARRACK, NIGHTINGALE.

SEA. Madam, your entertainment hath been  
such,

So free and full of bounty, that it leaves us  
No words to express our thankfulness.

\* A notorious resort in Clerkenwell for prostitutes.

"Borrow'd and brought from loose Venetians,  
Becoms Pickt-hatch and Shoreditch courtizans."

*Du Bartas*, p. 576.

TRI. Give me leave !

I know what you would say, but with your  
favour

I'll do't, and spare your blushes : for she is  
Extremely modest, you would say, and noble.  
You would answer, for here I know your thoughts,  
[The viands, gentlemen,] were plain and cheap,  
And answer'd in no part my full desires  
With cost, and curiosity, to feast  
Such brave commanders. Lady, I hope I have  
nick'd it,

But pray you forbear your thanks for't ; 'tis sup-  
pos'd—

Nay, gallants, give me leave ! you would reply,  
Her bounty did transcend, and perhaps add,  
That though the name of hospitality  
Is lost, nay dead, in her it is reviv'd.  
If any can say more, let me be put  
Out of commission for't, or what is worse,  
Speak what concerns me only.

LOVE. The perpetual motion  
Is in his tongue, I think.

SEA. I never read of  
Such a long-winded monster.

TRI. You consent—

For so your silence warrants—all is spoken,  
And aptly too on both parts, that could be  
Imagin'd or expected. If there be  
A doubt remaining I'll dilate it further.

CAR. Indeed, Sir Solemn, we are satisfied ;  
This only if you please—

TRI. What shall not now be heard, her squeaking  
treble  
Will drown my tenor.

LOVE. No means left to free us  
From this confusion ?

SEA. Trust it to me, madam !

I'll not dwell long on't, Sir Solemn.

TRI. You would say  
This widow does me wrong.

SEA. True ! and, that I  
Will do you right, there is a wager laid  
Among us after supper, of which you are  
Elected judge.

TRI. And pleader too, if you please.  
I have wit and tongue enough for both.

SEA. I know it !  
But hear the wager, I'll be short and pithy.  
There grew an argument, among which,  
Of the nine worthies, Christian, Heathen, Jew,  
Deserv'd privy.

TRI. A main State point.

SEA. 'Tis so !  
And to that man who best maintains this choice,  
The rest, in sign of victory, are to pay  
A hundred crowns. Now, if you please to walk  
Into the gallery, you shall find these worthies  
Drawn to the life there, without interruption  
Of this chattering widow, or these other tatlers,  
For they have tongues too—you may sit in State,  
And examining the dead worthies *pro and contra*,  
Defend, accuse, object, and answer for 'em.  
You may spare your "give me leave," or "this you  
would say,"

They will obey with silence, you may be too  
As loud as you list, and make use of what action  
Or gesture you shall think fit, you will find it  
Such a feast of soliloquy, and without disturbance,  
As yet you never tasted.

TRI. The design,  
Captain, commands my thanks.

SEA. Then having practis'd,  
And argu'd with your self, the several titles  
These worthies can pretend to, when we come

To disputation, being thus prepar'd,  
You shall speak all your self, and we will hear you  
As you were the great Turk of Eloquence,  
And we your mutes, or statues.

TRI. A rare project!  
I'll instantly about it. [Exit Trifle.]

LOVE. You have bound us  
Your debtors, captain, in removing this  
Unnecessary noise ; 'tis a fit province  
You have set him to govern.

JOYNT. Now we may talk  
And chuse the theme our selves.

CAR. I know with whom  
I would discourse, but that my Cable's frowns  
Advise me to stand off.

TOP. To yield to me  
Is no disparagement. Cable ! when you have  
Sat down, and rend'red up all interest  
You do or can pretend unto this lady,  
It will be honour enough to have it reported  
You once contended with me.

CAL. Why, good Ajax ?  
You would betray your reading. I have read too,  
And know from whence this State-conceit was bor-  
row'd.

Since Ovid spake English, I ne'er yet found Latin  
In a captain's commission. But one reason, why  
You claim precedence of me ?

TOP. Thou must grant  
I am better parted, more polite and vers'd in  
The rules of courtship.

CA. Better parted, why sir ?  
Cause you have richer suits ? My observation  
Hath told me hitherto, that your best parts are  
A little singing out of tune, and that,  
With a scurvy hoarse voice, to a fiddler's boy,  
That never was admitted to a tavern,

Shall out-do you in a tap-house for a test,  
When your throat is clearest. 'Tis said you can  
dance, too !

Caper, and do tricks like a jack-a-napes :  
A prime and courtlike virtue, which you learn'd  
from

The dancing-schools' usher, or his underling.

TOP. I shall be angry !

CA. Fie, no ! You are dangerous. I'll rather  
come

To composition with you.

TOP. If it be fair,

I shall give ear to't, I am of a good nature.  
Propound it !

CA. This way the indenture runs then ;  
If you can sing, or frisk your self into  
This lady's bed, when the priest hath done his  
office,

You shall put in security after a month,—  
For you are not built up, sir, to hold out longer—  
When you are forc'd to ride and visit your uncle,  
I shall have free access, and liberty  
With your consent, under your hand, and seal too,  
To court her, and enjoy her as a mistress.

TOP. And I to be your cuckold ?

CA. And good reason.

Canst thou be so unconscionable as to ingross  
A whole wife to thy self, or deny me,  
When thou art gorg'd up to the throat, to feed  
On thy reversions ? hast thou no charity in thee ?  
No feeling of thy neighbour's wants ? or shall not  
This young and gamesome lady be allow'd  
When 'tis in fashion, and by most subscrib'd too,  
A servant with a husband ? no compassion  
On bachelors of fifty and odd ?

TOP. No more !

Did not the privilege of the place protect you

I would——

CA. What would you do ?

TOP. You shall hear further,  
Believ't you shall.

LOVE. They grow loud.

SEA. Are you mad ?  
Or drunk, or both ?

TOP. Such you may hear,  
When you use better manners.

CA. If the ass  
Be gall'd, let him winch !

SEA. Do you make this lady's house  
A sutlers' booth to brawl in ?

CA. Be not so hot, sir !  
I'll do as I think fit.

TOP. Preserve your lectures  
To read to your charge, Sir Furious Inland ; he  
May hear you, and applaud it.

CA. I am past  
Your tutorship.

TOP. I'll follow mine own designs.

[*Exeunt Cable, Topsail.*]

CAR. O, my brave Cable ! if thou wouldst but  
hold

Thy Carrack \* to an anchor, she would seek  
No other port. This quarrel must be tane up,  
Or I am shipwrack'd. [*Exit Carrack.*]

SEA. Which way to excuse  
Their incivility, or my want of judgment,  
For bringing such rudeness to your presence, falls  
not

In my dull apprehension : it throws

\* Literally, a "carrack" signifies a Spanish galleon. Sometimes English vessels of great value and size were so called.

"These mortall gods, for traffique still disperse  
Their envied wealth throughout the universe ;  
In caracks built so wide that they want roome  
In narrow seas."—*D'avenant's Madagascar.*



A taint on our profession.

LOVE. Not at all !

Their leprosy cleaves to themselves, and cannot  
Infect your better temper.

SEA. 'Tis your charity  
To say so, Madam.

LOVE. Without flattery, captain,  
So well I like your conversation, mirth, and free-  
dom,

That I much wish, while the winds stay you here,  
You would know no other table; what was wanting  
To-day, shall be supplied. But pray you tell me,  
What kind of man is that Sir Furious Inland,  
Your charge, I think, they call'd him ?

SEA. He's a gentleman  
Of fair descent, and ample means, but subject  
'To their disease of quarrelling ; his sword  
Hangs still too near his right hand, he loves fighting  
Above all pleasures, and is more delighted  
With the dangers of a duel, than the honour  
Of having had the better ; he was trusted  
By some of his noble kinsmen to my care,  
In hope the discipline of the war might tame him :  
I have done little good upon him yet,  
His metal will not bow. But surely, madam,  
Had he been present, he had paid these roarers  
In their own coin ; yet thus much I can say in his  
defence,

In the height of all his wildness  
He loves and honours ladies ; for whose service  
He's still a ready champion.

LOVE. A strange character !  
I shall receive it as a favour, if  
You grant me means to see him.

SEA. He's aboard !  
But I'll send for him presently. He may yield  
Occasion of mirth, and without hazard

Of life or limb. I will present him to you,  
And, till then, kiss your hands. [*Exit Seawit.*]

LOVE. I shall expect you.

Now, cousin, your opinion of this captain ?  
The general voice, and I believe it, speaks him  
A complete man.

JOYNT. It may be so in his  
Profession, but with your pardon, lady,  
Neither the place you live in, nor the company  
That do frequent your house, can free you from  
Severer censures.

LOVE. Free me, cousin ? I am  
Careless as they are curious, to inquire into  
My actions, but from you I will hear  
What I am tax'd for ; but, I pray you, speak it  
In a merry tone, none by to over-hear, -  
Freedom and mirth become us.

JOYNT. I approve it !  
'Tis wonder'd why,—if virtuous, for your fame  
Is call'd in question,—having of your own  
Manors and goodly houses in the country,  
And one for winter pleasures in the city—  
And that of large receipt for entertainments—  
You rather chuse to live an inmate under  
Another's roof in a port town, than where  
Your pow'r is absolute.

LOVE. They come up roundly to me.  
But what, in their grave wisdoms, do they judge  
The principal motive ?

JOYNT. Love of noise, and rudeness,  
\* To see the drums and trumpets in the morning  
To rouse you up, your own musicians sleeping ;  
To see the sailors dance, to give you colours  
To every officer, to feast the captains,  
That when they are aboard they may carouse  
In wine, while it lasts, or, that spent, quarter-cans  
To the brave Virago's health.

LOVE. Is this the worst  
They charge me with ?

JOYNT. The best construction rather  
Of your coming hither. Others whisper, such  
Is my intelligence, that you hold a courtier  
Too soft, a country gentleman too dull,  
To make a husband, and that your main end is,  
To be kiss'd to the purpose in the gun-room,  
Upon a cannon by a rough commander,  
Then brought to bed in his cabin of two boys ;  
And, when they are christen'd, in the place of bells  
To hear the ordnance roar a lullaby  
To your seaborne issue.

LOVE. This may be ;  
But wherefore are they thus suspicious ?

JOYNT. On good grounds, and sure ones.  
No man that looks on you will believe your purpose

To live and die a maid. I can read mother  
Upon your forehead, then having had such choice  
Of rich and noble suitors—well shap'd men too  
For a lady's service, and among the rest,  
Sir Studious Warwell your idolater—he's  
Learned, active, of an ancient house too,  
A gentleman whose fortune equals yours,  
And he to be refus'd, and by your scorn  
Employ'd, but none know wherefore.

LOVE. Thou hast said, wench !  
Hear me reply : the great estate commended  
In this Sir Studious Warwell was a hinderance,  
And no way did advance my favours to him.  
I have enough, and my ambition is  
To make a man, not take addition from him.  
I would have him poor, and if unlearn'd the better ;  
I cannot feed on the philosopher's banquet,  
Nor would I have my bed-fellow a cold cynic.  
I will be plain too. If he have no coat

I'th' herald's boots, I say again the better ;  
 His kindred shall not awe me with a statue  
 Wanting a nose or ear of his great family,  
 Though they swear 'twas John-a-Gaunt's. My  
     father was

A soldier, and for that my mother lov'd him,  
 His title of an earl was no charm to her.  
 And when I find a perfect and a poor one,  
 Still take me with you, cousin—if a soldier——

JOYNT. There are few of 'em rich.

LOVE. I have the better choice then.  
 That perfect poor one I will make my husband ;  
 It is resolv'd ! I'll tell thee more ere long, wench.  
[*Exeunt.*

*Scena Secunda, TOPSAIL.*

TOP. Let the quarrel sleep a while ! to win this  
     lady  
 Concerns me nearer. If I get her, I have honour  
 And never fight for't, policy must take place  
 In this of valour, and I will omit  
 No helps that may make for me. Let me consider !  
 Her uncle's powerful with her, if I can  
 But make him mine, with the aids of those  
 Rich ornaments Cable so admires,  
 Though he seem'd to contemn them in his choler,  
 All's cock sure !  
 He comes most timely, I will upon him.

*Enter TRIFLE with a table book.*

TRI. Here are all the points  
 I am to treat of. This for Alexander,  
 For Godfrey of Bulloigne this, and good King David  
 I have for thee too. If I wrong the least  
 Of the nine worthies, yet I'll firk 'em home too,  
 May I never prove the tenth.

TOP. Sir ! one word with you.

TRI. I am to speak not hear ; you trouble me.  
But that I am a christian myself,  
I should incline to Hector ; Julius Cæsar  
Did very well too, and the rest, brave men all.  
As I am their advocate, their fees alike too,  
It were injustice if I should be partial.  
Good Sir, forbear ! I have many strings to play on.

TOP. I, but one suit.

TRI. Pray you give me leave ! I know it.  
In your particular fancy, you affect  
Above the rest, one worthy. Tell me his name.  
I'll not be dumb in his praise.

TOP. Worthy ! what worthies ?

TRI. Make it not strange. Are you not one of  
those  
That are to-night to hear the worthies' causes  
First pleaded, then decided ?

TOP. You are jeer'd, Sir.

TRI. A hundred crowns adjudg'd to him whose  
worthy  
Should have precedence ?  
TOP. There's no such matter.  
Seawit's device to send you off, while he  
Court'd your niece in your absence, on my life !  
There was no such thing intended, or e'er dream'd  
on.

The company is dispers'd.

TRI. Have I then lost my hopeful preparations ?

TOP. You are wrong'd.

TRI. Not I. Posterity suffers for the loss  
Of what I had deliver'd, which recited,  
I had a stationer of mine own to print it.  
I am exceeding melancholy.

TOP. Go aboard

With me, and purge it. Do me a favour in  
Another kind, you shall not lose your labour,

I'll help you to an auditory, that can judge too  
Of your tropes and figures.

TRI. Who are they?

TOP. My sailors!

I have taught 'em not to cavil at the things  
They understand not. I'll be silent too,  
You shall speak all your self.

TRI. How you engage me! .

I'll take the pictures along to make distinction  
For whom I plead.

TOP. It will do well.

TRI. Your suit now!

What e'er it be 'tis granted, for this courtesy.  
Out with't, I pray you!

TOP. I'll tell you in the cock-boat. [Exeunt.

*Enter CABLE.*

CA. Sure this lady's honest! Or if she be not  
There's but small advantage to my hopes, whilst  
that

Tempter, young Topsail, hovers near her eye.  
The rogue has qualities for love, which I want.  
Why he will sing you like any widow's daughter  
That's working of bone-lace; no weaver at  
His loom comes near him; and dance till he tire  
All the tabours in a wake. Now the truth is  
I cannot sing, for with eating  
Butter, when I lay amongst  
The Dutch ships at Delph, my voice is quite gone;  
And for matter of dancing, you may expect as much  
From a lobster on a fishmonger's stall.  
I would the wind would turn. No money! and in  
A harbour too: Truth, 'tis a pretty calamity  
For a gentleman of my inclination!

*Enter a PORTER, CARRACK.*

POR. I left him walking from the quay, towards

The back-door of your worship's garden. Look !  
There he stands, and very sad ; sure, he had  
But a light dinner at your worship's house,  
For he's eating's nails already.

CAR. Get you home !

And, sirrah ! see you pile those billets up  
I'th' yard ; and, do you hear, make haste, and fetch  
The glazier strait to mend the casement in  
The darnex\* chamber.

POR. Yes, forsooth !

CAR. And let me see ; be sure you bid the baker  
Send in more bread to-night, and let the kid  
Be made into a pasty !

POR. I shall forsooth.

[*Exit.*

CAR. What, melancholy, captain !

CA. Widow, in troth, my thoughts were some-  
what busy

About division of a prize.

CAR. Why, have you taken one ?

CA. No, widow, no ! But when it shall please  
heaven

Tallow us the good fortune, I was thinking  
With how much conscience, and discretion too, I  
might

Dispose it into shares. I am

\* Darnex, a coarse sort of damask, used for carpets, curtains,  
&c., originally manufactured at Tournay. It was composed of  
different kinds of material, sometimes of worsted, silk, wool,  
or thread.—*Halliwel.*

Linen cloth having certain figures raised in the weaving ;  
diaper—*Jamieson.*

“ He fand his chalmer weill arrayit

With dornik werk on buird displayit.”

Lyndsay's *Squyer Meldrum*, 1594.

MEMORANDUM OF LINEN AND FURNITURE AT LINDORES, 1530.

Item ij gret claths of fyne dorne werk wytht ij towels of ya  
samyne ;

Item ij smaller claths of dorne werk wytht out towels.

*Chartularies of Balmerino and Lindores,—Printed for Abbots-  
ford Club, 1841, from MSS., in Advocates' Library.*

Very just in my nature.

CAR. Well, captain, I observe of late, and truly  
With some compassion too, that you are full  
Of troubled thoughts, and much opprest in heart.  
Heaven keep you from lying in a chamber  
Where there is a cross beam.

CA. Why, do you think  
I love activity, and will swing at  
Midnight in my shirt?

CAR. Nay, they above  
Know all; but certainly y'are very sad!

CA. As other mortals use to be, that want  
Money, wine, or a wench.

CAR. Lo you there now!  
Just such another man was my husband,  
And would talk so, too. Well, peace rest his soul,  
I'm sure his body had but little rest  
On earth; for he was a woman's man, captain,  
A good one too; he lay not idle, he,  
I speak it in my tears.

CA. Now can I hardly forbear to cry too,  
But that I left my handkerchief in my  
Cabin, and want somewhat to dry my eyes  
When they are wet. Widow, thou do'st  
Not know how much thy kindness hath prevail'd.

CAR. Ay, Sir, if you but guess the cause.

CA. Nay, I find no cause, but  
Your good parts.

CAR. Good parts, indeed! you are so like my  
husband.  
And just, as they say, such a rough hewn man  
Was he: so troublesome to maids and women,  
Of meek behaviour, that they would all cry  
Out on him, yet they lov'd him too. Truly he was  
Scarce to be trusted in the dark.

CA. A modest gentleman belike, for he  
Would do no lewdness before the sun's face.



CAR. No, truly ! and, when the happy knot  
Was tied, good heart ! he was reclaim'd. We lov'd  
Like any house-doves, ever more billing  
To the comfort indeed of all young people.

CA. What knot do you mean, widow ?

CAR. Why, of matrimony.

CA. O, is the wind fix'd there still ? If you, or  
Your vicar get me into your fool's noose,  
I'll give you leave to pull hairs out of my beard,  
And bridle fleas with 'em. Draw in a yoke !

CAR. In sadness, captain, I could chide you now ;  
What is the reason you renounce marriage ?  
Is it because you do not love to come  
In a church ? the priest can do't in a chamber.

CA. No, no, I love churches. I mean to turn  
Pirate, rob my country-men, and build one.

CAR. Why, well said ! there is some hope in that.

CA. But for marriage, do not think on't. It is  
A most excellent receipt to make cuckolds.  
The short truth is, if you will ply your malmsey,  
Rejoice o'er your spic'd bowl, and learn to drink  
Your self into a comely trance, I shall  
Love you, but then sometimes you must consent too :  
I mean in the dark, widow.

CAR. Fie upon him ! He is so like my husband.

CA. Farewell ! Get thee to thy closet, and drink  
To thy husband's ghost a whole pint of mum.  
Remember matrimony makes cuckolds :  
'Tis to be us'd after fourscore, when thy days  
Of temptation are so long past, thou canst  
Not endanger a smooth brow.

CAR. Well sir ! I'll make you tamer, or else lose  
My woman's wit with watching. [*Exeunt several ways.*]

*Enter* BOATSWAIN, SEAWIT.

SEA. Boatswain, well met ! thou must instantly  
aboard,

And fetch the knight that is my charge ashore.

BOAT. You mean Sir Furious Inland ! Surely one

Of the winds got him, his cradle was a drum,

And he was nurs'd upon a belfry.

He hath more rage and noise than a winter storm :

Only his virtue is, he will outlast it.

You that are his captain, sir, may rule him ;

But, in your absence, he hath got the trick

To rule your officers.

SEA. Does he make mutiny ?

BOAT. Your master, purser, gunner, and his mate,

And I my self feel him about the shoulders :

Had he but my office two days, he would

Wear out a cable

With castigation, as he calls it. Look !

He's come ashore already.

*Enter INLAND.*

SEA. Away, leave me ! *[Exit Boatswain.*

My fiery charge ! Why hast thou left thy wooden walks

In my good ship, to tread on slippery pebbles here ?

Where men of waves meet, and conspire

To cozen men of war.

IN. What should we do at sea without a wind ?

SEA. These winds are mad blades, they'll do what they list.

IN. Would they had bodies that we might fight with 'em.

SEA. I rather wish th'hadst an old aunt in Norway,

That would command them with a charm. But who

Hath chas'd my little Lybian lion thus

Into a foam ? Methinks thou look'st, as thou

Didst come from slaughter, and from prey !

IN. A rogue vex'd me as I pass'd through the  
High Street.

SEA. How, my dear charge ?

IN. He askt me what a clock it was.

SEA. Was that offence ?

IN. Death ! Do I look like a watchmaker ? Am  
I bound to take charge of the hours, and give  
Every rogue intelligence how they pass ?

SEA. Well ! and how did you proceed ?

IN. I beat him.

SEA. A little calmer, my brave charge ! In sooth  
Thou hast choler enough t'enflame nine fat  
Dutch burghers, and make 'em all turn fencers.  
I've heard of your fierce discipline aboard.

IN. What would you have me do ? Shall I rust  
Like a sword in a scabbard for want of exercise ?  
Shew me the King's enemies, and I'm satisfied !  
If not, let's subjects look to't, for I must fight.

SEA. Thou shalt see the King's enemies.

IN. But, where are they ?

SEA. Why, gone aside to make their wills, and  
pray,  
They know they are but dead when they appear.

IN. Captain, I love the King ! and am bound  
In conscience and good nature to kill his enemies.

SEA. Why, right ! th'art my disciple now,  
just to

My will, and wish. But prithee tell me, charge !  
Besides divine, and moral reasons, I  
Would know what secret int'rest thou hast in  
The King, that makes thee leave thy hawks  
And hounds, to hunt his enemies.

IN. Why, I love him !

SEA. Ay, but some cause for it  
That is particular, and personal ?

IN. I have a good one, but I'll conceal it.

SEA. How, Charge, from me? your friend that must direct

You in the day of fight! Come! what is it?

IN. Why, he cur'd me of the evil.

SEA. Charge, I thank thee!

This day, I will both reward thy good nature  
And employ thy courage. There is now lodg'd  
I'th' town, a lady of excellent wit and beauty.

IN. Does she love fighting?—

SEA. Nay, do but hear me! Topsail and Cable,  
Both captains in our fleet, are now in controversy  
For her love, and do advance their hopes  
With so much fury, and ill-manner'd rage,  
That they are both become her trouble.

IN. I'll fight with 'em!

SEA. A little patience, and observe, you shall  
Fight with 'em, and subdue 'em too, till they  
Have temper, and civility. But know,  
She hath an uncle, call'd Sir Solemn Trifle.

IN. I'll fight with him too!

SEA. Nay, mark me! you must court him:  
I have design'd it so. Follow and I'll instruct you.  
'Tis fit, whilst windbound thus in a dull port,  
We ease our want of business with our sport.

[*Exeunt.*]

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### ACT III.

WARWELL, BUMBLE, SAILORS.

BUM. Vellecome, vellecome en shore, mine here,  
veele haben a geloffe now.

Houndsfoot, run for 20 dozen of cans!

WAR. Captain, you are free and noble, yet I wish  
You would forbear this ceremony; my occasions  
Command me some where else, and with much  
speed too.

BUM. Teen tówsand divels on business ! part  
 with drow lips after our boon  
 Voyods ? Ick been noe here Captaine Bumble, but  
 Shellum Bumble,  
 If I give not mine here his gelloffe ; here on de rey.  
 So, so ! ha wetht you.

*Enter SAILORS with cans.*

Mine here !

WAR. I thank you, captain ! though it be out  
 of fashion  
 To drink thus openly, I will not contend,  
 Nor break your custom.

*Enter SEAWIT, and SIR FURIOUS INLAND.*

BUM. Up be de maniere van Hollandt mine here.

FU. Dear tutor, stay, here's a rare fight, I'faith !  
 These are mad blades ! drink i'the streets, O rare !

SEA. Thou child of wrath, observe me ! Think  
 on what

Adventure thou art bound. I must present thee  
 In thy full trim to a brave amazon ;  
 A lady that loves bilbo men, and such  
 As on their warlike thighs, like thee, my charge,  
 Wear their old grandsires' fox.\* Thou art deriv'd  
 From mighty heroes. I have heard thy father,  
 When sword and buckler was in reputation,  
 Environ'd with his basket hilts, and blue coats,  
 Hath stood in the head of his troops, and fought  
 Pitch'd battles in Smithfield, without blood.

FU. Ay, that was an age !

Would I had liv'd in't ! now the surgeons mourn  
 For want of work. Good tutor, stay !

SEA. Thy reason ?

FU. Why they drink hard, and if the liquor  
 work

\* The old English broadsword.—

“He scowrs an old foxe.”—*Drayton.*

We may have a quarrel. I would breathe myself ;  
I am grown exceeding testy : I have not us'd  
Mine arms these two hours. Stay but three minutes, tutor,

Their colour rises.

WAR. I can stay no longer !

One parting health if you please.

BUM. Let it come, let it come !

WAR. To the King's health !

FU. A brave fellow, I warrant him,  
And a true subject. I love him heartily !  
What's he that is to be his pledge ?

SEA. A Dutch-man,  
I guess by his habit.

FU. How ! A butter-box !

He pledge the King's health, being an alien,  
Before his natural subjects ! on our allegiance  
We must not suffer it, by your leave, flounderkin,  
Or without your leave, I care not which. Do not  
grumble !

By the sword of St. George,  
I'll make him eat up mine, that drinks this health  
Before my tutor ; he hath commission for it,  
And I'll give way to him.

SEA. Prithee, be quiet !

FU. Off with it, then ! 'tis treason to deny it ;  
And I were a traitor if I should conceal it.

SEA. To thee, my charge, then.

FU. Ho ! we have the van,  
Come you Hans in the rear.

BUM. All veale, all veale.

FU. Leave not a drop !

WAR. This is strange rudeness.

SEA. True,

But who can help it ? as you affect your quiet  
Cross him not in't, for beside blows, there is  
nothing

To be got from him.

WAR. I am better temper'd, sir,  
Than to quarrel o'er a can.

SEA. I hope so too,

BUM. Ick haben done right, younker.

FU. Ha, younker !

Tutor, what's that ? a word of disgrace ?

SEA. No, pupil,

It signifies a brave gentleman.

FU. On with your health then !

BUM. Tot, mine heres, de states van the pro-  
vinces.

FU. How !

Second the King's health with remembrance of  
Mine heres, de States ?

SEA. Hold, charge ! [*Breaks the can o'er his head.*]

FU. A very hodgebodge

Of gorbely'd burghers ! Here's an affront ! unhand  
me !

I'll beat a firkin of butter out of his sides.

Nay, let e'm come on ! Have we no Queen, nor  
Prince

To sacrifice to, but that you must bawl out  
Mine heres, de States ?

BUM. Ick sall meet you at sea for dis.

FU. I'll beat thee there too.

WAR. Do your best to keep him off, I'll quiet  
these.

SEA. Thou hast shewn thyself a rosidere. But  
preserve

Thy fiery metal, and remember thou art  
To fight a lady's battles.

FU. This, by the way,  
Does no hurt, I hope.

WAR. This for my passage : this  
To cure your bruises : every one hath got  
Something. There's balm for you, and you.

BUM. All too much, mine here.

WAR. If I am prodigal, I have some ends in't ;  
Be not too modest, take it !

FU. 'Tis the King's coin ! it is against the law  
To have it transported, I'll not suffer it !  
Let 'em keep their double blanks, their doits and  
stivers.

These carrot-eating Dutch have filch'd already  
Most of the Bulloigne out of the land ; they ex-  
haust our gold,  
And send us pickled herrings. Down with it,  
mongrel !

SEA. What, vers'd in State points too ? I honour  
thee.

But, on my love, forbear now. Let not zeal  
Too far transport thee. Clear thy stormy looks !  
Thou art to visit ladies.

FU. And fight for 'em.

SEA. Thou shalt, and do it bravely !

*[Exeunt Seawit and Furious.]*

WAR. Farewell, captain !

I am sorry for this disaster. *[Exit Warwell.]*

BUM. Adieu, mine here !

Ick sall meet him at sea, and den he ducks for't.

*[Exeunt.]*

*Enter CARRACK, PORTER.*

CAR. I like thy disguise.

POR. I wonder at your worship's,  
Heav'n bless the mark ! you look in this light habit  
Like one of the suburb-sinners. I may pass too  
For your officious squire.

CAR. Sirrah ! leave prating,  
And do what I command. I would appear  
The very thing thou speak'st of. Thou art ac-  
quainted

With those common creatures, and canst teach me  
how



To imitate their behaviour, how do I walk ?

POR. You have their pace already, but you must carry

Your gown a little higher, your silk stocking,  
Your dainty leg, and foot, will not be seen else.  
You must sometimes take occasion to command me  
To tie or untie your shoe, or blow your roses,  
And as I kneel to do my office, strike me,  
And cry, you dog, you hurt me ! This I assure you  
Your satin gamesters practice.

CAR. Easily learn'd,  
Am I not an apt scholar ? [*Gives him a box of the ear.*]

POR. I'm sure your tutor smarts for't.

CAR. I lose time. This is your house ?

POR. A simple one.

But 'twill serve the turn : my wife has trickt it up,  
And waits for your worship.

CAR. 'Tis well, leave me here !

And having found Cable, do as this directs you.

[*Exeunt.*]

TOPSAIL, TRIFLE (*drunk*), MUSICIANS.

TOP. Ho ! let him down ! the noise of the great ordinance

At his coming on, and going off, sans doubt,  
Hath turn'd his brains ; the wine too works, and that  
Which forces other men to talk hath silenc'd  
His everlasting tongue. He held me three hours  
In his discourse of the worthies, till the sailors  
And ship-boys fell asleep, and ne'er gave over  
Till he perceiv'd all eyes were clos'd, then, tir'd  
And angry too, he was no more observ'd ;  
The worthies suffer'd execution in  
Their pictures, for he took 'em one by one  
And flung 'em over board. Sir Solemn Trifle's  
Not to be waked with thunder ! I must now  
Speak for my self, or rather sing. Begin !

## SONG.

O thou that sleep'st like pig in straw,  
 Thou lady dear, arise !  
 Open, to keep the sun in awe,  
 Thy pretty pinking\* eyes :  
 And, having stretcht each leg and arm,  
 Put on your clean white smock,  
 And then, I pray, to keep you warm,  
 A petticoat on dock.  
 Arise, arise ! why should you sleep,  
 When you have slept enough ?  
 Long since, French boys cry'd chimney-sweep,  
 And damsels kitchen-stuff.  
 The shops were open'd long before,  
 And youngest prentice goes  
 To lay at Mrs' chamber-door  
 His master's shining shoes.  
 Arise, arise ! your breakfast stays,  
 Good water-gruel warm,  
 Or sugar-sops, which, Galen says,  
 With mace, will do no harm.  
 Arise, arise ! when you are up,  
 You'll find more to your cost,  
 For morning's-draught in caudle-cup,  
 Good nutbrown-ale, and toast.

*Enter* LOVERIGHT *and* JOYNTURE.

LOVE. I told you 'twas no common voice. Good  
 morrow !

You are an early lark.

TOP. I wish my voice  
 Were worthy of your ladyship's ears. I should  
 Have chosen some sad note to plead a pardon  
 For my late breach of manners in your presence ;  
 But studying your mirth, I thought this apter

\* "A hungry fox lay winking and pinking, as if he had sore eyes."—*L'Estrange*.

To call you from your rest. The angry powers  
Are pleas'd with human sacrifice, but ladies  
Of your soft temper will, I hope, accept  
Of my submission.

LOVE. This acknowledgment  
Would expiate a greater crime. Who's this ?

JOYNT. Your reverend uncle !

TOP. Hurt a little, madam,  
In a sea-entertainment.

JOYNT. He begins *[Trifle stretching himself.*  
To wake already.

LOVE. Too soon, I fear ! and with  
The danger of our ears.

TRI. Heigh, ho ! Where am I ?  
Cable me up, the shot plays thick upon us ;  
I have fought enough for a Justice of peace and  
quorum.

JOYNT. How do you, sir ?

TRI. As well as man can do  
After so hot a sea-fight, give me leave !

LOVE. He will not out of that tone, or drunk or  
sober.

TRI. What make you abroad ? you'll say to cure  
my wounds ;  
I thank your care, for I am shot through and  
through.

Touch me not ! if you do, you are blown up :  
I am all gun-powder, and bullet, lady.  
We have done the king such service.

LOVE. What, dear uncle ?

TRI. We have pepper'd the Holland hulks ! I  
saw three of 'em  
Through the smoke in the gun-room sink, while I  
bestrode  
The cannon, and caper'd. Go ! get me pen and  
paper. *[Falls in his chair.*  
I'll write the courant my self, and have it printed

By a stationer of mine own, one that shall do it  
In spite of the Statute, for—[*nods and sleeps.*

LOVE. He's fast again!

Captain, you wounded him, and 'twill shew nobly  
In you to cure him.

TOP. Leave him to my care!

I'll see him safe, then wait on you.

[*Exit Topsail with Trifle.*

LOVE. At your pleasure.

JOYNT. Here are other visitants.

LOVE. And those I look for.

*To them, Enter SEAWIT, INLAND.*

SEA. That you may see I'm loyal to your ladyship  
And fit to be believ'd, I here present  
The gentleman, whom late my promise did  
Assure, a servant to your wit and beauty.

LOVE. Sir Furious Inland, or my aim deceives me.

SEA. You give him both his name and title, lady.  
He will deserve the honour to kiss your ladyship's  
hand. [*He brings him to salute the ladies.*  
Why, how now, charge! stark dumb! you have no  
more

Compliment than a fish. Go, speak to her!

IN. You'll give me leave to rub my elbow first,  
In sign that I am taken! All Staffordshire  
Cannot shew her fellow.

SEA. Come, your address! an old haberdasher\*  
Hath as much courtship. Do but speak to her!

IN. Madam, have you any quarrels?

LOVE. Sir, I  
Deserve not any, for I do no wrong.

\* This expressive designation has of late years been rejected in favour of the more aristocratic appellative of "draper," which in turn is gradually being superseded by the broad and more elevated title of "merchant." Now-a-days, we have "fish merchants," "silk merchants," and even "potatoe merchants," in consonance with the ambition of the vulgar to be thought of higher degree than what they really are.

IN. Right or wrong, that's not the business.  
If you

Have none, despatch and make some, as many  
As you please too : I'll fight 'em over and over.

LOVE. I'm sorry, sir, my patience and my quiet-  
ness

Is such, I cannot furnish you ; 'tis pity  
You should want employment.

IN. Lady, have you any quarrels ?

JOYNT. None, sir ! but with my glass, when it  
doth render

My face less handsome than it is.

IN. Captain ! Would thou wouldst call for wine,  
and get

These ladies to drink hard.

SEA. To what purpose ?

IN. Perhaps they're given to quarrel in their wine,  
It matters not with whom, or why, so I  
May fight for 'em.

SEA. 'Las, that affords small hope.

Sure, charge, thou dost not use to pray, for else  
Thou couldst not be thus destitute of place,  
And fit occasion for a quarrel.

LOVE. Sir, I had thought you kept your anger  
charg'd

Against the king's enemies, not ours ; and that  
You left your land, your bugle horn, and lute,  
In search of them. And, though y'are wind-bound  
here,

A fair gale may shortly come, and bring you where  
You may employ your sword, till your wrist ache.  
Preserve yourself till then.

IN. That will be no thanks to your ladyship.  
I'd fain see you, in the mean-time, so well  
Natur'd to beget so much of a quarrel,  
As may but hinder me from being idle.  
And now I think on't : if you have a little dog

That's quarrelsome, let him bite my Captain  
By the shin, and I'll defend the manner  
And the cause.

LOVE. This is such a dagonet \*  
As outdoes your character, captain, believ't !  
You did deliver him with a faint breath,  
Story and travail cannot find his fellow !

JOYNT. You should look to his diet. I'm afraid  
He feeds on gunpowder.

SEA. My dear lady ! let me beseech you both  
To move a little distance by ; and you  
Shall see sport enough to prove him a miracle.

*Enter CABLE, TOPSAIL.*

CA. Ha ! Topsail here again ! he dances himself  
Into her company. I would there were  
A good chain'd-shot embracing your fine legs ;  
But yet if they were cut off, he would sing still :  
No way to spoil's voice but to cut his throat.

*[He beckons Topsail.]*

TOP. You see I am obedient, Sir ! heave but  
Your crooked finger thus, I'm at your beck.

CA. If thou beest an honest fellow, steal away,  
And hang thyself ! I would fain have thee dead,  
But am loth to disturb the company.

TOP. 'Tis a fair motion ; if you would begin,  
Considering too you can despatch the business  
Sooner with your weight, I'll stay till you have done.

CA. Now, the pox take thee ! for th'ast no more  
kindness

Than a shav'd sergeant has to a Templar.  
But we shall meet in a fit place, and then  
If your sword can find the way to let a soul out  
Sooner than mine, sing on ! you have the fortune.

TOP. It is a poor blind weapon, sir, but I  
Shall make shift to lead it in a straight line—

\* A small hand-pistol. A fire-eater.

SEA. Charge, I foretell a storm ! those captains,  
there,

Mark but their looks, they swell, and breathe into  
Each others' face the fumes of direful wrath.

Is't fit ? In such a gentle presence too ?

IN. Captain Topsail ! one short word in your ear,  
And you may be thankful 'tis not a blow.

TOP. I am thankful, Sir ! This monsieur will  
meet

At last with some body mad as himself,  
That knows not's humour, and then he is defunct.

CA. I hope a quarrel, 'tis a fiery villager.  
Bring me a fig in September, and I'll  
As soon take a lease of his life as of  
That dragon's.

TOP. I pray, your business ?

IN. How dare you, sir, appear before this lady,  
That lately in her presence were so rude.

TOP. Sir, I have ask't her pardon, and am reconcil'd.

IN. How ! reconcil'd a quarrel without blood ?

TOP. You must consider, sir, 'twas with a lady.

IN. No reconciliation can be made with honour,  
Till one or both have bled for it ; be the  
Defendant man, woman, or child.

TOP. These are new sword-cases, but I shall learn.

IN. If you will learn, you shall be taught ; but I  
Have heard there is a mortal difference 'tween  
Cable and you ! How chance y'are both alive ?

TOP. There's reason for it, sir. W'have not fought  
yet.

IN. But, sir ! How chance you have not fought ?

TOP. Why there you question me unto my wish :  
I've had th' ambition to expect so much  
Kind friendship from your self as may entreat  
You, Sir, deliver him a challenge from me.

IN. Where is the paper ? give it me ! I'll do't !

TOP. Your chartel's out of fashion, sir ! here is  
My glove, which if you'll but present him as  
My gage, and bid him name the time, and place,  
You are my noble second, and my friend.

IN. Your glove shall serve ; he shall receive it  
though  
'Twere sheep-skin.

CA. Now for shelter ! the storm draws near me  
too. *[Takes Cable aside.*

IN. Topsail my friend defies you ; there's his gage !

CA. Troth, I am sorry that his choice could find  
No other bearer than yourself.

IN. You undervalue me ! I'm fit to be  
A second to as good a man. If you  
Believe it not, put it to trial straight.  
I'll fight with you first.

CA. You mistake my grief,  
For you are he I had design'd my second.  
And now I'm destitute of one to bear  
My gage in token I accept of his.

IN. Why, Sir ! I'll be your second too ; give me  
your glove !

CA. Marry, sir, and shall ! There, convey it to  
him.

If this Zwitz had but a two-handed sword,  
He would depopulate the island, leave none but  
His huntsman alive, the rest should be minc'd  
For his hounds. *[Inland beckons Topsail aside.*

TOP. I protest, Sir Furious, this noble favour  
Hath tied me to you in everlasting bonds.  
And how, dear sir, what says he ?

IN. He doth accept your gage, and has return'd  
You his by me. I am his second.

TOP. How, sir Furious ? why ! you are mine !

IN. Sir, I am any man's that will fight, and you  
Had best agree both upon a meeting,  
And fall to't handsomely without satisfaction.



I'll have no satisfaction, 'tis a base word,  
And fitter for the bottom of a bond,  
Than for a soldier's mouth.

TOP. 'Fore me, a young Balthazar !

SEA. The very ghost of Botevill  
Met in an English skin. How do you like him,  
Madam ?

LOVE. I dare not but like him,  
An challenge me.

JOYNT. Beshrew me ! the danger hath spoil'd the  
mirth.

Will they proceed ?

LOVE. Seawit, we may depend  
I hope on your discretion, to preserve  
Things safe, and keep the matter qualified ?

SEA. You may presume so, madam, or I'm sure  
I shall deserve but little of your trust.

*[Takes Inland aside.]*

Do'st thou hear, charge ! If they should fight it out  
After the French way, where the seconds must  
Encounter too ; how will you find an opposite ?

IN. I thank you for that question, governor.  
But now I think on't, you may chuse which side  
You please, and we'll fight two to two !

SEA. I kiss your hand, dear charge ! you do me  
honour,  
But I'm a dull manager of these affairs.  
You must give me a little time to consider !

*Enter NIGHTINGALE.*

NIGHT. I was desir'd with special haste to give  
Your ladyship this letter.

LOVE. With so much haste ! How is't subscrib'd  
within ? *[Opens it and starts.]*

IN. Is't a challenge, madam ? I'll be your second !

LOVE. It shall not need, sir ; the contents will  
ask

No answer that is hazardous.

IN. The spirit's tame that sent it then ; for men  
Of mettle never write but challenges.

LOVE. Captain ! I must entreat some privacy,  
And truce among these men of wrath, and their  
Bold second for an hour. You'll procure it ?

SEA. Your own command is full authority  
To teach us how we shall obey !

*[Exeunt Loveright, Nightingale.]*

JOYNT. When these, sir, are dismiss'd, let me  
desire,

On some important cause, your company  
I'th' orchard walk.

SEA. I shall attend you, lady !

Lend me thine ear, charge——Thou wilt do it ;  
within

One hasty hour, I'll come ere you can pledge  
Two romekins\* of wine ! Farewell, charge !

*[Exeunt Seawit, Joynture.]*

IN. Gentlemen, no words here ! besides, it is  
My governor's request I lead you both,  
Where we may drink together, and appear,  
Not like to things enrag'd with malice, but  
Provok'd to battle by our honour ; those  
I take it were his words. He'll meet us straight.

TOP. Lead on the way ! sir, if our legs hold out  
We'll have the hearts to follow.

CA. Were this skirmish but painted, it would sell  
For that of the Centaurs. *[Exeunt Omnes.]*

*Enter* LOVERIGHT, WARWELL, NIGHTINGALE.

LOVE. Leave us to bid you welcome as a  
stranger. *[Exit Nightingale.]*

Custom commands. *[They salute.]*

WAR. And that I hope will bind you  
To keep your promise, lady.

\* Romkin, a drinking-cup,—now called, a rummer.

LOVE. When I know  
How the conditions are perform'd on your part,  
You may hear further.

WAR. You enjoin'd me, madam,  
As I prefer'd th' enjoying you before  
My lands, or dearer studies, to appear.  
A man possess of nothing but my hopes,  
In being your creature, to deserve your favour.

LOVE. 'Tis true, I did, nor will I have my husband  
Borrow addition but from my self ;  
Nay, he must part with what he call'd his own,  
If he would be the master of what's mine.

WAR. I have obey'd your will, and that you may  
Receive me as the subject of your pleasure,  
My money's vanish'd ; for, by your fair hand,  
I have not one small piece of the King's coin,  
Nor care to get it. Now I shall not tempt you,  
Like an Alderman-widower, with showing you  
The thousand pound bags in my counter, mort-  
gages,

Or statutes of poor debtors. I have freed all,  
And sold my books too ; to serve you shall be  
My only study. If you search my pockets  
And find the Tale of Troy, or an Almanack there,  
Or William Wisdom's metres, yet renounce me.  
I have no trunks of clothes ; you see my wardrobe.  
And if you do not now new rig me,  
I have vow'd in this to be extremely lousey,  
Rather than I'll cross your humour.

LOVE. This is a good Imprimis  
Of your obedience ; but you have lands yet,  
And those may make you proud, and nourish  
hopes  
You may command me.

WAR. They shall be all employ'd  
To pious uses, sell some part of them  
And build an hospital, I'll assure the rest

For the maintenance of maim'd soldiers, and that  
It may appear 'twas not vain glory, or  
Ambition in me of an after name,  
You shall be writ the Foundress. What would  
you more?

LOVE. I would have you a perfect soldier. Without that

The rest is nothing.

WAR. I come now from sea,  
And I have serv'd at land, for how many years;  
Would you have me prentice to the trade?

LOVE. Till you turn a right and good one; 'tis  
not roaring

Or fighting for my glove can make you such.  
I would have you rise up to command an army  
By brave desert, not favour. In my cabinet  
I have the character of a true soldier,  
Writ with my father's hand; when you are such  
As he describes him, I'll forbear to be  
A mistress, and acknowledge you my master.  
So, once more, welcome!

WAR. There is no resisting  
Such strong temptations and sweet pay. I'll put on  
What shape you please.

LOVE. I'll chuse one shall not wrong you. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter SEAWIT, JOYNTURE.*

SEA. A little farther, lady! Here's a shade  
Secret and cool, where you may breathe your  
thoughts

With a safe voice, unless we are traitors to  
Ourselves. And look! where a sweet primrose bed  
Invites us, if you please, to lie down and talk.  
The flowers are innocent, and surely mean  
No harm in the temptation.

JOYNT. I am not weary, sir: if you'll admit  
My business in this posture, I'll deliver it.

SEA. A little nearer, lady ! You have shown,  
Believ't, an excellent courage already  
T'adventure that alone with one of my  
Profession and desires.

JOYNT. Which I should hardly do,  
Had not my observation mark'd you out  
A man of fair demeanour and civility.

SEA. Well, take your sex's privilege, your will,  
And to your business. Come ! your business, lady !

JOYNT. I would induce it with a question if  
You'll give me leave.

SEA. My ears are large and open !

JOYNT. Sir, are you married ?

SEA. By this light ! she comes to jeer me.  
Loveright

And she have laid their little heads  
Together, and mean to make me their sport.

JOYNT. You promis'd a reply ! Are you married ?

SEA. No, I'm a maid !

JOYNT. I'm serious, sir ! would you would be so  
too.

SEA. Well, I am not married. On with your  
business !

JOYNT. My next demand will press, perhaps,  
nearer

And boldly on the secrets of your breast.

SEA. I shall confess all.

JOYNT. Pray tell me, and with words intentive  
as

I purpose mine, how far the lady Loveright and  
Yourself have mutually consented either  
In hope, or promise. Part of this secret  
Is mine already ; for I know she loves you.

SEA. I am jeer'd ! 'tis now as evident as day !  
I'll give her scope, and see what 'twill come to.

JOYNT. Will you not answer, sir ?

SEA. I have promis'd her.

JOYNT. What, sir? Speak!

SEA. To come to supper!

In sooth, that's all th' engagement between us.

JOYNT. 'Tis very strange! One question more,  
And then you have leave to censure my manners.  
Pray, what estate have you?

SEA. D'you take me for a lawyer, or a citizen?

JOYNT. For neither.

SEA. I know none in these times  
Have or can get estates, but they! We soldiers  
Account estates but transitory things  
And can shew you text for it.

JOYNT. Have you none, sir?

SEA. Yes! Now I think on't,  
After the death of an old aunt, I have  
The toll of a wharf near Rotherithe will  
Yield me about four marks a year.

JOYNT. These are but narrow blessings to entail  
Upon your heirs male. But now, sir, I hope  
I shall a little comfort your long sufferings.  
How much would you esteem your self oblig'd  
Unto that woman should redeem you from  
These wants, and danger of the war, and take  
You to her lawful bed, there furnish you  
With sleep, and peaceful thoughts; but when you  
wake

Shew you her cabinets, and chests, shining  
With jewels, and with gold; that may maintain  
These joys still fresh and new?

SEA. Good, very good!

I was never jeer'd by a smock before.

JOYNT. Are you struck dumb? What fair ap-  
pliances  
And love might such a woman merit from  
Your tongue and heart?

SEA. First, I would fain know where that woman  
breathes

That can deserve a man like me. Suppose  
She be a virgin ; alas ! poor green thing, what  
Is she good for ? why to steal gooseberries,  
And eat young apricocks in May, before  
The stones are hard. Or pick the mortar from  
An aged wall, and swallow it most greedily.

JOYNT. If mirth be all your wealth, sir, it were  
good

You us'd it sparingly !

SEA. But for your wealth, 'tis no more than a  
hermit's,

Compar'd with a soldier's hopes. Imagine now  
The wind stands fair, we hoist up sail, we meet  
A Persian junk, or Turkish carrack, board her,  
Take her, and, in her, force a Bashaw prisoner,  
That hath a diamond in his turband, weighs,  
Let me see, about six ounces !

JOYNT. Would the Bashaw

Were here, captain, though lodg'd in the major's  
house.

SEA. I would you were among your smooth curl'd  
sutors

That have little beard, and less brain, that have  
Estates, and are fit to be jeer'd. You think  
Y'are mistress of a fine wit ; go ! go home !  
And keep it warm.

JOYNT. Methinks y'are angry, sir.

SEA. Be sure you eat no philberts, nor green  
cheese,

They'll make you short-winded, and so you'll lose  
Your fine conceits for want of words to utter 'em.

[Exit.

JOYNT. Well, I believe yet, the dainty Loveright,  
And this subtle seaman, interchange  
Kind opinions of each other's heart :  
I'll cross it if I can ; it is a fellow  
Of a strange spirit ! lord, how merry these

Soldiers are without money ! I would I had him  
Safely made over by the parish priest.

'Tis here ! Fitly contriv'd. Something I'll do,  
T'appear still scornful, and yet make him woo.

[*Exit.*

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ACT IV.

*Enter CABLE, a PORTER.*

CA. Come, your affair, squire of the frock !  
briefly

Dispatch ! Where is this courteous damsel ?

POR. At my house, sir ! it joins to the church-  
yard.

CA. O, I know the mansion. It is a goodly  
Palace ! all Genoa has not such another ;  
The roof, as I suppose, is supported  
With a mud-wall, and it is thatcht.

POR. Ay, sir ! I built it in that year I was  
Collector for the poor, a profitable time,  
And I thank heaven, I made good use of't.

CA. Well, to the point ; does she praise my good  
parts,  
And tell thee too, that she knew me in London ?

POR. She knew you by report, sir, and hath  
heard

A reverend friend of hers, a bawd, speak much  
In your behalf.

CA. There's never a poor gentleman  
In England, so much beholden to those  
Matronly people as I am. But proceed !  
Would she, saidst thou, have me come to visit her ?

POR. Truly, captain, that's her request, and she's  
A modest gentlewoman ; she did so blush  
When she desir'd me there might be no body



In the house when your worship came to her.

CA. Is she handsome? But what a leather-headed dunce

Am I to ask thee; thou hast no skill in beauty.

POR. How, sir, no skill?

CA. In nothing, sir, I take it, but the weight  
Of a tray of beef, when 'tis transported  
Through the shambles, on your right shoulder.

Go!

Commend me to her: say I am coming!

POR. I shall. Remember, sir, 'tis hard by the  
church. *[Exit Porter.]*

CA. This is some London punk, late fled from  
persecution.

*Enter TOPSAIL.*

O, are you come?

TOP. You see I am your willing follower!  
But what's the business you desir'd to intimate  
So privately? Seawit and's hot disciple  
Are at hand; 'tis fit we prepare for action.

CA. I'll have no fighting, sir.

TOP. How, sir?

CA. I'll be as bold with you as with myself.  
We are both fools, and Seawit in his care  
O' th' ladies' healths prescribes our fighting for  
Their morning's mirth. Sir, this is palpable.

TOP. But is this certain?  
But where is our revenge, then?

CA. Troth, to be serious in't will render us  
More fit for scorn; we'll use his own weapons--  
wit.

Trust time and me!

TOP. There will be other treaties, sir, ere yet  
A truce be made between us. I must enjoy  
The lady to myself, and you forego  
Your hopes and claim.

CA. Take her ! she is thine, Topsail.

TOP. Say you so, sir ?

CA. Yes, and I'll ease your wonder too.  
There is a certain poor twelve-penny sinner,  
Come from London, will serve my turn as well  
As any lady in Europe. My blood  
Is humble, nor have I the patience, sir,  
T'expect or court, and then to be denied.  
This game is sure, and easy to be got.

*Enter SEAWIT, INLAND.*

IN. They are here, governor ! By this day,  
gentlemen,  
When we could not find you, we thought you had  
Been fighting in a deep saw-pit ; and how,  
Dear blades, how is't ? Let's to it cheerfully  
Pell-mell, like loving friends.

TOP. Believ't, Sir Furious,  
He had a hard heart would deny you any thing.

IN. Governor, give me thy right hand ! Because  
I owe thee for my breeding, and love thee tenderly,  
Observe me, governor !

SEA. I do, dear charge ! proceed !

IN. Go, chuse which side thou wilt, and let's  
fall to't.

SEA. The proffer's fair, and full of courtesy.  
But, charge, we must observe the laws and rules  
Of fight ; seconds were first ordain'd to be  
Spectators, and take care of an equality,  
And just demeanour in the principals.

IN. Governor, I hope you will not use me thus.

SEA. Your blood doth boil too much, pray cool't  
a while !

These gentlemen must both be search'd, and have  
Their counsel ask'd in the main cause, which, as  
I told you, charge, is the just laws of fight.

IN. Dispatch then, sir, or I will make new laws.

SEA. You see, gentlemen, there's immaterial fire  
In him not to be quench'd. How thrives your  
anger?

CA. Much like your wit ; it is declining, sir,  
Towards our selves, and growing towards you.  
Seawit, do not believe us still fit properties  
To whet your saucy fancy, and to make  
Your ladies laugh.

TOP. Nor do not bait us with  
Your whelp ; for if he show his teeth, we shall  
So pull them out, that he will scarce be able  
To grind more biscuit.

SEA. Then you are both agreed ?

CA. Not to be your fools, but to make you  
melancholy  
If you continue your sport.

TOP. Yes, and to drive your charge unto his  
kennel,  
Where he may keep company with's hounds again,  
Husband his tillage, and pay you the rent ;  
You'll find more profit, and more safety too  
In that than in your bold designs on us.

SEA. Troth, I am glad !

CA. Of what, I pray ?

SEA. To see two fools converted without a  
Silenced minister. You must be quarrelling,  
And, like tall men of war, fright poor ladies  
With your love. 'Twas very comely, was't not ?

CA. We commit our folly at our own cost.

TOP. And when we pay for't, we will have leave,  
sir,  
To cast up our own account.

SEA. This I must signify unto my charge.

CA. Take your pleasure, for we will take ours,  
sir.

SEA. Oh, charge ! Sad tidings, charge ! Now  
shall I pierce

Thy heart more than thy mistress' sighs !

IN. Why, have they false breast-plates, or coats of mail on ?

SEA. No, no ! alas, charge, they are reconcil'd !

IN. O, tame devils, it is impossible !

SEA. Nay I exhorted 'em ! Us'd all the power Of friendship and of grace, took each aside And told 'em what a wicked thing it was To be pacified without blood. Pleaded The cause with love and vehemence, as thus : Good friends, dear hearts, do but kill one another, Take care your honour lies upon't, or do But order't so that one may die.

IN. And the slaves would not.

SEA. So far from it, That as I am a soldier, they are ready To put out money, and buy annuities For life.

IN. Give room, I will assault them both.

CA. Let him come ! he shall make less haste back again.

TOP. Yet take his choice too, and have single opposition.

IN. Unhand me, governor !

SEA. Hear me a word !

Let me but breathe a secret in thine ear, And take thy course.—Are these dull men Fit combatants t'encounter thee in battle ? Know, charge, thou warm'st me With thy brave flame. I love thee, charge, and can

Enjoy no rest, nor sleep, for taking care To provide thee quarrels. This happy hour Thou shalt defeat one of the King's enemies.

IN. Where is he ? let him in !

SEA. If I have truth about me, charge, this is The very point of time, wherein the foe

Threaten'd to approach !

IN. The King's enemy ! Let me kiss thee, governor—

SEA. This morning I did incense the Dutch captain

To call you to account for striking him,  
And he hath sworn more oaths, than hours  
Past since, to send him a challenge.

I wonder 'tis not come !

TOP. Farewell, Sir Furious ! Be rul'd by your governor,

And let your fellow subjects live.

CA. And when you kill, kill hares and purlue\* deer.

There's more sport in't !

SEA. Let them alone ! th'are Justices of peace.

IN. Rogues ! Go, tame slaves !

Your swords are fitter for a kitchen than  
The war ; they will serve to roast larks upon.

TOP. Away, thou see'st he's mad ! I'll to the lady Loveright, and pursue my hopes.

CA. And I to my girl of Cheapside.

[*Exeunt Cable, Topsail.*]

SEA. This was th'appointed place ! 'tis strange  
he is

Not come. O, he has sent it by his Boatswain.

*Enter DUTCH BOATSWAIN.*

BOAT. Ick heb een brief veur den English ruller !

SEA. Yaw, yaw dit is de selve ruller.

He has a letter for you, charge. I'll interpret.

IN. A challenge in Dutch from the captain  
I beat on the quay. My bonny burger how  
I affect thy Flanders' metal. Read, governor.

SEA. Englishe rullers warome hebb ghy myn up  
den Cop ghestachen ? Ghy wete niet darome mot

\* The grounds on the borders of a forest.

ghy sturone. So ghy willt accorderen wy mot up den sea met we Scypen, vechten ghy synt nock een grooden Rutter, anders een Schellum dit is meen virendt ghet him te vele den plase en den tyte Ne mier

Hans van Bumble.

This is the finest medly of both tongues  
Confus'd, that e'er I heard.

IN. What says he, governor?

SEA. English knight, why have you cond\* me o'er the pate? you know not: therefore you must die. If you'll agree, that we shall meet with several ships, and fight it out at sea, you are still a good knight, otherways a rogue. This is my friend! give him to understand the time and place, no more,

Hans van Bumble.

IN. My honourable Hans! my brave old Bumble, Why I do love thee more than thou lov'st butter! I will embrace thy long loose slop, and kiss Thy drivell'd beard, though drown'd in Breda beer.

Is this his second? I'll fight with him too!

SEA. He'll be aboard his captain's ship! Believe It, charge, you'll have a shrewd fight on't.

IN. No matter! it is the King's enemy, And let the cannons roar! 'tis fit our souls Pass through a smoke ere they ascend the clouds. I do begin to love him, whoreson herring-eater. Who'd think that fish would stir up so much mettle.

SEA. What shall I say unto this worthy peer?

IN. Desire his captain meet me in this walk  
An hour hence, that we discourse friendly;  
And then appoint both time and place.

SEA. Secht tot de capitaine so hy belieft

\*Filliped.

Strachens heir comen, Hy salt, sier well ghtractect  
Wesen : en dan de tyt en den plate weten.

This Dutch comes forth like treason on the rack !

BOAT. Ick verstoe ye ick verstoe ye. Ghoden  
dach ! [Exit Boatswain.

IN. Governor ! the world will eternize our  
Friendship. I cannot chuse but kneel to thee.

[Kneels.

This is the King's enemy ! thou shalt lend me  
Thy ship. Our amity is seal'd : no denial.

SEA. Rise, charge ! Do not I know, that if I  
rig

My cockboat, and arm thee with a birding-piece,  
Thou wilt beat him.

IN. Ay, but the winds may take his part, and, in  
Foul weather, what's a cock-boat to a ship ?

SEA. No more ! we will discourse it as we walk.  
Here will be new vexation to rid me  
Of this request.

*Enter NIGHTINGALE.*

NIGHT. My lady, sir, is much importunate  
To speak with you.

SEA. I shall attend you to her. More plots  
stirring ?

Come along, charge ! thou shalt board this Hol-  
lander,

And lead him captive through Stafford Town.

[Exeunt omnes.

*A curtain drawn by DASH (his clerk) TRIFLE  
discover'd in his study. Papers, taper, seal  
and wax before him, bell.*

TRI. O, are you come ? 'Tis well ! I was about  
To ring for you.

DASH. Your clients wait dispatch, sir.

TRI. They come for news ; man's nature's greedy  
of it.

We wise men forge it ; and the credulous vulgar,  
Our instruments, disperse it. I have it for 'em :  
News of all sorts and sizes. I have studied hard,  
Dash,  
And from the general courants, gazettes,  
Public and private letters from all parts  
Of Christendom, though they speak contraries,  
Weigh'd and reduc'd 'em to such certainties,  
That I dare warrant 'em authentical  
Under my hand, and seal. Captain ! you are  
welcome.

*Enter TOPSAIL.*

TOP. Your friend, Sir Solemn !

TRI. I shall give you proofs,  
And real ones, I am yours. I have wrote here  
To one that will believe it first, then vent it  
In the taverns of Mark, and eating academies,  
Frequented by the gamesters, that you are  
Assur'd to my lady niece.

TOP. Have you mov'd her for me,  
And got her grant ?

TRI. No, I have not yet  
Spoke one word to her ; but be confident  
She'll make it good, rather than I ; her uncle  
Shall suffer in my credit, for reporting  
A thing which was not.

TOP. This is a weak foundation  
For me to build on.

TRI. It shall pass for news,  
And I will make it true ; this does appear strange  
news  
To your captainship, but you shall hear stranger,  
And have it better'd too.

TOP. Sure the wind and noise  
He heard in my ship are humming in his head  
still.



TRI. Dash, call in Scarecrow, Zeal the wrong way, and Prattle !  
I will dispatch them first. But for the gull  
[Exit Dash.

Your Seawit put upon me, I have taken  
A full revenge.

TOP. Pray you, in what, Sir Trifle ?

TRI. I have writ to a merchant, and I know it  
will be publisht  
On the Exchange, that he and his charge, Sir  
Inland

Were bastinado'd on the quay by a Dutchman,  
One captain Bumble.

TOP. This is quite contrary ;  
Bumble was cudgell'd.

TRI. No matter, so it break  
His credit in the city, and undo him.  
I have my ends.

TOP. But, say he call you to account for't ?

TRI. I am not bound to answer him, being a  
justice,  
And duels too forbidden. Then in the law  
'Twill bear no action.

TOP. The more the pity :  
This privileges cowardice, to wrong true valour.

TRI. Give me leave ! you trouble me ! matters  
of more weight  
Are to be treated of. If you would acquaint your  
friends,  
And at the first hand, with the designs of Europe,  
Draw out your table-books.

*Enter DASH, SCARECROW, ZEAL, PRATTLE.*

TOP. What's here ? Kent Street,  
Or bedlam broke loose ?

TRI. Contemn 'em not ! they are useful  
To propagate my designs : set 'em in file !

Now, hear with reverence ! Scarecrow, to you :  
You would know this summer's service ? on my  
credit,

Though I grieve to report it, Rome is taken  
By the ships of Amsterdam, and the Pope himself,  
To save his life, turn'd Brownist. Here's a letter  
From the matron of the courtezans that confirms it.

SCAR. May I swear this ?

TRI. And get more charities by it  
From your little ruff'd Geneva-man, or Fleming,  
They being apt to believe that which they wish for,  
Than by your lame-leg, or pass-port.

TOP. The first truth he spake to-day.

TRI. Let me see ! Here's something rarer  
But of undoubted truth. The Spanish Fleet,  
That anchor'd at Gibralter, is sunk  
By the French horse.

TOP. This is rare indeed !

TRI. From Florence :

All the silk-worms are dead, and an edict made  
Unbenefic'd ministers must give o'er their satin,  
And damask cassocks, and wear friars' habits ;  
Punks must not trade in taffetas ; Serving-men  
Must rip out the plush entrails of their liveries,  
And lay 'em up for their masters. From the Low-  
Countries :—

Antwerp is plunder'd, Brussels burnt, the cannon  
Brought before Lovaine, and the Prince of Orange  
Stands to be Emperor.

TOP. The Emperor lives !

TRI. But is to die the tenth of October next,  
And he has it in reversion. From France :—  
Rochelle recover'd by the Huguenots ;  
And the fifth of July last, yes 'tis the fift,  
The Cardinal Richelieu, as he slept in his tent,  
Had his head cut off with an invisible sword,  
By the great constable's ghost.

TOP. For shame, give over !

TRI. This is all that's certain.

ZEAL. Antechrist is converted !

That is enough ; it will be joyful tidings  
To the exil'd congregation.

SCAR. May you lie long, sir,

TRI. How, rogue ?

SCAR. Live, I would say, an like your worship.

TRI. I had forgot thee, Prattle ; thou shalt have  
thy dose too.

Venus and Mars are in conjunction, here  
I find it, and so often, this dry year,  
That every wench unmarried, that knows man,  
Shall be seven times brought to bed, and the  
father's name,  
In Hebrew characters, wrote on the child's fore-  
head.

PRAT. No matter who's the father, so I have  
work,  
And eat the groaning pie, and drink, and talk  
Over the gossip's bowl. Health to your worship !  
[*Exeunt Dash, Scarecrow, Zeal, Prattle.*]

TRI. This morning was well spent.

TOP. It may serve for ling,  
For the devil's breakfast. But what's your end,  
Sir Trifle ?

Or the delight you take, if there be any,  
In broaching these impossible untruths ?

TRI. All's true, I assure you. Can the gazets lie ?  
Or the courants fail ? or, grant it should be false,  
It will give satisfaction to the State,  
How the people stand affected ; and for the plea-  
sure

Of publishing certain varieties, you call lies,  
I have another for't. But I'll dispatch you  
With my niece, then tell you further.

TOP. Make that truth,



I must nor fear nor hope too much. A song too,  
And a light note, as I live !

POR. Pray you listen to it.

A SONG.

*A banquet brought in, CARRACK following.*

Thrice happy he, who cares laid by  
Tastes pleasure with variety,  
That knows, and feelingly, the bliss,  
To print a soft and melting kiss  
On his saint's lips, with that delight  
Not to be nam'd but in the night.  
Such joys wise nature doth prefer,  
While she's our guide, we cannot err ;  
The miser's gold, the painted cloud  
Of titles, that make vain men proud ;  
The courtiers' pomp, or glorious scar  
Got by a soldier in the war,  
Can hold no weight with his brave mind,  
That studies to preserve mankind,  
Which cannot be unless some hours  
Be freely spent within these bowers.  
Come boldly on then ! fear not to begin  
That fight, which Jove himself held not a sin.

CA. Beyond belief ! I dream, sure ! prithee give  
me

A tweak by the nose, to assure me that I wake.  
Too hard, you rogue !

CAR. This shall come softer to you,  
And print a welcome on your lips. [Salute.

CA. Rare !

Once more, I pray you. Here's no ambergris  
To help the foulness of the lungs ; your breath is  
As sweet as my mother's red-cow's.

CAR. Which you have kiss'd, sir !

CA. Every one as he likes.—You know the proverb.

A delicate doxy, there's fire in her eyes !  
A moist palm, which assures me that she will not  
Be satisfied with a kickshaw. Venus assist me !  
If I do not my labour truly at the first,  
I am turn'd out of service.

CAR. Pray you sit, sir !  
You are not merry.

CA. I'll laugh if you'll lie down :  
My appetite's sharp. I have kept a long Lent, lady !  
I need not your eringos, I bring 'em with me.  
Or I can find 'em here. Shall's to't ? [*Kissing her.*]

CAR. To the banquet :  
That follows by degrees. Or, if you please,  
We'll dance to stir our blood.

CA. Fie, no ! no dancing.  
Look on my bulk, I was not built for cap'ring.  
I'll rather sit.

CAR. Fill, sirrah ! How ! in a thimble  
When I am to drink a health ? A bigger glass !  
To the good success of the fleet.

CA. I like this well. [*Pledges and drinks again.*]  
To my pinnace, lady.

CAR. Is it well rigg'd ?

CA. And sails well.

CAR. You must not forget your friends. To  
every ship  
A health, and then to bed.

CA. She'll make me drunk, sure.

CAR. Ah, captain Flinch !

CA. Pray you, let me sound a parley,  
The third grape is for Bacchus, not for Cupid.  
Besides if I am drunk I shall get wenches,  
And I know you would have a boy.

CAR. 'Tis that I aim at.

CA. Hear me a word ! You are rich ?

CAR. My neighbours say so,  
And I have lands.

CA. But held in petticoat tenure?  
I am bold with you, lady.

CAR. For that I affect you.

CA. I see you can drink, and dance. Can you  
sing me asleep, too?

CAR. I had rather keep you waking: I hate a  
dormouse.

CA. And you'll be private to me?

CAR. I'll know no man else.

CA. I am made for ever, and you'll endure my  
roughness?

CAR. The rougher the better.

CA. Let the wind stay in this quarter  
Till all the victual be spent! nay, the voyage lost,  
I am provided for. Let's to bed, wench.  
We prate too long!

CAR. Stay sir, there is one ceremony  
To be observ'd first, and then all is perfect.

CA. What ceremony?

CAR. You must marry me.

CA. Marry a whore? I'll be eunuch'd first. I  
begin

To know that voice, and face.

POR. You have seen mine too,  
Her disguis'd porter, sir.

CA. I am fool'd on all sides.

CAR. Fool not yourself. I do confess I love  
you,

But love you honestly.

CAR. There's wormwood in  
That wicked word honesty.

CAR. You'll find it wholesome, captain,  
When you have digested it. You may perceive  
I can take any shape, or ways to please you,  
And can maintain both too. You shall not build

Upon uncertainties, as dice or dead paies,\*  
Nor stand in fear of the commissary, my dear  
Cable,

Nor talk of monsters you have seen in the deeps  
For a dinner, captain, nor swear yourself in credit  
With your woollen draper, or make his wife your  
agent

For service done, or to be done; you shall not,  
If you marry me. And why should you refuse it?  
My breath's as sweet in an honest woman's habit  
As in a strumpet's, and my skin as smooth, and,  
When you please, may prove as well in bed too.

CA. A taste of it first, as thou art.

CAR. Not a bit, captain.

But if you do desire to be still a rambler  
Till you are so pepper'd, that you hate the sight  
oft,

And then become a prey to your apothecary,  
And defy your chirurgion, or perhaps  
Be practis'd on in the spittle, who can help it?  
Both ways are markt before you. Take your choice!  
Be honest, and you may be rich, and happy;  
Continue a whoremonger, and, you know, what  
follows.

You may consider, and so, farewell! sweet captain.  
[Exit.

POR. You look as you had labour'd hard; will  
you please  
To have a caudle, captain? I have seen  
One like you in a play, after hot service,  
Spoon it upon the stage.

CA. Avaunt, you rascal!  
What will become of me? no sport but on  
Such hard conditions? No means to take down  
My mettle but a priest? Must I be honest  
Against my will? And a woman the first temptress

\* Dead paies. Qy. arrears of pay?



To eat forbidden fruit, to fright me from it ?  
Shall I steer this, or that way ? Yet, I find  
My resolution wavering as the wind. [*Exit.*

*Enter* BUMBLE, *an English* SKIPPER.

BUM. De Teufill ! wat wilt tou sechen.

SKIP. I cannot bear this, captain. I have re-  
nounc'd

England this ten year, and serv'd in your ship  
Against my own country, and still thus us'd !

BUM. War is de botsen warcom comet by niet !

SKIP. Why, sir ! Your boatswain delivered your  
message

To the young knight.

BUM. Yaw, well ! wat fecht de knight ?

SKIP. Why, sir, the knight speaks lovingly, and  
desires

To meet you ashore, and thank you for your  
Challenge : and then he will appoint the time  
And coast where you shall fight ! This, your  
boatswain

Bade me tell you, who is now gone aboard

To make things ready for the combat.

BUM. Ick veistoe, ick veistoe, Ick sall meet him  
on schore.

Mare you will oke veckten, allens de Rutter

Is your landsman.

SKIP. Ay, sir ! I'll help to kill him too ; though  
we

Are both born within a musket-shot, 'twere fit  
I should lose my month's pay else.

BUM. Dat is vele, dat is vele.

SKIP. You'll meet him a'shore first in the  
morning ?

BUM. Yaw, yaw, te morghen ! comt 'tis goet  
Englishman. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter WARWELL, a paper in his hand.*

WAR. Is this the soldier's character, that she  
Would have me imitate? Death on my hopes !  
I am abus'd, markt out the pleasure and  
The triumph of her scorn ! Should I attend  
Her laws, and, by slow method and degrees,  
Raise up to that perfection she enjoins :  
Or this strict written schedule intimates,  
I might marry her but so late, that it  
Were fit t'enter my coffin and her bed  
At once ! I fear I am supplanted by  
Some rival dearer in her eyes. This is  
The chamber of retreat : where she doth use  
To waste the hotter time of day in conference.  
My nature and my manners must consent  
A while unlawfully to hide me here,  
That I may listen and observe. She comes !  
*[He steps behind the hangings.]*

*Enter LOVERIGHT, JOYNTURE.*

JOYNT. Madam ! I do acknowledge you the best  
Remainder of our chiefest blood, and, by  
That title and your former love, you ought  
To challenge my respects : but not so much  
As shall restrain the freedom of my heart.

LOVE. 'Tis no delight to me t'observe and chide  
Your guiltiness, but, when it doth proceed  
To falsehood and hypocrisy, I must speak.

JOYNT. Speak all your knowledge and your  
wrath ; I shall  
Have power to vindicate myself.

LOVE. You were the cautious damsel that had  
read  
Morality, that lov'd not with your eyes  
But with your brain, as were your heart not in  
Your tender breast but in your purse : thrift was

Your chief design, and all your lover's virtue was  
His land. Soldiers were transitory things,  
Fitter to beget a famine than children  
That march o'er other's lands, but never plough  
Their own.

JOYNT. And what would this infer?

LOVE. But little reputation unto you,  
That after all these documents could train  
Seawit t'a private meeting in the orchard :  
Although belov'd of me, and first my choice.

JOYNT. You have your spies?

LOVE. Yes, orchard spies ; forsooth !  
Whilst you are gathering unlawful fruit.

WAR. Patience ! Behold thou trivial god of  
love,  
A stranger can employ her envy and  
Her strife, but I am cancel'd in her scorn.

*Enter SEAWIT.*

JOYNT. Here comes the gentleman ! If you can  
show

A charter to engross the worthiest to  
Yourself, or by his promise can assure  
Your interest more strong than mine, I will  
Disclaim my nuptial hopes, and dance  
When Hymen celebrates your joyful day.

LOVE. Speak, sir ! and with the fervency of truth,  
If to my cousin here you have engag'd  
Th' assurance of your love, more than to me.

SEA. And is this the business I am sent for?

LOVE. Is't not of consequence enough ? freely  
Declare yourself ! I know your spirit is  
Too noble to disguise your thoughts.

JOYNT. And I, with equal confidence both of  
His virtue and his love, expect my doom.

SEA. D'you hear, gentlewomen ! pack up your  
ribbons,

Your lawn, your pendants, and your chains, with  
all

The rest of your free virginity-trinkets, and  
Get you gone out of the harbour, or by  
This light I'll plant my ship against your house,  
And batter the walls about your small ears.

LOVE. Sir, this is strange ! I am not guilty of  
Your anger.

JOYNT. Nor I ! your own heart can witness.

SEA. Were you never beaten ? never for stealing  
Conserves ? Never swaddled for losing your  
Sleeve silk, or making your work foul at tent-stitch ?  
Never for picking plums out of mince-pies,  
Or breaking o' your lutes through negligence ?  
Had neither of you an old grandmother  
With a short ebon staff, that us'd to beat you  
For these faults ? Sure, had you been ever beaten  
You would not dare to use me thus.

JOYNT. This was not wont to be ; your envy,  
madam,  
Hath thus incens'd and alter'd him to me.

LOVE. My envy ! In thy own false breast seek  
for  
The guilt with which thou striv'st to slander me.  
I know thy arts, but I will lay myself  
And fortunes at his feet ere thou shalt have him.

WAR. I cannot hold ! Hear me, fantastic maid !

SEA. What ! another new jig to the old tune ?

WAR. I now am learn'd in all thy falsehood, and  
Thy scorns ; th'are such perhaps as may perplex  
Another's love, now they are tir'd with mine.  
Know thou hast vex'd my nature, till't begin  
To relish of the devil, for all the joy  
I feel is hope of fellowship in my  
Tormenting pains. Your darling here may suffer  
too.

SEA. Excellent good ! A male conspirator !

WAR. Though you have fool'd me to a vain destruction of  
My money, and my books, my land's still left,  
With which I shall endow one better tried  
In constancy.

LOVE. This is a rudeness, sir,  
Not fit for to be forgiven, thus to intrude  
Into my privacies ; but I'll divorce  
Me from your sight : let me behold you here  
No more ! For you, false cousin, be you sure  
You are but little welcome to my company,  
Therefore divide the house, this part is mine.

JOYNT. Mine the remotest from your eyes and  
sight. [*Exeunt Loveright, Joynture, several ways.*]

WAR. You, sir, have the felicity to wear  
The garland, and disdain it, too. You see  
The ladies strive who shall be first prefer'd  
Unto your choice, whilst my poor wreath is  
willow !

SEA. Of what province, I pray, are you ? What  
bridegroom  
Are you, or what King's son that you should think  
I am oblig'd to bear this familiarity ?  
You wear no petticoat for privilege !

WAR. I thank you, sir ! and yet I scarce believe  
That you will make the lady yours, and me  
So tame to be your merriment :  
You shall not carry her with so much ease.

SEA. Again ! In good faith hold your tongue,  
Or I shall run my hilts between your teeth.

WAR. You can be angry then, some comfort  
yet  
That she hath plac'd her love on one dares fight :  
Whose courage makes him fit to render me  
A satisfaction for her vanities.

SEA. You durst not be so merry, sure, but that  
The house and women must not be disturb'd.

WAR. Still pleasant with your fortune ! Go,  
meet me,  
If that thy title, or thy blood, dare prompt  
Thee to't, i'th' meadow westward to the sea !  
Single and guarded as thou art.

SEA. Lead on the way ! Thy scorns are fit to be  
Rebuk'd. Thou noble planet of the day  
Show red when thou declin'st, as thou didst wear  
My anger in thy looks, thou being set  
May'st proudly rise unto the public view  
Again, but one of us or both, before  
Thy light is lost, shall sink and rise no more.

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ACT V.

*Enter CABLE, letters in his hand.*

CA. These come from London, sure. I know no  
part  
O'th' realm, allows me a friend, or enemy,  
But that unlucky town ; where now, 'tis dead  
Vacation too, a time of great calamity  
With younger brothers, men o'th' camp, and the  
Distress'd daughters of old Eve, that lie windbound  
About Fleet-Ditch.

*Enter PORTER.*

POR. What ! In your melancholy fit again ?

*[Steps aside.*

CA. They are from creditors ! would I were valiant  
Enough to open 'em. To my noble friend  
Captain Cable ; this superscription is  
The kindest ; and seal'd with a farthing, too :  
That were enough to fright a poor man's augury—  
Sa ! sa ! courage— *[Opens a letter.*

POR. These dumps are doleful.  
I'll go fetch my mistress to him.

*[Exit.*

CA. Hum ! forborne you above seven years—  
 hum ! promis'd  
 With oaths to pay me last Cales' voyage—hum !  
 Never drunk for my worship—hum ! Three of  
 my children  
 Lie sick of the measles—hum !—but one bunch of  
 turnips  
 Among twelve of us these four days—Hum ! my  
 sheers  
 And my wive's best kirtle at pawn—Hum !—  
 commit  
 My self to your conscience—Hum !—your friend  
 as you  
 Use him, Gregory Thimble.

*Enter CARRACK.*

CAR. I hope he's at his prayers !  
 Indeed, melancholy is a good sign  
 Of contrition in men that drink much.

CA. Here are two lamentations more, to the  
 Same tune. Were Hannibal alive, and these  
 Directed to him, he would not have the heart  
 To open 'em. O, these are bitter pills !—

*[Puts up the letters.]*

And now for marmalad to close the stomach up ;  
 This morning I had news of a fiery cutler  
 That will greet me with a *Ne exeat Regno*.

CAR. Just such a sad man was my husband wont  
 To be in's youth, when he receiv'd letters  
 From London ! and fac'd me out still, they came  
 To borrow money. Poor city souls ! they sent  
 But for their own.

CA. There's no returning to town without money  
 Unless I could move underground. For though  
 I know each lane and alley, fit for ambush or retreat,  
 Yet the serjeants know me better. Full many

A sad gripe have I had on the left-shoulder,  
And in the King's name too. Fine rogues, to use  
The King's name to him that has none of's coin!  
Well, I must turn chaste, marry my dear widow,  
And be rich! No remedy!

CAR. Good morrow, captain! I am come to  
seek

You out; and know how far you are resolv'd  
In the main point. You understand me, captain?

CA. Widow! Would 'twere Sunday, widow!

CAR. And why, I pray?

CA. That we might have clean linen,  
Fresh nosegays, and go hear exercise. I know  
You love to frequent the silenc'd parties;  
Let but their lungs hold out, and I'll listen  
Till my ears ache. Widow, thou never knew'st  
A rogue so suddenly reclaim'd.

CAR. It is glad tidings, sir!

CA. No more drinking now! I will undertake  
To walk throughout all the sandy hot desarts  
Of Barbary, with one flagon o' water.

Alas! The dew's enough to satisfy  
A temperate man, so he travel by night,  
And with his mouth open. And for whoring,—  
If my example should prosper and reclaim  
The sinners of this town, there's many  
A poor Justice of peace will get but little.

CAR. You are strangely alter'd.

CA. It is too true.  
Would'st thou believ't? I was about last night  
To sell my trumpets, and, in their stead, buy  
A pair of virginals; thou know'st it is  
The more precise harmony. As for my feather,—  
Here, take it! and stuff pillowbers\*; it is  
A vain wearing, argues sin, and a light head!

\* Pillowbeers—Pillow cases.



CAR. Is't possible, you can be so precise ?

CA. This day I'll cut off my main mast, and for  
No other reason, but because me thinks  
It looks like a may-pole.

CAR. I can but wonder and rejoice.

CA. Widow, I'll marry thee ! Let that suffice.  
Go buy a wedding ring ! and, dost thou hear ?  
Lay out money ! here are bills of exchange  
Newly come from London will discharge all.

*[Pulls out's letters.]*

CAR. Are all these bills of exchange ?

CA. All but some few postscripts of news.

CAR. It is no news, captain.

CA. What is no news, widow ?

CAR. That you owe money ! Know sir, there is  
now

Arriv'd, a short hair'd, small notch'd-messenger,  
That calls himself an apprentice ; he rails  
Against your captainship, and says you owe  
His master money ; and those letters come  
From others too that suffer in the same cause.

CA. Dost thou not know, widow, men of courage  
Will owe money.

CAR. 'Tis evident ! But what, I pray, are your  
debts ?

CA. I am no arithmetician, widow. I cannot tell  
To a just scruple.

CAR. But you may nearly guess.

CA. About a hundred, or a thousand pound !

CAR. No land, nor living, captain ! yet owe  
A thousand pounds ?

CA. These are silly examinations ! Go, go !  
Put on clean linen, widow, and let's to church.

CAR. You did consider, sir, and must not I  
Have respite to consider too ?

CA. I'll follow,  
And shake these thoughts out of her head. His hopes

Are at the last gasp, that gives a widow  
Leave to consider.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* INLAND, BUMBLE, ENGLISH-SKIPPER.

IN. Ah, my belov'd Bumble ! thy kindness hath  
Converted my heart to butter ; it melts too.  
Good friend !

Render this to him in elegant Dutch.

ENG. SKIP. Verssat ye de rutter capitaine ?

BUM. Yaw, yaw, ick verstoe : ick hebb een true  
heart.

Maer warome bebt by by myn so liefte ?

ENG. SKIP. He would know why you love him,  
sir, considering

Your quarrel is depending still.

IN. For his valour tell him, 'cause he will fight :  
My country-men scarce know what it doth mean.  
Good kind, meek souls, they'll straight be reconcil'd !  
Desire him we may join together in  
A Flanders' hug ; embracing coarsely, like  
Two lofty youngers of the Hague.

ENG. SKIP. He understands you, sir——

[*Inland and Bumble embrace.*]

IN. I am the servant of your dog, Bumble !

BUM. Ick byn yare hunt foot——

IN. Houndsfoot ! What's that ?

ENG. SKIP. Why sir, he is your dog's leg.

IN. How ! dost thou compliment old flounderkin ?  
I must kiss thee. Buss me, Bumble ! I say, buss !  
[*They kiss.*]

BUM. Maer wee mot noch vechten.

IN. Yes, yes, we will fight too, Bumble ! heaven  
willing,

I will cut thy throat for all this, and throw  
Thee over-board among thy kindred, haberdine,\*  
And ling ; who shall meet thee some four days hence

\* Salted cod.

Ten fathom deep. But first I've a suit to thee :  
Tell him my governor plays the false friend,  
He will not lend me his ship.

ENG. SKIP. Hy en koat niet een skipp kveghe.

IN. Therefore, if he please, we'll encounter like  
Two valorous angry herrings, and fight, swimming,  
In any sea-coast that he will name.

BUM. Ick verstoe ! maer ick mot in een skipp  
veckter.

ENG. SKIP. You must excuse him, sir ! he cannot  
fight

Without a good ship under him.

IN. Tell him he hath two now in his command !  
I'll borrow one, and man it with my falconers,  
Huntsmen, and my women.

BUM. Nien, nien, dat mat niet wesen.

ENG. SKIP. He will not part, sir, with his ship.

IN. Bumble, if you have no courtesy, Bumble,  
I will make bold with your body here. Take that !  
[Kicks him.

And for more solace that,—and that for old reck-  
onings !

BUM. Ick sall meet you at sea veur all.

IN. P'th' mean time a kick or two more on shore  
Is not amiss. And, country-man, because  
You take pay under him, thus I salute  
Your haunches.

BUM. Ick sall meet you at sea !

ENG. SKIP. Ay, or in Amboyna. There you  
shall swing for't.

IN. March on ! I must kick you to your cock-  
boat.  
[Exeunt.

*Enter TOPSAIL, PORTER, like a Pursuivant.*

TOP. But art thou sure he holds little power  
Over his niece ?

POR. That little is too much, sir !  
He hath none at all. He may pretend she owes  
him

Respects as to her uncle, but I have heard  
Her woman, Mistress Nightingale, and she is  
The key of her lady's secrets, swear her honour  
So hates his tedious babbling, that she would part  
with

A good round sum to have assurance not  
To be afflicted with it but once a quarter.

TOP. That way I may do her service. But art  
thou perfect  
In my directions ?

POR. If I miss my cue,  
Let me forfeit my reward.

TOP. Stand close, and when  
I hold my hand up thus, rush in upon him,  
And do thy office !

POR. With as much rudeness, captain,  
As a drunken beadle drags a kneeling beggar  
To the house of correction.

TOP. He appears !  
I'll have some sport, though I lose the lady.  
Sir Solemn Trifle !

*Enter TRIFLE.*

Met to my wish ! I have dispatch'd my letters  
To my friends in London, presuming on your  
promise

I shall have your niece. [Porter aside.

TRI. Pray you, give me leave !

TOP. Nay, more,  
I have disposed of my ship too.

TRI. Hear me, I pray you !

TOP. I build my confidence upon your credit,  
And, if I fall, you perish in my ruins.  
Imagine, sir, how monstrous 'twill appear

If a grave Justice, add to that a knight,  
Of such a reverend beard, the oracle  
Of wisdom to his brothers of the bench,  
Nay their still open mouth, a Statesman too,  
That holds intelligence in all the courts  
Of Christendom, and from that frames his counsels ;  
I say, if such an eminent man should fail  
In his assurances of a lady's favour,  
His niece, and one he may command, that will not  
Hazard the reputation of her uncle,  
But with her own loss carefully preserve it,  
Who will give credit to your hand and seal,  
Touching occurrences far off? And, therefore,  
For your own sake, Sir Solemn, do me right,  
Or you are like to suffer.

TRI. I confess it  
An irreparable loss. Now ; give me leave  
To make you understand with what discretion,  
Art, judgment, language, elegance of phrase,  
I have proceeded for you.

TOP. Briefly, I pray you !

TRI. I went to her, and at the first receiv'd  
Slight entertainment, then I came upon her  
With my rhetorical flourishes, set you off  
In the full height of lustre ; nay, observe  
How much I ventur'd for you. I assur'd her  
Upon my credit, that the next employment  
You should be chosen admiral, then bring in  
The King of Spain's plate-fleet, and for the service  
Should be made an earl.

TOP. I am bound to you.

TRI. And yet,  
Do you think she would believe me ?

TOP. She had little reason. What wrought it  
on her ?

TRI. Nothing, as I live ! all was cast away, nor  
gave I o'er so,

But urg'd authority, and told her plainly  
Her uncle was a second-father to her,  
And she bound to obey him.

TOP. What replied she ?

TRI. The girl laugh'd at me, flung away, and  
will'd me  
To teach my clerk, Dash, his trade ; she was old  
enough  
To govern her own affairs.

TOP. Does this fruit grow  
On the tree of your assurances ?

TRI. Captain Topsail,  
Preserve my reputation ! Recall  
Your letters by a winged post. I'll bear  
The charge, and undergo what loss soever  
You suffer'd in the parting with your ship.  
Dear sir, be good to me ! I would not be taken  
In a lie, for my estate.

TOP. You speak so honestly,  
That, troth, I could forget it ; but suppose  
I should, I fear yet you'll be call'd unto  
A strict account for the other news, to which  
You have set your hand and seal, and publish'd  
them  
By your subordinate ministers.

[*Holds up his hand.*]

PORTER, *Within.* Break ope the doors !  
I'll have him, if he be above ground, though  
I raise the force of the county.

TRI. I begin to quake all over.

POR. Ah ! I am glad I have you.  
Sir Solemn Trifle, in the king's name, I charge you  
T' obey my warrant.

TOP. Use him gently, Pursuivant,  
Remember he's a Justice, and a knight ;  
He'll put in bail !

POR. Bail will not serve ; he must  
And shall along with me, presently. I'll not take  
A jury of Justices for his appearance.

TRI. I am undone !

POR. It is a kind of treason.

TRI. Ay, me !

POR. He hath put the Kingdom in an uproar  
About his news, under his hand and seal.

TOP. Sir Solemn, I foresaw this.

POR. Scarecrow and Zeal  
Have kiss'd the whipping-post, and your gossip,  
Prattle,  
Hath tasted of the rack for venting of  
Your trumperies, and the rack will make him yield  
A reason why he holds intelligence  
Without commission, and with foreign Princes.

You must and shall go, sir !

TRI. O, Trifle, Trifle !

What hath thy pen and wisdom brought thee to ?

TOP. He will go quietly, tie not his legs  
Under his horse's belly.

POR. As I see cause, sir.

TRI. Am I come to that ? hear me ! I am a traitor  
In the highest degree. If e'er I had intelligence  
But from play-houses, and ordinaries, and some-  
times

Courants, gazettes, and ballads, those were the  
Undoing spirits I work'd by. [ *Weeps.*

TOP. I believe him.

Troth, Mr Pursuivant, his fault may be  
Thought greater than perhaps it is, and if  
A hundred pound, in present pay, may teach you  
The art of connivance, do not see him till  
He hath sued out his pardon.

POR. I shall run  
A dangerous hazard.

TOP. This is certainty.

Give it him, I say !

POR. For my security  
He must instantly leave the town.

TOP. Besides the warrant  
There's a necessity for that.

TRI. How, captain ?

TOP. Seawit, I know not how, h'ath heard of  
the wrong  
You did him to his merchant, and he hath vow'd  
To pull out your tongue, and cut off your right hand ;  
No less will serve him.

TRI. I'll rather go with the Pursuivant.

POR. And be rack'd to death.

TRI. What shall I do ?

TOP. Steal closely  
Out of the house ! vanish as in a mist !  
That way. Not a syllable, on mine honour !

*[Exit Trifle.]*

There's no Sir Solemn here. So, you are paid for  
Your ship.

POR. The best that ever porter was, sir.

TOP. This will I hope take off his edge of lying,  
And fright him to tell truth. Now for the lady !

*[Exeunt.]*

*Enter* LOVERIGHT, JOYNTURE, NIGHTINGALE.

LOVE. Mischief and shame upon thy silent  
tongue !

Why didst not tell me this before ?

NIGHT. Though I o'erheard their quarrel, mad-  
am, I

Believ'd they would proceed no further than  
In words, but, 'tis too certain, they were seen  
Just now hast'ning to the field.

LOVE. Quickly, my coach ! In the adjoining  
meadow,  
Westward to th' sea, did they appoint to meet ?



NIGHT. That was the place they nam'd.

LOVE. You have inflam'd this anger, cousin, by Persuading emulation in their love.

JOYNT. You wrong me, madam, with a calumny That must result upon your self.

LOVE. Within there, ho ! My coach !

JOYNT. Some call the captains to assist us thither !

Pray Heaven, they do not fight ! [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter SEAWIT, WARWELL, in their shirts. Stand at distance.*

SEA. This ground is equal to us both ; or, if Your better eyes can find a difference in Ascent, you have the liberty of choice.

WAR. I like my station, sir, and you must join Some fortune to your strength to move me hence.

SEA. You are as merry, sir, as if you thought Of nothing but a triumph.

WAR. Our weapons have one measur'd length.  
If you

Believe the opposition of the sun  
Unto your face is your impediment,  
You may remove, and wear him on your back.

SEA. Your ceremonies, sir, are troublesome.  
I love his beams. If they can see me faint,  
'Tis fit they punish me  
With everlasting night. Prepare your self !

*Enter LOVERIGHT, JOYNTURE, CARRACK, NIGHT-INGALE, to SEAWIT and WARWELL. TOPSAIL and CABLE following. LOVERIGHT and NIGHT-INGALE, hanging on WARWELL. JOYNTURE and CABLE on SEAWIT.*

SEA. Who have we here ?

WAR. Your land-plot, Captain Seawit,  
To fetch you off !

SEA. Your studied stratagem, Warwell,  
With your confederate lady wits ; you had paid  
else

For your part of the jeering scene.

WAR. I shall forget  
Civility and manners if you persist thus.  
Have you first cast me off, abus'd my service,  
Then hold me while your gallant cuts my throat ?

CAR. Do you think to fright me with your naked  
weapon ?

My husband was  
A captain, yet when he has drawn upon me  
In's drink, I have made him sheath his weapon,  
and

Repent he drew it on me.

CA. Here's a fine medley !

SEA. We cannot do that which we came for, sir ;  
We must wait another hour, and, till then, truce !  
[*Puts up his sword.*]

Silence becomes men best, when women talk.

WAR. I follow the example.

SEA. What new device  
Succeeds this, Madam Marchpain ? \* Wherefore  
come you,

And you her compeer ? If you would both be cur'd  
Of the green sickness, and from me take physic,  
Fall to it presently, and scratch one another  
Till you have torn off the paint and flesh together.  
I'll have no other fee. I am mad such baubles  
Should steal away my patience. When will it  
speak ?

Hath it lost its tongue ? Borrow an inch or two  
Of its uncle, Sir Solemn.

\* Marchpain was usually prescribed as an item in the desserts  
of our ancestors.

" March-panes are made of verie little flowers, but with addi-  
tion of greater quantitie of filberts, pine-nuts, pistaces, almonds,  
and rosed sugar."

LOVE. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Is it angry ?  
 Or its pleasant wit tied up, and turn'd to railing ?  
 JOYNT. Shall we put one purl of our gorgets out  
 of order  
 For such a face ?  
 LOVE. Or fight, or scratch, for a quibbling  
 A part of your revenue ?  
 CAR. Or I run mad,  
 If I marry not this, great belly ? or forswear sleeping,  
 If it be not made my pillow ?  
 CA. I am brought in too.  
 LOVE. But to be serious—  
 WAR. Which you cannot be.  
 You have it not in your nature, fickle lady.  
 LOVE. Be your own judges, for I'll speak my  
 thoughts  
 To all, and freely. But I am interrupted !

*Enter INLAND.*

Quiet this storm ! and I will give you reason  
 For what we do, or have done.  
*[Seawit, Warwell, Cable, Topsail, confer.  
 The women step aside.]*

IN. None kill'd yet ?  
 I have heard of the quarrel, and I will make one,  
 I care not on which side. Ha ! how comes this ?  
 Three women 'gainst four men ! it must be so !  
 I have read, in errant books, of fighting ladies,  
 And these no doubt are such, and I love 'em for't.  
 They are disarm'd ! the men have got the day,  
 And I stand bound to rescue 'em.

SEA. Second me, 'twill do !

CA. We'll put him to't, and try his temper.

IN. You have been my tutor, now I will be  
 yours.  
 You have wrong'd these ladies, and my honour  
 binds me

To teach you better manners.

SEA. Thou weak compound  
Of clownery and rashness, that ne'er knew'st,  
And art past teaching, what true valour is ;  
Bridle your tongue, or I must tell you, boy,  
You will be whip't !

IN. Boy ! I defy thee !

TOP. Stay, sir !

Be not so hot ! I must have some cool words with  
you.

You have been saucy, and from my forbearance  
Grown insolent. I'll put you to the test.  
Fall off, and instantly ! or I'll beat you to  
A place to do me right.

IN. Beat me ! lead on !

CA. We must not part so. You cub, I'll make  
you feel

You are not now amongst your tenants' sons,  
Swaggering at a wake, in your own village,  
Or stealing away a May-pole from your neighbours ;  
But with such men, as if you dare but scratch,  
Can pare your nails to the stumps, and spoil your  
clawing.

IN. Three against one ! 'tis foul play !  
Thou art not worth  
The anger of one boy that has true metal,  
Or courage in him. You love quarrelling,  
Be it right or wrong, and fighting, as you say, too.  
But look upon thy sword !

TOP. Or frown.

SEA. Cast lots

Who shall do the drudgery of cudgelling him.  
You shall part with the name of furious,  
And from henceforth, be call'd Tame Inland.

JOYNT. How they awe him !

IN. Cowe me with odds ? were your number ten  
times doubled,

I would not budge. Ladies, stand fair ! you shall  
Perceive I am not awed, nor tongue-tied. Tutor,  
For my bringing up, I will despatch you first !  
At your great belly next. I will spoil your pipe  
too.

And you shall find I dare look on my sword  
When I prick your guts with't. Come one by one,  
or all

Together ! I care not.

CA. Sure the devil's in him.

TOP. You must take another course.

SEA. I'll rather suffer,

Than part with such a charge.

WAR. I do recant.

SEA. Thou shalt be  
Our admiral.

TOP. And kill the King's enemies  
By dozens.

CA. Be but reconcil'd !

IN. I am !

Upon these terms. But let me have enow  
King's enemies to kill.

SEA. Thou shalt, my charge.

*Enter* BOATSWAIN.

BOAT. Aboard, aboard, the wind stands fair !  
One sent too from the admiral to command it.

CA. How ! the wind turn'd westward ?

TOP. 'Tis ! the rack runs that way.

SEA. Constantly ! No stay than  
Your l'envoy, ladies.

LOVE. I will not hinder  
Your voyage with long discourse. This is the  
man,  
For whose wish'd sight, with some doubt to mine  
honour,

I came to Plymouth, having had intelligence  
Four days before he had set foot in Holland,  
And was bound hither. You had such entertain-  
ment

As I could give you : Other accidents  
Were but to pass time. I am serious, sir,  
And, all imperious humours of a mistress  
Cast by, I thus embrace you as a husband,  
And, as such, will obey you.

SEA. Heaven give you joy, sir.

WAR. This satisfies for all, and, if you please,  
Here ends our difference.

SEA. 'Tis my desire, sir.

JOYNT. One word with you, sir. I shall still  
report you

A noble gentleman, and am so chang'd  
With your behaviour, though you want a fortune,  
At your return I'll make you one, and do it  
A lawful way.

SEA. I kiss your hand, and seal my self  
Your servant.

CA. Now, widow, what's your doom  
Of me ? Shall I stay at home,  
Or weigh up anchors and be gone ?

CAR. Get honour !

And bring home a rich prize, like my other  
husband,  
And you shall have his place. Yet though you  
thrive not

But come home ne'er so poor, forswear your  
whoring,

And I am your wife ; and to encourage you to it,  
Give a particular of your debts, I'll pay 'em.  
You shall come home a free man.

CA. By this kiss I thank thee ;  
I'll prove such a notable husband !

SEA. All stands yet in supposition.

TOP. I may find a wife too  
At my return, till when honour's my mistress.

SEA. Our navy now puts forth to sea, and, if  
You wish us a good voyage, we shall find  
Our new trim'd sails fill'd with a prosp'rous wind.  
[*Exeunt.*]

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#### EPILOGUE BY SIR FURIOUS.

For your own sakes, dear hearts, you had not best  
Believe my rage, or humour so opprest  
I'th heat of the last scene, as that you may  
Freely, and safely too, cry down our play !  
For if you dare but whisper one false note  
Here in the house, or passing to take boat,  
Good faith, I'll mow you off with my short sword !  
Gentleman, squire, knight, lady, and her lord,  
With conscience too ; for since my metal lies  
Still to destroy yours, and our enemies,  
Can I do less,—be your own judges,—when  
You lay sad plots to beggar the King's men.

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THE FAIR FAVOURITE.



THIS is another of the six plays which were not printed until after the author's death, and then embodied in the folio edition of his works in 1673. The piece, which has been styled a Tragi-comedy, appears to have been one of Sir William Davenant's earlier productions, inasmuch as it was licensed on 17th November 1638, and although there is no record of its having been acted, it is highly probable that it had been produced on the stage about that date, if not previously. The political events which immediately followed may account for its having been laid aside, and the change which had taken place in public taste, calling for Entertainments of a different kind when the Royal Dynasty was restored, probably precluded its revival.

Among the fifty-two Manuscript Plays of Mr. Warburton, Somerset Herald, which, all save three, were treated by his female servant as waste paper, and used accordingly, in the usual contemptuously careless manner in which women, generally speaking, have ever treated books and papers, there was one called the Fair Favourite, which it has been conjectured was a copy of the original version of the play as presently printed.

Geneste remarks of this piece :—" This is, on the whole, a good Tragi-comedy. It was not printed till 1673, but it was doubtless written, and probably acted before the civil wars."



THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

KING,

PHYLENIO, } *two Statesmen.*  
RADEGOND, }

ORAMONT, *Brother to Eumena.*

AMADORE, *his Friend.*

THORELLO, *a travell'd Gentleman.*

SALADINE, } *Courtiers.*  
ALERAN, }

SOLDIERS.

OLD COURTIERS.

BOY.

QUEEN.

EUMENA, *the Fair Favorite.*

GARTHA, *Eumena's waiting woman.*

THREE COURT LADIES.



## THE FAIR FAVOURITE.

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### ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter* SALADINE, ALERAN, THORELLO.

ALER. Troth! thou art now a pretty toy of State,  
Art grown as grave, and hast as great a share  
Of business in thy looks, as an old Legate  
Sent to a land of heretics. Ambassadors  
Of Spain compar'd to thee, are mere French posts;  
Dispatch'd with love letters from th' army to  
The Court. O, the excellency of travel!

SALAD. Right, Aleran! Mark, but how much it  
perfecteth  
Your very ape. Ere he hath travel'd,  
Alas! what is he, rude and unqualifi'd?  
But having once seen countries, gone from town  
To town, he strait accepts your pippin,  
Kissing his hairy hand, most Monsieur like.

ALER. Good faith, and that is very much!

SALAD. Nay more! he rides  
And manages your English mastiff, sir,  
As he had lain in Pension for't at Paris.

THOR. Signiors! you have very passable wits  
O'th' Queen's side here. Sure, they are employ'd too,  
When part'clar pleasures have call'd aside  
The nobler spirits, and left you necessary  
To the ladies. What! you read Alciod's\* emblems

\* Alciatus. "Here comes Ancient and honest Alciatus with the almost endless impression of his works; some with copper-plate, others with wood-engraving, decorations."—*Bibliographica*

To'em, and the fables of Æsop in  
Your elegant mother tongue?

SAL. O, ever sir, upon long winter nights.

THOR. And, on my conscience, they believe those  
tales

For true, whilst you put off the old morals  
As fine new observations of your own.

SAL. 'Faith, like enough!

We have the pretti'st things in petty-coats.  
Sirrah! They'll admire thee,  
And 'twill be held a sov'reign sign of luck,  
That thou and the King arrive here together  
In one day; thou from thy travels, he from  
The wars, and the treasure of thy court collections  
In France will be no less valued then his  
Victories on the coast of Sicily.

THOR. Youth and success in your amours hath  
made

You as wanton, as maids at midnight with their  
lovers are. [*Flourish.*]

—Hark! the King!

Remove, and borrow gravity a while.

*Enter PHYLENIO, KING, RADEGOND, Soldiers of his  
train.*

PHYLE. Y'arrive so early sir, that you will find  
The Queen asleep; if she can ever rest,  
Whose careful fears, both for your safety and  
Return, have lessen'd much her health.

RADEG. And this is worthy of your pity, sir,

*Decameron*, Vol. I. p. 225. Dr. Dibdin in a note on the text says: "The Library of the Marquis of Blandford [afterwards Duke of Marlborough] is supposed to contain the richest collection of emblems in the country." This was in 1817. At a later date this collection, which was rich in the productions of Alciatus, was brought to the hammer. Sir William Stirling Maxwell, of Polloc and Keir, Bart., present Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh, is possessed of a very large collection of the works of Alciatus.



To find a lady of her youth,  
 So earnest to destroy her beauty  
 In seeking to deserve your love.

KING. Advise her, Radegond, to love me less.

RADEG. Love you less! That were to kill her, sir.

KING. Would thou couldst help me to another  
 heart!

Nature allows but one, though to a King,  
 And it were cruelty, not kindness to  
 Exact more love from that, than it can give.

*Enter QUEEN and two LADIES.*

PHYLE. See where she comes! Already she  
 hath learn'd

You are arriv'd, the spies of love are swift  
 And universal, as the beams of light. Look on  
 Her, sir, with gracious eyes——

QUEEN. My joys are more than I can hide,  
 for I

Have liv'd to see my vows grow prosperous.  
 How shall we welcome you enough with praise,  
 Since you have brought home peace, and fame, left  
 death

And black dishonour with your enemies?

KING. Madam, I thank you as I ought. How  
 bless'd

Had we been, if he that made such haste to join  
 Our hands had staid till he had got the skill  
 To join our hearts! But he was more a Statesman  
 than

A priest, and married provinces, not us.

QUEEN. Alas! This is a little sudden, sir!  
 'Tis like a morn o'ercast with clouds, ere men  
 May say the day doth break. No sooner can  
 I boast my joys of seeing you, but I must  
 Become your sorrow, and  
 My punishment. How vainly do I wish,

That, like your better angel, I could wait  
 About you still, and be invisible to you ;  
 That I might ever serve you, sir.  
 And never be discern'd.

KING. Would you had all your wishes, Madam,  
 and I,  
 If it were fit to ask't of heaven, had mine.  
 But since we are so cruelly proscib'd,  
 Let's strive to mitigate our sufferings,  
 By making still our visits few, and short ;  
 For we can never meet but we must mourn.  
 And you are wise, to know our sorrows ill  
 Become the triumphs of this day.

QUEEN. You are too quickly weary of our griefs !  
 I could endure 'em longer, sir, so I  
 Might tarry here. But 'tis as hard for me  
 To disobey your will, as hinder fate.

KING. Be kind then to your self ; you may possess  
 That happiness alone, which we  
 Together never can enjoy.

QUEEN. The peace, which by your valor you  
 have brought  
 Your people home, increase within your breast,  
 And, as in war, so may you prove victorious,  
 Though at my charge, in all the love you make.

*[He leads her to the door.]*

THOR. Look Saladine ! The King may well be  
 held  
 The chief of his profession, a grand courtier,  
 For I ne'er saw so much ceremony  
 With so little love.

SALAD. It is your new  
 Court-justice now ! They ever pay the want  
 Of their affection to their wives, with overmuch  
 Civility ; but 'tis in public, sir ; at home  
 They think it too much pains.

KING. Unarm me, Radegond !  
And now, I would thou couldst un-King me too.

RADEG. How, sir ?

KING. Phylenio, I am sure,  
Thou dost not love the King ; had I  
No title left, I should have friends. Why must  
I struggle then beneath this load ?

PHYLE. This melancholy, sir, is treason 'gainst  
Your self ; and such, as if we durst, we would re-  
buke.

KING. Of what a false  
And consuming composition am I made !  
Resolv'd by all most absolute, yet not  
So free, as he, that daily fights for food.  
You are happy, for you are subjects still.

RADEG. Your subjects, sir ; and that we justly  
may  
Esteem our happiness.

KING. O, you are wise,  
And constant to your selves ; had you but any  
share  
Of love for me, you would un-King me strait,  
And then teach me a sudden way to be no monster.

PHYLE. A monster, sir ! We understand you  
not.

KING. What am I else, that still beneath  
Two bodies groan ; the natural and the politic ?  
By force compounded of most diff'rent things.  
How wearisome, and how unlucky is  
The essence of a King, gentle, yet by  
Constraint severe ; just in our nature, yet  
We must dissemble ; our very virtues are  
Taken from us, only t'augment our sway !

RADEG. Your judgment is too cruel of yourself.

KING. In what's our pity, or our kindness more  
Express'd, than when we father other's crimes ?  
As if it were a great prerogative

To make the guilty safe. Our wealth serves but  
 To keep men's hopes in pay ; only happy  
 When we can purchase friends, because they share  
 And ease the glorious torment of our power.

*Enter EUMENA and GARTHA.*

PHYLE. The burden of your thoughts will now  
 grow light.  
 Behold the fair Eumena, sir !

KING. Hail, virtuous maid ! Why, my Eumena,  
 did

I strive for victories abroad, when all  
 My conquests there could never recompence  
 My absence from that beauty which I left  
 At home ? 'Tis true, that I have done such deeds  
 As fame her self shall chuse, even for the last  
 Great story that must fill her book. The aged  
 And the young  
 Have had sufficient cause to curse thy coldness  
 In love ; for hadst thou kept me here, they still  
 Had been alive.

EUME. Could my obedience pay  
 The debt we owe your valor, Sir, thus I  
 Would kneel, till I grew old, so long  
 You should not know me when I rise.

*[He takes her up.]*

KING. Eumena, this becomes thee not ; for love  
 Hath made us equal ; and how poor a thing  
 Is majesty, compar'd to mighty love !

EUME. The changes of my fortune, sir,  
 Have made me now so wise, I dare not trust  
 Too much to happiness, whose danger comes  
 From its excess ; the joys you bring are so  
 Extreme, they needs must suffer an allay.  
 Already I have found it too ; for as  
 I hast'ned hither to behold the true  
 Success of all my horisons—your safety and

Return—I met beneath the cypress shade  
That borders near the garden rivulet,  
Your beauteous Queen, but sad, and mourning like  
A virgin at her lover's tomb. Even she,  
That is so fair and good, I saw  
Thus newly ruin'd by your frowns.

KING. The poor hermit that nightly is assur'd  
By visions in his sleep, fasting all day  
With zealous hope of nourishment from Heaven ;  
The young unpractis'd child, that hath not yet  
Out grown his native innocence, hath skill  
To shape disguises for his thoughts, as much  
As I. I cannot hide the anger of  
My grief, and all th' observing world  
Can witness it is just ; though 'tis as sad  
A truth, that she is guiltless of the cause.

EUME. You make a brave confession, sir. Yet  
where  
There is no guilt your least unkindness seems  
Too great a punishment.

KING. But I have heard, during my forc'd  
Unwilling absence from thee, in this last  
Sicilian war, she us'd thy tenderness,  
As if her jealousy had practis'd a  
Revenge in envy of my noble love.

EUME. Forgive my anger, sir !  
They are as false as men that cheaply swear  
For hire ; who thus have wrong'd your royal ear  
With forged whispers, in dull hope to win  
My favour by officious wicked courtesy.

KING. Thou art so full of truth, I must  
Believe thee 'gainst thy self. Go, Radegond !  
And let the Queen know I am penitent ;  
Fall at her feet, and sigh in my behalf,  
Until thou find'st my pardon in her eyes.

[*Exeunt King, Eumena, Radegond, Phyllenio.*]

THOR. Gentlemen, may a man without suspicion

Of treason, think a little oddly of the King,  
 Having a virtuous lady to his wife,  
 Must he needs get a mistress? But you'll say  
 This mistress is surpassing virtuous too.  
 Let that be granted; yet——

SALAD. Disclose your meaning, sir!

THOR. Faith, Saladine, I mean to ask, why he  
 Allows his wife the lesser share of's heart,  
 Or rather none at all? 'Tis such a royal  
 Riddle. Well, the devil is in't, and I  
 Suppose at least ten devils more; for less,  
 Signiors, cannot suffice this court.

SALAD. Thorello! thou art a right traveller,  
 An old acquaintance in every town  
 Abroad, and a new stranger still at home.

ALER. Instruct him! 'tis a raw youth, but he  
 will learn.

SALAD. Long ere our King was married, know  
 he was  
 Most fervently in love with fair Eumena,  
 And yet our politicians to join Otranto to  
 His crown—which neighb'ring province was the  
 dower  
 Of our sad Queen—did force him to this match.

THOR. Could he be wrought to wed a Princess  
 for  
 Dull human ends, when's love was formerly  
 Engag'd? Where are the old Arcadian lovers?

ALER. Why, in their graves, where they sleep  
 quietly.

THOR. Had I but once made love, though to a  
 poor  
 Inheritrix of thirteen pistolets a year,  
 The Queen dowager of China should not  
 Remove my suit, Signior. I pray, proceed!

SALAD. I soon shall vindicate the King, for, sir,  
 These subtle managers of his affairs, before

They treated with him for the Queen, surprized  
Eumena from his sight ; proclaim'd her dead.  
And, more to cozen his belief, did celebrate  
Her funerals with much solemnity  
Through Naples here. Eumena, all this time  
Closely immur'd, some two years after they  
Did work his sorrows to give way unto  
Necessities of State, so perfected  
This marriage with the Queen.

THOR. And during this Eumena ne'er was  
heard of?

SALAD. She was most carefully conceal'd, and at  
The nuptial feast presented to his sight.

THOR. So suddenly retriev'd !

SALAD. Your politicians  
Have ever more a taint of vanity,  
As hasty still to show, and boast a plot,  
As they are greedy to contriv't. But he  
Requites the falsehood of their care with banish-  
ment.

Though married, yet refus'd to bed the Queen,  
And to Eumena strait renews his love.

THOR. You have untied the knot.

SALAD. 'Tis a full Court !

Let's hasten to the privy gallery,  
And whisper there a while ; for so  
We may be ta'en for cabinet Statesmen,  
And at least be held secret, if not wise. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter ORAMONT and GARTHA.*

GAR. My suit will meet much danger in delay,  
I gave my lady this, sir, in her ear ;  
But she replied, I'm busy with the King.

ORA. Hah ! Busy with the King ! that sounds  
not well.

Go back ! say my affair concerns her life.

GAR. I will attempt to tell her so. [*Exit.*]

ORA. She is become the people's secret scorn,  
 Yet from the earliest dawning of her eyes,  
 From the first budding of her beauty, she  
 Was bred with all those bashful fears that guard  
 A virgin's innocence ; but who can be  
 Secure in Court, where every tempter  
 Looks so full of power,  
 As if he could forgive more crimes  
 Than's leisure suffers him to act ? and not  
 To yield to King's desires, although unjust,  
 Is disobedience here, not virtue styl'd.  
 His message makes me wonder : yet if  
 There were no other cause of fear, but guilt,  
 I should enough of courage find to dare  
 All danger, but what comes from heaven.

*Enter EUMENA.*

ORA. Can you find nothing, Lady,  
 In this face, that may direct  
 You to remember it ?

EUME. My brother, Oramont ! That you are he  
 appears too unprepar'd  
 A truth, to be so suddenly believ'd.

*[He steps a little back.]*

Do not distrust my joys, because they come  
 In tears thus through mine eyes, from whence our  
 griefs  
 Spring forth. My heart, were not the gates too  
 narrow,  
 Would sally out the self-same way to meet you.

ORA. Hath she a stock of tears for joys, and such  
 A debt of them to pay unto her sins,  
 'Twere easier to believe her innocent.

EUME. Why seem you so reserv'd ? Why will  
 you wear  
 A gravity, that doth as ill become  
 This meeting as your years ?



ORA. I am a prisoner !  
Though for a little space my bonds are off.

EUME. How, Oramont !

ORA. The King hath brought  
Home victory from the Sicilian war.  
But our attempt upon the Tuscan camp  
Was bloodily repuls'd.

EUME. This he hath heard,  
Yet 'tis a loss he mentions with neglect ;  
For his intelligence believ'd you safe,  
And marching hither with's remaining troops.

ORA. Fame like a cunning falcon falsifies  
Her flight. Know, by the treason of our scouts  
I was surpris'd, weakened with many wounds ;  
Those pitious heaven hath favor'd with a happy  
cure,

But th' avaricious enemy impos'd  
Upon my liberty the ransom of  
Two hundred thousand crowns ; the value was  
No less they laid upon my gen'rous faith,  
Since they have trusted me to visit thus  
My native soil, and ta'en my word  
For my return within the circuit of  
One moon, or else to pay that mighty sum.

EUME. It is a mighty sum, indeed !

ORA. Such, sister, as our ancestors ne'er knew  
But by report. Nor can I think they would  
Have laid so vast a rate on worthless me,  
Had they not heard your greatness here in Court.

EUME. Can such a trivial grief as this contract  
Those wrinkles on your brow, and make you old  
Ere time hath perfected your youth ? Would they  
Had doubled what they have impos'd, that I  
Might yield a worthier trial of my love.

ORA. Eumena, do you know what you desire——

EUME. Here, sir, take this ! It doth contain in  
jewels, *[She reaches a cabinet.]*

Enough to ransom you as oft as fortune can  
Betray you to the foe : Take it, and pay  
Those fools of Tuscany, that had not skill  
To lay a greater price on Oramont.  
You are my brother, sir ! a title which  
Includes all that my judging love calls wealth.

ORA. Are you so rich ? Eumena you have found  
[*He takes the cabinet.*

A bounteous master of the King. I dare  
Not call him yet your lover, that would wound  
My ear as much as yours ; although I know  
A maiden's tenderness is struck even with  
The nicest injury of words.

EUME. But were the King a lover, sir, I can  
Not think that word would injure me.

ORA. Are you so well  
Resolv'd ? Take heed, frail maid ! And, heaven  
take heed  
Of me ! If ever yet her blood hath been  
Defil'd, make choice of one that is no kin  
Unto the purer part of it, to let  
Out the impure. I would not punish her.

EUME. What mean you, Oramont ? How were I  
bless'd  
Could I no more resent those cruel words  
Than heaven, to whom you utter them in vain.

ORA. Take back your precious trifles and repent  
Your treasure is so strangely got ; that 'tis not fit  
For noble minds to use it, though they want.

EUME. Strike me with stupid dullness, you kind  
powers !  
That in excessive wonder I may fail  
To understand the meaning of his speech.

ORA. Away ! O fly ! Fly from the Court, thou  
young  
And silly sophister in arts of State.  
The favourites of Kings are chosen but

To own, and wear their master's worser sins ;  
 And what a load thou wilt be taught to bear,  
 When his, oppressing thee, must needs be laid  
 Upon as great a burden as thine own.

EUME. Thou cruel, and suspicious Oramont !  
 Whither is all thy virtue gone ? I ne'er  
 Believ'd I could be angry until now.  
 My heart rebels within my breast, and chides me  
 For every tear I shed, as if on thee  
 My pity were misspent ; yet 'cause thou wert  
 My brother once, I would not have it said  
 I left thee in captivity. Procure  
 Thy freedom with this wealth—For misery  
 Doth seldom mend, but makes the wicked worse.

ORA. I rather will return, my bonds  
 Still wear, as gaudy bracelets on my wrists ;  
 In a dark dungeon sit, there mourn thy loss,  
 And curse that treacherous fate, which first did  
     bring  
 Thy luckless beauty to the tempting King.

[*Exeunt.*]

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ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter* ORAMONT, THORELLO, SALADINE, *and*  
 ALERAN.

ORA. You can instruct me, sir. I have a suit  
 Unto the King, and would attend where I  
 May stand within the level of his eye.  
 Take's he this way in's passage from the park ?

THOR. 'Tis not in's pow'r t'avoid you, sir, if you  
 Stay here ; but in our judgements, that have got  
 The bold ambition to be styl'd your friends,  
 'Twere fitter, noble Oramont, men of  
 Your early virtue, and still growing worth,  
 Should have the fortune rather to command,

Than wait among the common crowd.

ORA. You grace me with your kind opinion,  
sir ;

But we must rest contented with our stars.  
Could we attain the power to pick and chuse  
I' th' firmament, he that created them  
And us would lose his eminence on earth,  
For we should make a god of every poor astronomer.

SALAD. 'Tis piety to wish  
You'd throw your cloudy sorrows off, and not  
Affect to wear your virtues in the dark.

ALER. My lord ! we need you here in Court, and  
are  
Not ignorant that you may make what choice  
You please in your desires.

ORA. Alas ! I want  
The skill how to grow great, the patience to  
Permit those wrongs which they that rise  
Must not alone endure, but praise.  
Thorello, you have travel'd long, d'ye find  
No change i' th' Court, since your return ?

THOR. Faith, sir, not much. Now, as before, the  
steps  
To high command, like such as up to steeples  
reach,  
Are worn a little with the num'rous tread  
Of fools that climb to gaze upon the top.  
Therefore, 'tis harder to ascend than if  
The number of those men that press to rise  
Were few ; but 'tis the same way still, though,  
As I said, the steps must be uneasy, 'cause  
Th' are overworn.

ORA. I want good parts ; my head's too light t'  
ascend.

SALAD. O take't on my experience, sir, you  
should

Not load your shoulders with a weighty head-piece,  
when

You mean to mount ; the greatest will be thought  
The wisest still, therefore they seldom lend  
A hand to lift a wiser than themselves.  
Besides a little head may weigh enough,  
When cozening fortune holds the scale, which she  
Hath ever done in Court.

THOR. Little intelligences of little things  
Will serve for universal knowledge here,  
If whisper'd often with a travel'd face.

ALER. And then, an inward safe content we all  
Enjoy, since every one believes he hath  
Enough to be above others, 'cause he hath learn'd  
How to condemn 'em.

THOR. Nor is  
There danger, sir, in enemies ; for though  
Each table feeds a sev'ral faction here,  
Where they despise the absent still as heartily,  
As they do eat ; yet in the presence-chamber  
The opposites can smile, laugh, and embrace  
Like neighbours, that were newly met  
Upon a foreign coast.

ORA. Your observations much encourage me.  
The King ! I pray remove a while.

*Enter* KING, PHYLENIO, *and* RADEGOND.

KING. Is that young Oramont ?

RADEG. It is ! And I believe he means  
t'address

Himself to your compassion, sir.

PHYLE. He wears his troubles handsomely.

KING. Leave us ! and bid the rest avoid the  
place. [*Exeunt. Manent* King, Oramont.

Come hither, Oramont, you carry in  
Your looks a discontent, which shews not grief  
Alone but anger too. I shall admire

Your courage if it points at me.

ORA. Far be it from that humble low degree  
In which my duty ranks me with  
My King, that I should cherish grief till it  
Grow up to anger, sir ; so I might turn  
The virtue of that sorrow into sin.

KING. Young soldier! you are strangely wise,  
and have  
Already got the providence not to  
Permit your tongue betray your thoughts, but I  
Am pleas'd when you are safe ; if your  
Attendance here imply a suit, give it a name !

ORA. 'Tis call'd my ransom, sir ; a debt  
Which fortune, not my error throws on you.  
I lost my precious liberty on an  
Unlucky day when I was active in  
Your service, and 'tis just you now redeem't.

KING. Be taught the art of thriving in the Court ;  
Reserve my favour for a higher use, although  
This tax upon your liberty be large,  
My bounty may exceed it far ; which I would keep  
To make you wealthy, not your enemies.

ORA. I value freedom, sir, above all wealth.

KING. Do so ! But let your sister purchase it.  
Such kindness to a brother, may advance  
Her nature much to popular esteem ;  
Which I endeavour, for I love her well.

ORA. 'Twere better she had lov'd her self.

KING. Hah ! Give me your meaning !

ORA. It is not worth your taking, and I think  
My sister's treasure of less value than  
My thoughts. 'Las ! How should she get  
riches, sir ?

KING. Dost doubt I am not lib'ral where I love ?

ORA. It were a lasting happiness for her,  
If my suspicions did no more concern  
Your love, than liberality.

KING. Away, thou jealous fool !

ORA. My honor is engag'd for payment of  
Two hundred thousand crowns, or to resign  
My self to everlasting bonds. Shall I  
Return ?

KING. Thy honour Oramont is forfeited  
Already in thy jealousy. If thou  
Hast any valour left, return and die ! *[Exit.]*

ORA. What strange divinity is that which  
guards  
These Kings—the lawful terrors of mankind—  
Keeps them as safe from punishment, when they  
Oppress the tame and good, as it secures  
Them from the treachery of the fierce and bad.  
Be safe, then, cruel monarch ! since still hid  
Within thy dark prerogative, which is  
Divine indeed : For 'tis most fear'd, because  
It least is understood. I will submit  
Unto my bonds, and keep my honour free.

*Enter AMADORE disguis'd, with a warrant seal'd.*

AMAD. Health and renown to Oramont !

ORA. You greet me with a lib'ral wish ! your  
haste

Would be consider'd too, next to your love.

AMAD. In thy pursuit I have been swift  
As falling torrents, or th' Arabian from  
A battle lost ; the Tuscan gen'ral's son,  
Young Amadore, salutes thee from his heart !  
And thus presents thy freedom sign'd .

*[Gives a paper seal'd.]*

By's father's hand ; thy ransom is forgiven.

ORA. Though Amadore be noble, and bestow'd  
His courteous visits on me, when my wounds  
Were large, and I was hopeless of their cure ;  
Yet this is such a wondrous bounty, as  
Requires as much of faith to make it be

Believ'd, as gratitude to see it paid.

AMAD. Take thy assurance, and thy friend together. [*Pulls off his disguise and embraces him.*]

ORA. The Roman race of men sure is not yet  
Extinct in Italy. I hold within  
Mine arms, the heir, and never fading branch  
O'th noblest stock. Make me as worthy, Heaven!  
As I am glad for what I have receiv'd.

AMAD. Couldst thou believe I would permit  
soft sleep

To hover o'er my father's eyes, till he  
Had seal'd thy liberty? Alas! Why should  
The valiant to the valiant be unkind,  
Pursuing anger more than cruel beasts:  
For in their hungry quarrels they inflict  
No bondage, where th'are weary to devour.

ORA. I have more happiness than I can well  
Contain, unless I waste it in a boast;  
For now I shall not need to be oblig'd  
Unto my sister, or the King.

AMAD. In mighty minds, the pleasure's more  
sublime

To give than to possess, freely like clouds  
That uninvited still their treasure shed  
In plenteous flowers. [*Oramont draws his sword.*]

ORA. Join now thy noble hand  
To mine, and let us vow a friendship here,  
More lasting than ourselves; for that may live  
With our immortal parts. Danger, henceforth,  
Be it in virtuous glory or in just  
Revenge, we equally will share.

AMAD. It is confirm'd! [*They kiss the hilts.*]  
I shall not need to serve you in disguise;  
For this commission will authorize me  
Here to reside in treaty from the army  
And the Tuscan State.

ORA. 'Twas luckily contriv'd.



Fair Favorite ; my sister in thy name,  
 Not blood, take heed ! although  
 Intrench'd i'th' arms of the lascivious King,  
 The windy tempest doth begin to swell ;  
 The taper of thy life, now I have join'd  
 The fury of another's breath to mine,  
 Must be blown out, unless it clearer shine. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* QUEEN, THORELLO, SALADINE.

QUEEN. Saw you the King so harsh to Oramont ?

THOR. If 'twere no error in my loyalty  
 To censure him, I should profess he was  
 More rigid than became his nature in  
 The first encounter of a servant, so  
 Approv'd by general consent.

QUEEN. Indeed, though's last success i'th' Tuscan  
 war

Shews him unfortunate, yet he hath gain'd  
 Fame from his enemies, and hath more fame  
 Than usually belongs unto his years.

SALAD. Most certain, Madam, 'tis an envied  
 truth

That's fame wears many wings upon her feet,  
 For she hath much out-gone his time.

QUEEN. Did he refuse to ransom him, as if  
 He ground'd his denial on the last  
 Defeat ?

THOR. We stood not in the reach of their  
 Discourse, but that it was denied we both  
 Are well assur'd, and have some cause to fear  
 That Oramont looks on his sister with  
 Suspicious eyes.

QUEEN. Such doubts are dangerous !  
 Try if you singly can get him hither,  
 I gladly would confer with him alone.

THOR. Let's hasten to the terrace walk.

[*Exeunt Thorello, Saladine.*

QUEEN. How greedily at Court knowledge doth  
still

On others' secrets feed, though 'tis too false,  
Too nice a nourishment, and shews her appetite  
Not sound ; for she is weary strait of what  
She hastily devour'd. Alas! What need  
My knowledge taste another's private grief,  
When secret sorrow is her daily food?  
But here each man his forward duty pays  
In needless whispers to his Prince, and thinks  
He merits by revealing what he should  
Conceal.

*Enter ORAMONT.*

ORA. O cruel King! How couldst thou wrong  
Such virtue and such beauty too? Were it  
My crime, angels and men might laugh when they  
Should hear my groans in hell, yet not be tax'd  
For want of fit compassion.

QUEEN. He brings his sister's eyes! Their in-  
fluence,  
I hope, will not so fatal prove to me.

ORA. I am commanded to attend your Grace.

QUEEN. Sir, though mine own calamities stand  
in  
Continual use of pity and redress,  
Yet I neglect them now to comfort you.

ORA. Madam, such holy kindness can but add  
To my undoing ; for you then will lay  
Too great a debt upon the conscience of  
The poor.

QUEEN. The King, sad Oramont, is much  
To blame ; but we, like good physicians, must  
Forbear to make our medicines violent,  
And not apply them whilst his fever holds  
The raging fit.

ORA. You wisely may suspect

My patience ; but shall ne'er have cause to doubt  
My loyalty.

QUEEN. You must take care of both ;  
And that you may perceive how gladly I  
Would have you prosperous, I will dispatch  
Urselli strait to Venice, and discharge  
Your ransom from that bank my father left  
Protected by the Senate for my use.

ORA. Can there be still such goodness in the sex,  
And yet Eumena false ? Thus on my knee  
I pay my wonder and my gratitude !  
'Tis for a bounty that can ne'er be equal'd, till  
Your self shall find another in distress.

QUEEN. Rise, sir, and fetch Urselli hither !

ORA. No, beauteous Excellence, this yet restores  
Me to some kind opinion of my stars ;  
I shall not need to use your Princely gift,  
Till I grow worthier to receiv't. This day  
My ransom was releas'd, and sent me from  
The Tuscan general.

QUEEN. Thy joys are newly budding, Oramont,  
But time will quickly make them ripe. Tell me,  
And by thy love to truth, canst thou receive  
Such blessings from a cruel enemy,  
And to thy sister be unkind ?

ORA. Madam, it seems you know too much. It  
would more help  
The quiet of your sleeps if you dismiss'd  
Your thoughts, and could be ignorant  
In others' ills, as heaven is of your own.  
'Tis such a wish, if not too vainly made,  
As I would covet for my self.

QUEEN. The King, and then your sister,  
Oramont ;  
Two bonds upon your duty and your love,  
Which you must never forfeit, sir ; nor can  
They e'er be cancel'd, but by nature, when you die.

ORA. Good night unto your Grace ! may it be  
 long  
 Ere th' angels call you hence ; were such a great  
 Example of fair virtue gone, what would  
 Become of your remaining sex ?

QUEEN. 'Las ! I perceive no words, although  
 contriv'd  
 In charms, can soon allay the mutiny  
 Of thoughts. I'll cease to trouble you in vain,  
 Yet be assur'd that I believe those doubts  
 Upon your sister urg'd, as much  
 Injurious unto her, as they will prove  
 Unsafe to you. Good night, unhappy Oramont !

[Exit.

ORA. How have they fool'd this righteous Lady  
 to  
 A simple, self-abusing faith. That she  
 Forgives, with credulous consent, the arts  
 And falsehood of her rival's love, no less  
 Inspires my rage than doth her beauty or  
 Her bounteous heart. Though my revenge were  
 dull,  
 And such as noble justice could not move,  
 'Twould now take fiery motion from my love. [Exit.

*Enter EUMENA, under a canopy. BOY that sings :*  
*A taper and book, cabinet, cushionet.*

EUME. Sing me that air, Renaldo, sent to  
 Grittiline !  
 It is a song of jealousy.

*The Song, which ended*

*Enter GARTHA with a letter.*

Gartha, in errands you are ever slow !  
 Were but your feet as nimble as your tongue,  
 My business would have quick dispatch.

GARTHA. Madam, we have been laughing and shrieking

In the lobby.

EUME. Shrieking! At what?

GAR. At cavaliers

That start upon us in the dark, like tumblers in

A warren\* at their game. Your ladyship

Will spoil your self with melancholy songs

And books: you'll grow as grave as an old abbess!

EUME. Y'are very pleasant. What letter's that?

GAR. The Queen has sent it to your ladyship.

EUME. A letter from the Queen! It is her character!

[*Reads.*

Your brother Oramont is free, his enemies

Releas'd him. If then

His foes find him so worthy of their care,

Why should you want the pow'r to raise him

With the King? He hath a great

And daring heart. I wish, Eumena,

It were as little vex'd, and troubled at

Your loves, as mine hath been. Go, gentle youth!

[*Exit Boy.*

GAR. Why, madam, do you weep?

EUME. I prithee, Gartha, leave me too! I shall  
Have company enough, though left but with my  
thoughts.

[*Exit Gartha.*

In all those tragic tales of which love's history

Is full, no virgin can be found whose fate

May equal mine; I am beloved where I

Not dare to love, and yet not dare to hate,

Forc'd to do wrong, yet I not guilty of

The doing of it; and 'gainst a Queen,

Whose goodness works in such extremes, as it

Betrays her own felicity, that it

\* Tumbler. A species of dog formerly employed to capture rabbits. Its wont was to roll and tumble itself about in a careless manner till within easy reach of its prey, which it then sprang upon.

May add a safe continuance to mine.

*Enter KING.*

KING. Light of my soul! my heart's refined part,  
Of which, my better thoughts are form'd, why  
dost

Thou weep? why like distilling roses waste,  
Dissolving thus thy sweetness to a dew?  
Eumena, speak!

EUME. Give me your leave  
To be offended, Sir. Can you that cause  
My sorrows wonder at my tears? Why will  
You force your visits on me in the night's  
Suspicious hours? making your Kingly pow'r  
Shew tyrannous, where you would seem most kind,  
Discolouring the beauty of my fame  
Till she turn black, and all the strictly chaste  
Gaze on her now with pity, and with fear?

KING. Who is't hath frighted thus thy innocence,  
And makes thee entertain my virtuous love  
Thus tim'rously?

EUME. 'Tis equal, sure,  
To have no honour, and to have the world  
Believe that it is lost. Honour's a rich,  
A glorious upper vestment, which we wear  
To please the lookers on, as well as to  
Delight our selves.

KING. Honour's a word, the issue of the voice.

EUME. The voice, Sir, was ordain'd to satisfy  
And fill the ears of others, not our own.

KING. Where is the courage of thy virtue fled,  
When, valiant with thine own integrity,  
Thou didst resolve to slight opinion as  
The vulgar doom? Oft hast thou said, honour  
Doth dwell within, and cannot live abroad;  
For, like extracted spirits in  
A viol shut, it keeps its vigour whilst

'Tis close retain'd, but, when dispers'd and mix'd  
With open air, the virtue so evaporates,  
That all its value is for ever lost.

EUME. O that the world cou'd be instructed thus !  
But the severe mistake on women's honours,  
Must last like other heresies, and be  
Too strong for truth or reason's force, because  
'Tis popular and old.

KING. We all delight  
In fair well-looking Fame, but, should we dress  
Her face in every various glass which fond  
Opinion makes, the world would quarrel strait  
For sev'ral judgements of her shape, and she  
As seldom gain the public vote as ours.

EUME. I feel a mutiny within my breast,  
But why should others' thoughts disorder mine ?

KING. Neglect those cruel men that injure thee  
With doubts, and take a piteous care of me.  
Sustain that love, whose diet is thy looks ;  
If banish'd from thy sight 'twould starve for  
Want of nourishment. Love is a mighty Prince,  
And keeps his revels when the sun is hid.  
Shouldst thou, in sullen fear of jealous fools,  
Forbid great Love these visits in the night,  
It might be said thou but penuriously  
Dost feed that monarch, whom thou ought'st to  
feast.

EUME. No more ! I will resign my sorrow, Sir,  
To those that are possest with guilt enough  
Still to maintain, and make it last ;  
And were it not an injury to her,  
That claims, by sacred rites, a title to  
Your heart, I could not easily refrain  
From wishing I might meet your love with equal  
flame.

KING. Let me forget I am confin'd ; at least,  
Not hear it from thy tongue. 'Twere cruel when

Thou seest a captive in his sleep to shake  
 His chains ; he would be more tormented with  
 That noise, than with their weight. O, do not say  
 Thou canst not love ! I rather will beguile  
 My hopes, fondly believing what I dare  
 Not doubt.

EUME. I shall forget the rigour of my fate,  
 Rememb'ring yours ; and send my pity forth  
 To call those sorrows back, which I too hastily  
 Dismiss'd.

KING. So thou wilt kill whom thou dost strive  
 To cure ? to bed my beauteous Favorite,  
 And, when thou wak'st, the watchful morn— taught  
     by  
 The lustre of thine eyes—will learn first to  
 Begin, then perfect day ; she through the night's  
 Dark clouds must break, thou through the mists of  
     suitors' breath,  
 Who wait in throngs, upon thy regal pow'r,  
 For their redress.

EUME. Let me resign your favour, Sir,  
 Though to be mighty is a just desire in all  
 That covet to do good ; yet you may place  
 That painful office on those that can  
 With safer eyes out-look the staring world.

KING. Eumena, no ! Could every one, that care-  
     less sits  
 On his high throne, depute his pow'r  
 Where it might mingle with such innocence,  
 Monarchal sway would be beloved : for 'tis  
 Our worst mistake, to think the arts of government  
 So hard ; since a perfection in the skill  
 To rule is less requir'd than perfect will.

EUME. The envious waste the night observing us.  
 Let us depart though only to become  
 So good, as not to hinder, Sir,  
 Our very enemies from rest.



KING. To bed, to bed !  
And whilst in gentle dreams—the sweets of  
sleep—  
Thy heart doth revel, mine the watch shall keep.  
[*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter* ORAMONT, AMADORE.

AMADORE. Without the use of my commission,  
sir,  
The courteous Radegond procur'd me, from  
The King, a licence for my stay,  
Which I believe may last, as long as you  
Shall think my service fit for your command.

ORA. In this disease of grief, that poisons all  
My blood, and strives to taint my heart, no help  
From Heaven could keep me living, Amadore,  
But the most precious cordial of thy love.

AMA. I wish, sir, you would stop the current of  
Your doubts, unless you were provok'd by  
More receiv'd authority than men's reports :  
Two of the lesser whisperers, that rule  
But at a distance 'bout the King,  
To make a friendship with you, have this morn  
Reveal'd all others' secrets to you, and their own.

ORA. They've overcharg'd mine ear ; were I to  
meet  
Them now, I would be deaf.

AMA. Could they discover aught that will detect  
Your sister by such reasons, as her friends  
Must needs allow, as well as enemies ?

ORA. Last night the King i' th' dark, and un-  
attended too,

Stole to her chamber, where he stay'd until  
 The morn did seem most bashfully to blush  
 In's face, but then return'd to his own bed,  
 As secretly, and single as before.

AMA. Unless your judgment be severe and nice,  
 What can it urge from this ?

ORA. Enough to cause thee hate her too, when  
 thou

Shalt read those comments which observers make :  
 His secret visits, and his favors to her  
 Have perfected so much the sufferings of  
 The Queen, as now, that patience, which  
 Before was but necessitously kind, is grown  
 Most willingly devout.

AMA. 'Tis strange to me !

ORA. Sir, though affliction at the first doth  
 vex

Most virtuous natures, from the sense that 'tis  
 Unjustly laid : yet when th' amazement which  
 That new pain brings is worn away, they then  
 Embrace oppression strait, with such  
 Obedient cheerfulness, as if it came  
 From Heaven, not men.

AMA. The Queen is then resolv'd ?

ORA. Most strictly, sir ! just now she did implore  
 My aid to that effect. *[A shout within.]*

AMA. What noise is that ?

ORA. My glorious sister comes abroad to-day ;  
 I'th' fresh and early breathing of the morn,  
 She airs her sinful beauty in these walks.  
 It seems a crowd of slaves, whom, in her pride,  
 And bounteous ostentation, she redeem'd  
 From Turkish chains, salute her in  
 Her passage hither. Let's hasten from her sight !  
*[Exeunt.]*

*Enter EUMENA, GARTHA, LADIES, PHYLENIO, RADEGOND, SALADINE, THORELLO, ALERAN, OLD COURTIER, CAPTAIN, and SUITORS with petitions.*

EUME. Yond' slaves! are they of Corsica, or those  
Of Maltha, which I bought from the gallies of  
Algiers?

RADEG. Of Maltha, madam, whom you last re-  
deem'd.

EUME. Go back! and let the Provost know,  
they must  
Be cloath'd, and bid my auditor give  
Them a thousand crowns; but, pray,  
Prevent their loud return of thanks.

*[Exit an old Courtier.]*

RADEG. Madam, I beg your goodness would  
procure  
The Genovese may be dismiss'd without  
A tax upon his goods; you will oblige  
A noble family.

EUME. It shall be done!

PHYL. The Treasurer o'th' Customs doth present  
His humble suit unto your gracious care, and hopes  
The pattent for the place may be renew'd.

EUME. My lord, he hath too hastily enlarg'd  
His lands. He toils, and reckons for the King,  
But gathers for himself. I dare not mov't.

SAL. The Abbot of Cajeta, Madam, sends  
His brother here, to be protected by  
Your favour, in his first request.

*[He presents a Suitor to her.]*

EUME. I know your business, sir,  
The Chancellor of Cuma's dead; and, for  
Regard unto your brother's piety,  
I'll strive you may succeed in that command.

*[Other Suitors present petitions.]*

You, sir, have got the common hope to help  
An evil cause with importunity.

Pray, trouble me no more !

THOR. This, Madam, is a captain of Puteoli,  
A modest and a valiant man ; he sues  
For his arrears since the last war.

EUME. I shall deserve his trust ; and see it paid.  
[*Exeunt all but Saladine, Thorello, Aleran.*]

THOR. Here, gallants, you must make a stop !  
for still

The privy lodging doors are shut to wit,  
Greatness doth love't at distance, but not near ;  
'Tis held too sharp a spy.

SAL. How lovingly  
Yon brace of lords hug, and consent before  
The public face as they were twins, and now,  
Grown old, would both pursue but equal hopes ;  
Yet th' are of diff'rent factions, Aleran.

THOR. Right, sir ! and hate each other with  
As true devout a heart, as over-zealous fools  
That differ in their faiths.

ALER. 'Twere good the King would reconcile  
These civil factions in his Court.

SAL. You must excuse him, sir, the King's too  
wise :

He'd so deprive his ears of those complaints,  
Which, utter'd sev'rally in dull revenge,  
Furnish his knowledge with their secret faults.

THOR. How, Aleran ! Talk of atoning factions  
here ?

I tell thee, 'tis not profitable for  
The King, that they should reconcile themselves ;  
For, in good troth, they seldom do't but at  
His charge, since they begin that friendship still  
With mutual courtesies of begging suits,  
One for the other, till both sides grow rich  
In their new truce, by kindly cozening him.

*Enter OLD COURTIER.*

SAL. Look there ! the rev'rend waiters are  
return'd ;  
The living furniture o'th' Court, though spent with  
age ;  
Yet such his Highness' grandsire never bought,  
But they paid dearly for their places, sir,  
And so bought him.

THOR. Good faithful squires !  
Their everlasting business is, slowly  
To move behind, when the King walks ; and  
When he dines, to stand in a selected crowd, as  
They would stare him out of count'nance.

SAL. And yet they take it ill they are not rich.

THOR. With reason, sir ; for they have waited  
hard.

That is, worn out his Grace's hangings with  
Their backs, and, with their feet, his mats. I  
would

Have men of brain and courage fill a Court.

ALER. Come, let's in now ! and hear them rail  
at us. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter EUMENA and GARTHA.*

EUME. Who is't that's so importunate ?

GAR. Your brother, madam, and he brings  
A lady with him, vested like a nun.

EUME. Give them admittance, and retire a while !  
*[Exit Gartha.]*

The choice he makes of his society  
Is very sad and strange. The Queen disguis'd !

*Enter ORAMONT, and QUEEN in a nun's habit.*

ORA. The blessings of the day, great sister, are  
So much at your command 'twere idle ceremony  
To salute you with a courtly wish.

EUME. Brother, you look  
Upon my fortunes with a scornful and  
A troubled eye, but from your soft temper,  
Most illustrious madam, I expect  
Much more than I deserve, a courteous joy  
For all I dare possess ; since what I am  
Your patience only can allow, and what  
I have I prostrate at your feet. [*Kneels.*]

QUEEN. Eumena, you deject your self too much !  
it is my turn

To kneel, that am a suitor to you. [*She lifts her up.*]

EUME. Forbid, just Heaven, such misbecoming  
sights !

And give me your forgiveness too, if I  
Demand the cause of this attire, that hides  
More sanctity within than it presents without.

QUEEN. I dare not trust my griefs to my own  
tongue ;

For so, my patience would be injur'd much,  
By narrowly expressing what I bear.  
Your noble brother justly may assume  
My office of complaint, since he hath ta'en  
Most charitable pains in my redress.

ORA. Eumena ! happy wert thou in thy ignorance,  
Could not thy guilt soon prompt thee how to know  
What I am weary to express. The most renown'd  
Of all her sex, stands here divided from  
Her royal lord ; that sacred knot untied,  
By which the righteous have been taught to  
Think she grew unto his heart. Another sad  
Example that might match the fate of this,  
Would damn the world, for we should willingly  
Believe religion were no more than form.

EUME. You powers that are so loth to be discern'd  
Appear a while to sense, and let them know,  
If it be just, that I should be accus'd  
For what your selves ordain.

ORA. Live still triumphant in the Court,  
Flatter thy beauty with presuming hope  
It ne'er shall fade ; think nature only weak,  
And subject to decay, in trees, and flowers,  
As if thy spring could last without her help ;  
Whil'st this great type of virtuous love, —  
That vainly is, what others ne'er can imitate—  
Retires into a shade, cloister'd i' th' dark  
With holy nuns, hiding her eyes from all  
Those shining glories, which th' ambitious seek  
Till they are blind.

EUME. O ! let me wear that solemn weed,  
And, madam, stay you here to mend what is  
Amiss. Why should you live in a monastic cell ?  
The virtuous need no pattern, since they are  
Already what the chief should be. Let me  
Make trial of that dress.

ORA. Would you invest your self, i' th' ornaments  
Of pious maids ? 'Las ! vain sister ; that were  
To cozen heaven, as you have cozen'd her.

EUME. Madam, I'll turn me from that cruel man,  
And sigh away my soul, if what he says  
Hath any leave from your consent.

QUEEN. Your love to me is so injurious, Oramont,  
I dare not trust it, till you know  
The error of your thoughts ; forgive him, fair  
Eumena, and so often too, as you  
At last may purchase heaven by pard'ning him.

ORA. What angel but her self could ever  
Have such mercy, and such wrongs at once ?

QUEEN. Rest sure, this solitary shape is not  
In envious anger worn, because  
The King continues constant to your love ;  
Your meritorious beauty had the fate  
To be his first kind choice ; he does you right,  
And me no injury, to let that love  
Continue growing where it first took root.

Yet I could wish I ne'er had seen his face,  
 Or my affection could pursue it less,  
 Since both my passion and the object were  
 Ordain'd to meet too late.

EUME. Let me reclaim your purpose with my  
 tears !

Leave not the Court ! What resolution can  
 The King assume, but such a strength of virtue  
 May in time subdue ?

QUEEN. It were unlawful hope, since then  
 He needs must heap discourtesies on you.

ORA. Wonder of women, and my soul's delight !

QUEEN. Enjoy, Eumena, what thou dost possess,  
 The King ! the King ! A blessing so supreme,  
 That I have oft rebuk'd th' ambition of  
 Desire, when I did dream that he was mine.

EUME. O misery of sense ! we are enforc'd to  
 hear  
 And feel, without the licence of our will.

QUEEN. This I request, when happier hours  
 shall give  
 Your beauty more especial grace, you would  
 Entreat him I may keep my holy calling still,  
 And from my dower he would allow  
 So much of's useless treasure, as may build  
 A little convent, where the virgin sisterhood  
 And I may with our prayers expiate  
 The sin against our marriage vow, which he  
 Unwillingly commits.

*[Oramont takes Eumena aside.]*

ORA. If those be penitential tears, weep on !  
 Thou shalt behold poor Oramont no more ;  
 For our dear mother's sake, that prais'd thee with  
 Her dying tongue, and bless'd us with her last  
 Cold breath, I will not do thee so much wrong  
 To wish those sorrows short, or thy life long.

*[Exeunt Oramont and Queen.]*



EUME. Must my entire and lasting innocence  
Be still rewarded with a curse, and from  
A noble brother too, whose jealousy  
Can ne'er be cur'd, but by my vow'd  
Perpetual absence from the Court, which is  
A remedy that will destroy the King.

*Enter AMADORE.*

AMAD. This is her chamber, sure ! I watch'd  
with heed  
If the Queen and Oramont in their return  
Took not their straight immediate way from  
hence.

I'll make the door secure to hinder all access——

EUME. What are you, sir, that rudely press to so  
Reserv'd a place ?

AMAD. With wise intent did Oramont detain  
Me still from seeing her. She looks as she  
Were made to conquer or betray.

EUME. Why do you gaze with such amazement,  
sir ?  
Come you t'admire, or scornfully to kill  
What you behold ?

AMAD. T'instruct you who I am,  
Know, I am proud to call my self the friend  
To Oramont.

EUME. Was't he that sent you hither ?

AMAD. No, lady ! by my own contrivance,  
I come resolv'd, through all the dangers death  
Can minister, to find you here ; friendship  
Hath given my resolution strength to meet  
Even that which overcame the valiant King,  
Your beauty's force.

EUME. Discover quickly your intents !  
Ere fear distracts my understanding so,  
That I shall suffer, and not know the cause.

AMAD. Your brother thinks your youth defil'd,  
which breeds  
Such a distemper in his breast, that now  
His stronger senses yield to ev'ry doubt.  
This melancholy sickness I would cure,  
And can invent no means, so fully fraught  
With hope, as to convey you from the Court  
In this disguise——

EUME. Stay ! Whither would you lead me, sir ?  
I dare

Not trust my self to furious men :  
To me you are a stranger, and may feign  
The story of that cause which tempts you so  
Uncivilly to gain my brother's love. Take heed !  
If you abuse the royal privilege  
That guards this place, an army call'd  
To your defence cannot secure your life.

AMAD. Danger's a vain, unbody'd blast ; let it  
Prevail with infants often frightened in  
Their sleep ; with judges grown effeminate  
In their warm furs ; who think most fearfully  
Of death, because 'tis terrible to those  
Whom they condemn ; with priests, who at  
Their frequent visits find the sickly in  
Despair, that hourly see the guilty die,  
And, by uncertain faith, derive at last  
Their fears unto themselves. To such  
As these preach danger, but to me it is  
The music of the drum, ordain'd to fright  
Cowards, but gives the valiant appetite.

EUME. Is there no help, but what with unprepar'd  
Devotion, rudely I must call from Heaven ?

AMAD. Delay me not in hope of a surprize,  
But strait put on this borrow'd shape, and then  
With silence follow me, or on thy heart  
My sword shall spoil the figure of the King.

*[Draws his sword.]*

EUME. Did I believe that dying is the worst  
You would enforce, I should invite it now.  
Kill her—that is most willingly prepar'd.

AMAD. Have you the vanity to be believ'd  
So innocent, as that you fear not death?

EUME. Sir, if you think I borrow virtue for  
A safe disguise, here I present my breast.

AMAD. Assemble all your thoughts together, and  
Consult within; are there no terrors near  
The grave? No angry spirits, whose  
Employment is to hurry, and transmit the soul  
From flame to flame, from wind to wind—poor  
Vex'd and weary stranger—till groaning  
With the burden of its long remembered sins,  
Shall wish that its too soon forsaken flesh  
Were on again?

EUME. I cannot think of any willing crime,  
I e'er committed, that may make me fear  
I shall be troubled after death.

AMAD. Yet study more; perhaps I have  
Defac'd your memory with the disorder that  
My threats have made.

EUME. 'Tis you are guilty, sir, and may suspect  
The confidence you brought, not what you  
Find in me; besides my innocence, I have  
So many griefs, as may declare I am  
Willing enough to die. Begin that work  
You thought you could so quickly finish with your  
sword.

AMAD. Thou but pretendst this virtuous bold-  
ness to  
Beguile my wrath. Receive the just reward  
That such hypocrisy provokes!

EUME. What interrupts you now, why are you  
slow  
To execute what you did promise with such eager  
haste?

AMAD. Then she is clear ! and I am lost, betray'd !  
 And by the easiness of friendship wrought  
 Basely to place suspicions on a saint.  
 Upon my knee, I beg you, by  
 Your hasty pardon, would prevent that curse,  
 That black dishonour, which your brother's  
 Jealousy might lay upon your sex.

[*Knocking at the door.*

EUME. Hide, hide your self, if you desire to live !  
 Perchance it is the King.

AMAD. He comes most timely, then ; for had I  
 power  
 I would command him here.  
 If life will satisfy th' arrears of guilt,  
 Take it, who e'er thou art, for I will let  
 Thee in !

[*Opens the door.*

*Enter KING.*

KING. This, mistress, is a pretty needless safety,  
 D'you guard your door with bolts ? Hah !  
 Amadore !

That gave to Oramont his ransom, with  
 Such brave munificence.

EUME. Was he the author of my brother's liberty ?  
 Then I shall more lament his loss.

KING. How, sir ! Your sword naked, as 'twere  
 drawn  
 For violent designs ! If treacherously  
 It aims at me, thou shalt have cause to praise  
 My valour more, than thou dost fear the King.  
 I will not call for help, but thus unarm'd  
 I dare resist a traitor's force.

AMAD. Had I not wrong'd that lady, sir, with  
 most  
 Unworthy doubts, then free from guilt I  
 Should have boldness to encounter all assaults,

Though num'rously address'd ; but as I am  
Th'abuser of her fame, I weakly yield  
My weapon to your hand. Revenge her cause,  
Whom you so nobly love !

*[Kneels, and gives his sword.]*

EUME. How strangely he becomes this penitence !  
O sir, believe him not ! distraction makes  
Him own a crime which he did ne'er commit.

KING. Eumena, he is safe ! thou shouldst not  
think

I'll vanquish him that overcomes himself ;  
Yet it is just I give him to the trial  
Of the laws ; for ev'ry circumstance denotes  
There is some great rash injury, which, sure,  
Thy goodness labours to conceal.

AMAD. If your strict laws could punish me with  
death,

For saucily infringing thus the peace  
And secret quiet of your Court, I then  
Would cheerfully commend the doom.

EUME. For my sake, pity, sir, his madness  
'gainst

Himself ! Shall he that made my brother free  
Be fetter'd and confin'd in bonds ?

AMAD. My vile subjection grows more hideous  
to my sense. *[King takes Eumena aside.]*

KING. Those little forms that bring authority  
Regardful awe, and keep it great, should still  
Be sullen and severe. 'Tis not with Kings,  
Eumena, as with lesser men, that may  
In gentle courtesy forgive ; for if  
The Lord of Laws should compliment  
With crimes, the law it self that makes him safe  
Would be but ceremony thought, and get  
No more regard than as 'tis eloquently writ  
Or spoke. Believ't, 'tis fit he suffer for  
Example only, to deter the bad.

EUME. Have you not said, I ne'er should be denied?

KING. Y'are wondrous fond of men that do you wrong :

Is this deriv'd from pity, or from love?

EUME. There is no pity, sir, if it be meant  
For benefit and use, but hath  
Some little relish in't of love.

KING. Thou never wert too kind till now.

There, sir,

Take back your weapon and be gone ! but no  
Return of words. Reserve your thanks,  
'Cause it belongs to her ; and you may guess,  
Without offence, that I am loth to hear  
She doth oblige another more than me.

AMAD. This favour I would ne'er receive,  
Were not I secretly resolv'd to merit it.

*[Exit Amadore.]*

KING. Eumena, you are merciful to all  
Beneath your self. O ! that I were no King,  
If thy affection only can descend.

EUME. Why should old weary Time run on, and  
make

The world continue that deserves to cease,  
Since ev'ry virtue now grows dangerous ?  
Can you be jealous of my mercy, sir ?

KING. Farewell, neglectful maid ! how long have I  
Endur'd those narrow payments of thy love,  
For mine, bestow'd with such excess, and in  
A dull surmise thou couldst not love at all ?  
But I, alas ! was ignorant of thee,  
As men have ever been of things  
Most excellent, making such judgement on  
Thy beauty, as astronomers on stars ;  
Who, when their better use they could not know,  
Believ'd that they were only made for show.

*[Exeunt severally.]*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter ORAMONT, AMADORE, severally.*

AMADORE. Amongst the numberless affairs of life,  
Not one can I remember that so much  
Concerns my happiness, as now to find  
Thee Oramont.

ORA. Inspir'd, thou dost foretell a joy  
From the resentment of thy soul : For sure  
I am the first can give it to thy sense.  
The Queen, with soft appliances of love,  
Is sent for by her Royal lord. Men hope  
He will invite her to his bed.

AMAD. This is a joy indeed ! The noble are  
Inclin'd to gladness when the virtuous taste  
The just reward of their deserts.

ORA. Methinks thou dost but temperately  
Receive what thou shouldst hastily devour.  
Know, by his kind command, sh'ath laid aside  
The holy robes ; and now appears as she  
Already did possess what only expectation  
Yet can boast to have.

AMAD. Thou hast declar'd enough to make me  
think  
The destinies have careful been of her,  
Though not of thee, unlucky friend. Thy jealousies  
Betray'd me to such false ignoble doubts,  
As must undo us both ; for the abuse  
Of ladies' honours never can be satisfied  
With penitence, but blood.

ORA. What means my friend ?

AMAD. To chastise thee for those unmanly and  
Too curious fears, that so have sullied the  
Most fair complexion of thy sister's fame.

ORA. Thou hast but nam'd her, Amadore,  
And I already feel a deadly weight upon

My heart, not 'cause I think my forward faith  
Hath wrong'd her virtue with mistakes, but  
That I find, it is with reason's help, too well  
Assur'd of her defects.

AMAD. Thy reason is but circumstantial,  
False as a coward's fear, which multiplies  
Each danger, that he would not meet until  
It grows into impossibilities. Thy sister I  
Have seen, and know her to be pure, as first  
Created light, new spreading buds, and flowers  
Ne'er handled in their growth, are not  
More innocently sweet. How fierce will then  
My anger prove, when 'tis not only exercis'd  
In a revenge for that foul heresy,  
With which thou didst infect my soul, but  
'Cause it took all quiet peace from hers.

ORA. With what prophetic care I fain would  
have  
Preserv'd thee from her eyes. Now thou hast  
Seen her, all the power of human art cannot  
Redeem thee from her charms. She hath  
Bewitch'd thee to a doating love, and told thee  
Tales as void of truth, as those which Syrens sing,  
When list'ning seamen perish in the flood  
For what they foolishly believ'd.

AMAD. Can I hear this ?  
Shall I maintain fond patience at such great  
Expense of my vex'd spirits, carelessly  
T'encourage other men to slander her,  
Whose piety did redeem me from just bonds ?  
Advance thy sword. [Draws.

ORA. Stay, Amadore ! I knew not that she  
Gave thee liberty, but that thou gavest me  
Mine my memory doth now confess with so  
Much gratitude I cannot be provoked  
T'attempt thy life.

AMAD. Heavens ! Why did you make me kind



If to do good draws on the consequence  
 Of doing ill ? because I did procure  
 Thy liberty, am I oblig'd to take  
 A ceremonious gratitude for thy  
 Offence ; forgiving all thy sister's wrongs,  
 And those low jealousies did force from me ?  
 Prepare !

ORA. The furious winds are not  
 More senseless in a storm. What reputation will  
 Thy anger have, when it proceeds without  
 Dispute, not staying for the usual credit of  
 A cause ? I shall believe th'ast none, unless  
 Discourse and reason give 't authority.

AMAD. To tell thee what I saw, or what  
 Eumena said, were strait to lose the brave  
 Just cause of my revenge ; for then  
 I know thou wouldst repent.

ORA. I will not fight !

AMAD. O fates ! What poor unworthy enemies  
 Do you provide for me ? coward ! thy former  
 Sins shall unregarded pass, compar'd to this ;  
 For now thou wilt commit strange sacrilege,  
 Steal from th' hearse of thy great ancestor  
 All his victorious wreaths, and blast 'em with  
 The venom of a word. [*Oramont draws.*]

ORA. The seals of friendship are broken now——

Let's not

Destroy our selves, like vain fantastic fools,  
 Thus in the public view, but follow till I lead  
 Thee near a grove ; and, though too late, thou shalt  
 Be taught how soon thy anger's flame will die,  
 Fed by the false fire of Eumena's eye. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter ALERAN, SALADINE, THORELLO.*

ALER. This is the Queen's privy chamber, sure !  
 I wonder 'tis so empty, when so great  
 Disorders are at hand ; each faction met

In several crowds.

THOR. 'Tis strange ! As, after ev'ry raging storm,  
 Merchants and mariners flock to th' Exchange,  
 To hear what mischief's done at sea ; so now,  
 Methinks, the politic, and those that would  
 Be thought such—men old in offices, and those  
 Whose infant hopes are newly crying out,  
 'Cause their reversions have not pass'd the seals ;  
 Nay, and lovers of either sex, should all meet  
 Here, to scatter and to gather news.

*Enter OLD COURTIERs, picking their teeth, and  
 striking off crumbs from their skirts.*

SAL. Behold the formal Antiquaries !  
 It seems the waiters' table's first broke loose.

ALER. Now, are they talking of religion ?

SAL. No, we should hear 'em then ; because,  
 Men at a loss are ever loud.

THOR. Th' are talking of our sudden change i'th'  
 Court,  
 Which he in the dapple grey beard observes  
 T'important use ; for, I dare warrant ye,  
 He swears if this inversion hold, he will  
 Recover by th' assistance of an old  
 Record, at least——another rabbit to  
 Their second course.

SAL. Pox ! he can never do't.  
 That record has been sufficiently studied.

ALER. Y'are in the right ! Besides, by a decree  
 Of the same date, they have lost the dried sweet  
 meats

Due from his Highness' table, and 'tis thought  
 Can ne'er reprieve 'em by law.

*Enter GARTHA and one LADY, who curtsey to  
 THORELLO, very low ; then bow to the others, they  
 to them.*

THOR. That's Gartha, Eumena's woman,

And that the lady Olari ! 'tis such a short  
 Leg'd hen, but her chappeens,\* sir, are so tall,  
 That th' other day, Ustolfo, playing with her,  
 And thinking he had pinch'd her knee,  
 Wonder'd at her patience ; when all the while  
 He held her by the wood——

ALER. Sure th' other's very old.

SAL. Who ? Gartha ! She is the best annalist  
 Of all the back-stair and the lobby acts  
 In good Queen Joan's days, that are now extant.

GAR. Is not that Thorello a wit ?

1 LADY. Yes ! but he makes love, as loud  
 And tediously, as lawyers put the case. What  
 Call you it ? the academic way ? as if he  
 Would dispute a wench out of her maidenhead.

GAR. Those cavaliers, his friends, are wits too.

Lord !

How maidenly they sit before the great ladies  
 Whom they visit, as if their silence did  
 Imply 'twas beauty struck 'em dumb.

*Enter SECOND LADY, who curtsies to all but SALADINE, they to her ; then she sits on the rushes, and takes out a book to read.*

THOR. How coldly you salute your mistress,  
 Saladine !

I know by that you'll marry her ; for 'tis  
 A certain sign, those who embrace abroad  
 Do ever keep a sober distance here.

GAR. 'Slight ! How strangely she is dress'd to-day !

1 LADY. She's prouder then a favourite's mistress  
 at

A mask. Last night, Gartha, she'd needs compare  
 Her Flanders' peaks to mine : What think'st thou ?

GAR. Alas, poor soul ; it is a little mad !

\* Wooden clogs used by the Venetian women, whether in the house or abroad. Some were "even half-a-yard high." See *Coryat's Crudities*, 1611. Also *Hamlet*, Act ii., S. 2.

1 LADY. Let us sit by her, and tell her  
A secret or two of ours, that we  
May hear all hers.

GAR. No, she'll read to us in that book,  
Till we grow madder than herself.

1 LADY. It is some play !

GAR. She's excellent at driving perfect  
Characters in plays. The Poets bow  
To her, she is so critical.

*Enter THIRD LADY in white.*

3 LADY. Signior Thorello !

THOR. Your creature, sweet madam—

3 LADY. Sir, you perfume me with your  
Epithet. I fear you have not sent to Milan  
Yet for th' carkanet of pearl.

THOR. Your ladyship will make me languish  
Much by your distrust ; since your commands  
My dispatches have been written twice.

3 LADY. Y'oblige me, sir.

*[She goes to salute and talk with Gartha.]*

THOR. Sure she is fasting yet ; her breath's  
So strong 'twould overcome a bearward.

SAL. But thou hast writ for the pearl ?

THOR. The devil I have !

3 LADY. Signior, I hear there are fair rubies there.

THOR. By my next letter, madam, I'll take  
Care t'acquaint you with their size and value—  
T'were good she'd bait on lemon peels,  
Or eat pastillies\* before she comes abroad.

3 LADY. Gartha, these travel'd wits are good  
for nothing  
But to lie liegers here for lady's toys.  
Why dost not thou employ 'em ?

GAR. For what, madam ?

3 LADY. For essences to Rome. Tweeses† to

\* Pastil, a roll of paste.

† Tweezers.

Brussels, and for fans to Paris. Make the Poor souls write, they'll take it kindly.

GAR. Troth, and I'll put 'em to't; your Ladyship must stand my friend, and tell 'em That I'll read their verses to the Queen.

3 LADY. Let me alone, wench! Is your Lady in the gallery?

GAR. I wait here in that opinion madam.

*[Exit third Lady.]*

These great Ladies when th'ave tasted Matrimony, grow so haughty; and think they Can fool others as easily as their husbands.

*Enter RADEGOND.*

RADEG. Ladies and gentlemen, avoid the room!

*[Exeunt all but Radegond.]*

*Enter KING.*

KING. Have you by private order so contriv'd, That both in visits, and her passage through The court, Eumena may perceive some general Neglect, as if my favour to her were declin'd.

RADEG. I have been busy, sir, in your command.

KING. And are the throngs of suitors too, that  
at

Her lodgings still address their hopes, forbid Attendance there?

RADEG. All secretly dismiss'd.

KING. How does she take it, Radegond?

RADEG. As one that entertains the change More with her wonder, than her grief.

KING. How vain is the revenge which Lovers 'gainst their mistresses invent! Since Still themselves more suffer in't, than those Whom they afflict.

*Enter PHYLENIO and QUEEN.*

PHYLE. Your Grace will much confirm your

Happiness, if you can meet his proffer'd  
Kindness with such looks, as may declare your  
Discontents are not so lasting as your love.

KING. Why, madam, did you come at my request ?

Or, why did I desire your presence here ? .  
I want the common virtue of the poor,  
Such a reserv'd and fearful bashfulness,  
As makes indebted men asham'd to see  
Those that oblige them most.

QUEEN. Are these the comforts that I sought  
With such believing haste ? Sir, 'tis not safe  
To mock my misery, for so your errors must  
Derive themselves ; not from necessity,  
But from your will ; and when your hate  
Prolongs its growth, until it ripen to a scorn,  
I am not certain I shall have the pow'r  
To pardon it.

KING. Alas ! mistake me not,  
Though I mistake my self ; for I of late  
Have felt such strange disorders in my heart,  
That I can hardly find those thoughts, which I  
Would utter first.

QUEEN. 'Twas ill that I was sent for, sir ;  
Why did you cruelly command that we  
Should meet again ? I am the hurtful cause  
Of that disease which governs in your mind ;  
And till the cause be quite remov'd, there is  
No hope of cure.

KING. O stay ! thou didst divest  
Thee from thy holy ornaments at my  
Request. 'Twas kindly done ; nor could I think  
It fit to bury so much excellence  
Inunfrequented shades. Stay here ! and love me still.

QUEEN. You make your serious invitation vain,  
Where you are sure of such a glad consent.

KING. But wilt thou give me leave to love ?

QUEEN Else, sir, I were unjust unto my self.

KING. Thy understanding is too slow! I  
Would have such a liberty as is not fit  
For me to ask, nor thee to grant. Seal me  
A licence for each choice mine eyes shall make.

QUEEN. There is no harm in love ; your nicety  
Hath wrong'd us both. Peculiar and distinct  
Affections are but small derived parts  
Of what we call the universal love ;  
And universal love, undoubtedly,  
Must be the best, since 'tis ascrib'd to heaven.  
Take, sir, the freedom you desire !

KING. Shall I receive a bounty that must  
Needs undo the giver, and yet nothing add  
Unto the wealth of my content ? for I am sure  
That charter never can usurp upon  
Eumena's heart. Begone ! Some curse o'er rules  
My nature. Shouldst thou stay, I must again  
Invite thee to be wrong'd. Attend the Queen !

*[Exeunt King one way, Phylenio, Radegond,  
Queen another.]*

*Enter ORAMONT, EUMENA.*

EUME. Sir, whither would you go with a wild  
look ?

You shift from place to place, and move so fast,  
As if your steps were hastened by your fears.

ORA. I find a happy emptiness  
In all your lodgings now. What is become  
Of that gay crowd of flatterers, who did  
Attend your greatness here ? Where be  
Your suitors too ? Are all dispatch'd ? Y'have  
Been a courteous favorite, and of your power  
Have made a noble use.

EUME. Though you are come  
To scorn this sudden change, I dare without  
Much sorrow tell you, sir, the King hath eas'd

Me of that weighty power, as fitter for  
His own judicious strength. And now this rich  
Division of his glorious palace looks  
As sad and vacant as the place where some  
Great Prince's hearse is laid aside until  
The funeral day. There but a few kind servants  
Watch in duteous form, and weep for  
Their dead lord.

ORA. Alas ! What alteration's here ? Good  
Heaven !

How comes it faithful lovers thus fall out ?

EUME. Not for my own sake, Oramont, but yours,  
I pity that decay of courtesy  
And soft compassion which you still discover.

ORA. Why, you mistake me, sure ! I am a wise  
Prophetic courtier, and foresaw your fall  
Ere I did practise my neglect. But yet  
I may a little differ now from all  
My subtle friends, bred up in palaces ;  
For, like a dull unskilful follower  
Of Kings, I shall bestow a present on you,  
A rich one too when all your power is gone.

*[Draws out a sword bloody.]*

EUME. A sword, and newly stain'd with blood !

ORA. That your amazement may increase,  
Eumena : you shall know this present is  
A legacy sent from a lover at  
His last expense of breath ; and, by my soul,  
He was a valiant lover, though his cause  
Made him unfortunate.

EUME. What hath your jealous fury done ?

ORA. An act scarce worthy of my fame.  
I but despatch'd a dying man :  
For thy bewitching beauty with strange charms  
Had conquer'd and destroyed him ere I came  
To make a trial of his strength. His name  
Was Amadore !



EUME. My fears had in 'em too much cause ;  
Sure he was slain in rescue of my honour.

ORA. You best can tell his undertaking that  
Provok'd him to't; and would you heart from  
me ?

EUME. O, I have heard too much !  
Thou bloody harbinger of death, whose place  
And hasty business is to take up graves  
And tombs, where thou dost coarsely lodge  
Men more renown'd and valiant than thy self.

[Weeps.

ORA. Weep'st thou for him ?

EUME. Young Amadore to all succeeding times  
shall live

Eterniz'd by some tragic pen, whose gentle numbers  
Shall melt the most obdurate men when they  
Shall hear the miseries of love, whilst thou,  
The horror of the scene, shalt ne'er be mention'd  
But to change their pity into rage.

ORA. O heart ! I've ever strove  
To keep thee firm, loyal to virtue, and  
Impartial to the world ; yet now thou art  
Subdu'd with sorrow that proceeds from sin.  
For I'm constrain'd to grieve, when I behold  
Her mourn, although I know she lov'd him but  
Unlawfully whom she laments ; else why  
Did she employ his anger to revenge,  
My kind and careful jealousy ?

EUME. Thou hast proceeded to such dire ex-  
tremes,  
That 'tis too late to let thee know thy error ;  
And 'cause thou art my brother I am loth  
To hinder thee of that excuse, which ignorance  
May give, since th'ast no other shift to free  
Thee from eternal punishment.

ORA. Her falsehood shews so comely in  
Her sorrow's dress, that, if my judgment were.

Not strongly arm'd with reason's force, I should  
Be fondly overcome.

*Enter RADEGOND, PHYLENIO, and Guard.*

RADEG. He was observ'd to enter here.  
It is the King's command that you disarm,  
And strait imprison him i'th' fort.

*[The Guard seize on him.]*

PHYLE. What fate hath govern'd you to-day,  
My Lord ? The people that beheld your fight  
With Amadore have with tumultuous rage  
Pursu'd you to the Palace gate, report  
Him kill'd ; his servants and his friends, assembled  
with

The noise, demand strict justice of the King.

ORA. Convey me straight to darkness, or to  
death !

What pleasure can I take i'th' use of light,  
Since it no more can bring unto my view  
My friend alive or my fair sister true ?

*[Exeunt Phylenio, Oramont, and Guard.]*

EUME. Let me entreat you, sir, to bring him back !  
I've much to say, that may persuade him to  
A fitting penitence : Why are you deaf  
To my request ? Or, how durst you presume  
T'infringe the royal privilege of Court,  
And force my brother hence ?

RADEG. I'm sorry, madam, you will shortly find  
More alteration in the King, than yet  
You seem to know. What we have done was in  
Obedience to his will. *[Exit.]*

EUME. Then I shall feel too soon the sudden  
Want of power ; for I no more must see thee, Ora-  
mont !

A word so fatal, and implies such sad  
Unlucky truth, that I did fear to utter it.  
If now thy spirit, noble Amadore,

'Mongst thy immortal new acquaintance has  
The leisure to attend my plaints, forgive  
Th'injustice my fond nature prompts me to,  
Since I must needs bewail a brother's loss,  
Although that brother was thy enemy.

*Enter KING.*

KING. Since Amadore is slain, though by the  
Rage of Oramont, which I lament so much,  
That should remembrance entertain it long,  
'Twould be my ruin too ; yet such  
A strange necessity my stars impose  
Upon me now, that his lamented death  
Is all I've left, to give some means of life  
Unto my beggar'd and half famish'd love :  
For if there be a room for love within  
Her breast, he being gone that did  
Inhabit there, why should not I succeed ?

EUME. Are you here, Sir ? Does it become a  
King to look upon affliction, and not strait  
Redress't ? The poor physician is so nice  
I' th' honour of his science that he ne'er  
Will visit dying men : as if he were  
Asham'd to look upon those inward wounds  
He hath not skill to cure.

KING. Eumena, I  
Did think to use a while a lover's art,  
Returning harsh neglects for thine ; but since  
Thy fortune doth afflict thee more than I  
Could do, I come to share and lessen what  
Before I practis'd to augment.

EUME. I fear you come too late ! but if  
Y'are still a King, and still retain that lov'd  
Divinity to which the virtuous bow, subdue  
The wicked strait, by showing now that power  
Which they so saucily suspect ; call back from  
His dark grave, the valiant Amadore !

KING. Ye angels take her senses to your care !  
'Las ! What a strange request was this ? As  
Much discourteous too as 'tis impossible.  
She'd have me fetch my rival from th' unknown  
Far distant shades, to take a new possession  
Of that love which only by his absence  
I can hope t'enjoy.

EUME. If this exceed your high prerogative,  
I will descend to what your mercy can  
Perform, redeem my brother from his bonds :  
For, in a dearth of comforts, we are taught  
To be contented with the least. Why, by  
Severe command, did you surprise him here,  
And give no priviledge unto that place  
Which you have often sanctifi'd with vows ?

KING. Here I surprise him ? No 'twas the  
Just law ; but who is he so rash, that can  
Desire to be a King, since all the justice that  
We do is father'd on the makers of  
Our laws, and all their cruelty on us ?  
Make much, you greedy Monarchs, of that  
Dignity, which with such toil in war  
You labour to attain : I'm weary of't !  
For, like the castle-bearing elephant,  
We groan beneath that load, which we support  
To guard and strengthen others, not ourselves.  
And what a useless glory 'tis, to be the chief  
Of men, wanting the charter to command  
A tender lady's love.

EUME. Strange remedies you bring unto  
The sick ! You deaf'n those complaints, you  
Came to hear, with louder of your own.

*Enter* QUEEN.

QUEEN. O, mercy, mercy, Sir ! Dare you derive  
Your attributes from Heaven, yet mercy want,  
By which the wiser chiefly are content

You should assume th' immortal power ?

KING. Madam, methinks you sue too earnestly.

QUEEN. Eumena, speak to him ! for  
Oramont is now convey'd to suffer death. Just  
Now, 'tis the letter of the rigid law ; he, that  
In duel doth survive, must be destroy'd,  
Ere th' other, whom he slew, can be interr'd.

EUME. Alas ! what weak encouragement  
Have I to make requests on earth when, by my  
Griefs of late, I've cause to doubt my prayers  
Are not heard in Heaven, and ill it will become  
Me, Sir, whilst I remember Amadore,  
To ask that mercy which, however, is most  
Fit for you to grant.

KING. A fond unskilful bargain I shall make  
If I exchange Justice, the jewel that doth  
Most adorn my crown, for her uncertain love  
Which since she is so loth to promise, how  
Unwilling she will be to pay.

QUEEN. Why, Sir, are you so slow, when  
Time and danger move so fast ?

KING. The people, Madam, call for Justice,  
They wisely love't ; that is, are well-content  
When it is us'd to punish those above  
Them, not themselves. Rude and ill manner'd  
Are they to expect the valiant should be  
Sacrificed not only by the foe abroad, to keep  
Them safe, but suffer public death at home,  
When they are pleas'd to see a tragic show.  
Yet, since such valour is proscrib'd by law,  
He needs must die.

QUEEN. If valour be  
Proscrib'd, how wretched then will ladies be  
Since they can only find the valiant true.

KING. Madam, I confess, that old coward,  
Law, looks too severely on courageous youth ;  
And, know, in legal skill I should connive

At those disorders which the furious in  
 Their growing spirits oft commit ; for else  
 The body of a State,—effeminate  
 With lasting peace,—when a strange war shall  
 Come, like bodies natural,—confirm'd by strict  
 And quiet temperance,—will want the benefit  
 Which the use of small disorders bring, that  
 Make each violent disease less new, and dangerous.

QUEEN. Sir, there is hope your reason will  
 Persuade your mercy now.

KING. Ay, but the people understand not this,  
 For that dull crowd, whom Kings through cursed  
 fate

Must please, will have all laws observ'd, and  
 They must stand, not 'cause th'are wise, but  
 'Cause th'are old.

*Enter RADEGOND.*

RADEG. The hour, sir, is come ! and Oramont  
 Must suffer death, unless you cancel strait  
 The written doom.

EUME. How fatal Oramont  
 Doth sound, when join'd with that severe word  
 death !

Be free and bounteous of your pardon, Sir,  
*[She kneels.]*

For 'tis the last request I e'er shall make.

KING. Look on her, Heaven ! Since you are  
 Mollified with such a piteous sight as this, I  
 Hope my Justice now would not be styled  
 Divine, but rather human tyranny. This ring  
 Unto the Provost bear ! it shall suffice  
 To make him know Eumena gives  
 His prisoner life. *[Exit Radegond.]*

EUME. May all the hours you have bestow'd  
 on him  
 Be added unto that account which destiny

Hath numb'ed for your Royal self.

QUEEN. And may they prove so happy too,  
That you shall wish for immortality,  
More for a change of being than a hope  
To better what y' enjoy on earth.

KING. Eumena ! hold,\* poor begging priests  
Assume the power to bless, and, with devout  
Wishes, imaginary payment make  
Of what they really receiv'd ; but I  
Will lay a nobler value on your gratitude,  
And look you should return, not for your  
Brother's life, but for my fervent passions that  
So long have courted your slow love.

EUME. I am undone !  
For I have rais'd your expectation to  
Demands that I can never satisfy.  
Sir, could my memory transgress so soon  
To lose the thought of Amadore ? yet my  
Devoted heart so much adores  
The virtues of your Queen, that I shall ne'er,  
By the temptations of your crown, usurp  
That love which is so justly due to her.

KING. Be careful of my inward peace, and  
Call those resolutions back, or else deny  
Them for a little space.

EUME. My soul's unalter'd truth  
Confirms what I have said : but trust me you  
May take this comfort, Sir,—I'll not be more  
Unkind unto your matchless heart than to  
Mine own.

[*Exit.*

KING. So dying men receive vain comforts  
From those visitants they love, when they  
Persuade them to be patient at the loss of life,  
With saying they are mortal too, and mean

\* Consider.

"I hold him but a fool that will endanger  
His body for a girl that loves him not."—*Shakespeare.*

T'endure the like calamity ; as if  
To die were from good fellowship, from free  
Intent t'accompany departing friends,  
When such last courtesy proceeds not from  
Their will, but nature's obstinate decree.  
So, if she mourns, 'tis not through willing  
Kindness, but constraint.

QUEEN. Doubt not her kindness, Sir ! You  
saw her weep.

KING. 'Twas by compulsion of my great  
All conquering grief, not from her love, like  
Eyes that from a secret sympathy  
Water and weep at others, when they  
Behold them sore. But, Madam, why your tears ?

QUEEN. These are but leading drops ; the  
Showers are all behind that I shall dedicate  
Unto the memory of your sad fate.

KING. Can you lament at my distress whom  
I have injur'd with worse neglects ? or can  
You wish my sorrows remedy, when what  
I gain must be your loss ?

QUEEN. Sir, I shall claim no title to your  
Breast, but what my patience and affection can  
Deserve. He that did join our hands did give  
Me but a formal interest, since to  
Eumena you dispos'd your heart before  
We knew those sacred rites.

KING. Are you not weary of your virtue yet ?

QUEEN. Nor of your love unto my rival, Sir.  
If it were low, and sinful love, I should  
Not think it worth my envy or my fear ;  
If pure and noble, as my strictest faith  
Believes, it is too great a treasure to  
Be made particular and own'd by me  
Alone, since what is good doth still encrease  
In merit of that name, by being most  
Communative.



KING. This doctrine, madam, will  
Be new, and much unwelcome to your sex.

QUEEN. True love admits no jealousy ; you  
Shall perceive it strait, for I will hasten to  
Eumena, sir, and woo in your behalf.

KING. Dare you employ your tongue against  
your self ?

→ QUEEN. Do not suspect me, sir ! I shall  
Not lose by what she gains : For since your  
Heart can have no peace, unless 'tis lodg'd  
Within her breast, I will procure its entrance  
There with reason too, because I find  
My quiet only doth consist in yours. ]

KING. Leave me ! Had I not goodness, yet my  
pride  
Would ne'er consent to be so far outgone  
In kind effects of love. See me no more  
Till thou canst hope to love me less ; till I  
Have cancel'd this large debt, or can, at least,  
Find out a juster and a nobler way  
Than to increase that debt which I should pay.  
[*Exeunt severally.*

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### ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter* THORELLO, SALADINE, GARTHA, *and one* LADY.

THOR. W'have a coach, ladies, at the palace gate.  
If you dare trust the treasure of your beauties  
T'our charge, we'll visit Oramont i'th' fort.

SALAD. Some o'th' good natur'd Statesmen  
Accuse the King for sending's pardon, and  
Think 'twas ill advis'd to disappoint the  
People, when they were all met for nothing,  
But to see him suffer.

THOR. 'Faith, since they came in courtesy  
To see't, Oramont had been a right Cavalier

Had he refus'd the pardon, and strait died  
To prevent them from losing their labour.

GAR. Lord ! How they love to see a proper  
Man suffer ! And when their wives come home,  
Each tells her husband he was like him :  
For he behav'd himself with such a  
Courtly courage at the block.

SALAD. As he had been his own neat executioner,  
And put off's head with the same ceremony,  
As others do their hats, right alamode.

THOR. Your cavalier doth handsomely  
Indeed ; but 'tis not fit coarse fellows should  
Arrive at such a public grace, and for no other  
Merit but fighting o' duels.

1 LADY. The King, I hope, will let them  
Fight it out, and not permit the laws should do  
'Em th'honor to take notice of their quarrels.

SALAD. When ladies take the pains to dress  
Themselves to see, and grace an executed  
Gallant, were it handsome a poor quarrelling  
Rascal should strait perk up in's place ?  
Perhaps he'll die stoutly ; but how ? in base  
Old clothes, foul linen, and's face unshav'd,  
Is that a sight for Ladies ?

*Enter ALERAN and third LADY.*

THOR. Look ! there comes Aleran, and with him  
Your revolted mistress.

3 LADY. That Gartha, signior, 's strangely  
Impudent ; she's playing in the sun, whilst her  
Poor lady is weeping wet under a cloud.

ALER. Pray advise her, Madam ; she'll take it  
kindly.

3 LADY. How dost, good wench ? In troth,  
Thou look'st so temptingly that I could e'en  
Kiss thee. The very corner of thine eye, stol'n  
Out of a close-hood, would burn as much,

I think, as a sun beam, contracted in a glass.

GAR. I protest, madam, I am merely  
Your ladyship's glass and reflect your looks.  
Those are rare pendants ! I dare say a present ;  
Some travell'd lover's, fool'd into a gift.

3 LADY. Prithee, who told thee of it ?  
Thou hear'st all ; but I mean to change 'em.  
Ustalfo says they wear slight emrauds now in  
Venice, and, being set transparent, they shew  
well.

1 LADY. W'are taking coach to visit  
Oramont ! Has your ladsyhip the leisure  
T' humble your self with so much charity ?

3 LADY. You do me honour in your  
Invitation. I shall make the number more  
Unworthy, by the poor addition of my self.  
—Gartha ! This Alari's a very fool ; why  
Dost thou keep her company ?

GAR. I keep her, madam, for intelligence.  
She's well acquainted with all the Court  
Matrons, that have the skill to drive out  
Marriages, and make the parties meet. She can  
Procure a catalogue of all the rich young heirs.

3 LADY. Sweet madam, whither do you go ?  
Pray, stand and talk with us !

1 LADY. Your ladyship's servant !

3 LADY. We shall have tedious conversation  
With those wits ; they'll nothing but discourse  
Together of fine hard things, and ne'er  
Mind us.

ALER. I bring a business for you, gentlemen ;  
Would we were rid of our impertinent charge.

THOR. Widows are not so troublesome to  
Their young husbands, when they relieve them  
With good counsel instead of money ; the  
Curse is, that they are chaste too. A very saucy  
Virtue in them, considering they cannot

Make up our pleasure with handsomeness.

3 LADY. Come, signiors! Shall we take coach?

THOR. Your pardon, ladies!—Nay, I beseech you.  
Saladine, you still usurp my place. Strive to lead  
'em. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

*Enter* KING, RADEGOND, PHYLENIO.

KING. False and unlucky are you all!  
Pretend great wisdom till y'attain to dignity  
And place, then strait supply't with empty  
Forms, austere and rigid looks; by which  
Your age—made dreadful, with that power  
High office brings—begets you an unjust  
Esteem; or, if you have the skill to give safe  
Counsels to your King; when's judgement  
Is distress'd, y'are so unfortunate, I  
Ne'er can feel their use.

RADEG. Sir, you mistake that power, which  
Only we derive from yours. You never did  
Include in our commission such a vast  
Authority to alter, or to govern love.

PHYLE. How should we rule Eumena, sir,  
Whom you—depos'd by th' cruel tyranny of  
Love—must by constraint obey? or, if we could  
Prescribe to you, and with th'advice of reason  
Too, we dare not whilst your anger lasts.

KING. A curse  
Upon your mannerly o'er-civil fears!  
But you suspect it is not safe to speak,—  
The Statesman's cowardice—more dangerous  
To Kings intrench'd within their thrones,  
Than are the dastard thoughts of sentinels,  
That watch near sconces and redoubts;  
Who still afraid to give th'alarm—lest being  
Heard, they should be first surpris'd—endanger  
Armies by that silence, when, like you, they  
Basely practise to secure themselves.

RADEG. 'Tis better to be silent, sir, than give Advice that may bring us ruin,  
And give you no ease.

PHYLE. All thriving arts Kings are Content to own ; but when good counsels Not succeed, their Ministers possess the blame.

KING. I thank your noble wisdom much,  
Y'are kindly natur'd in your providence.  
With wholesome policy you are content  
To share the better fame and juster wealth  
Of my prerogative, but not the envy that  
Misfortune joins to it.

RADEG. If your distemper, sir, will needs Constrain us to reveal th'opinion we would Hide, let our obedience then excuse all that Our judgement wants. We think you ne'er can Have a free possession of Eumena's love,  
Unless your Queen consent to a divorce.

PHYLE. Nor is this such a hopeless remedy As doth consist in wishes, more than in A probable effect ; for she hath so design'd Her love and life to your dispose, that she'll Undo her self by giving what you ask.

KING. 'Tis well ! y' have ta'en a worthy care Both of my quiet and my fame. Make haste In your address unto the Queen ! let her be Told I am prepar'd to visit her.

[*Exeunt Radegond, Phylenio.*

These are  
The righteous State-physicians that attend  
On sickly Kings, prescribing unto us,  
As nature to the hungry disease of tigers,  
And of wolves ; when to preserve their lives,  
They feed on all the weak submitting herd.  
But how accurs'd would subjects be, were we  
Not born with far more virtue than w'are taught !  
I'll make my function lov'd, and rather die

Than owe my life to such a remedy.

[*Exit.*

*Enter ORAMONT and QUEEN.*

QUEEN. Was holy Fryar Albert here to-day,  
Your sister's confessor ?

ORA. Madam, he hath,  
In just obedience to your kind command,  
Unlock'd my sister's secret breast, and laid  
It open to mine eyes, shew'd me her heart,  
Until my jealousy receiv'd a strong  
And certain cure ; but though I have out-liv'd  
My doubts, my modesty, I hope, will not  
Permit me to survive my shame.

QUEEN. In giving you,  
By her unwearied intercession life,  
She only hath engag'd your gratitude :  
But rev'rend Albert, by revealing all  
Those truths, the privilege of's function  
Makes him know, hath much oblig'd your faith.

ORA. I am confirm'd !  
And though the people's malice to her in  
Their talk, by general consent,  
Made me so credulous ; though my nice care,  
Still watchful to preserve a sister's honour  
And my most duteous love of you, apt to  
Resent your wrongs, and then believing you  
Declar'd her chaste, more in your gentleness  
Than your belief ; though these apparent pleas,  
Together urg'd, might prove me capable  
Of some excuse, yet I am loth to own  
Them lest, my guilt made less, I should be  
Thought t'avoid that punishment, which I've  
Resolv'd upon my self.

QUEEN. Beware ! such resolutions, sir, are ill.

ORA. Your justice, madam, would conceive  
them fit,  
Could you, with my vex'd thoughts, peruse

Those wrongs which I not only did commit  
'Gainst her, but 'gainst the King, and my  
Renowned friend, dead Amadore ; and, when  
I name him dead, I hardly can forbear that  
Fury to my self by which I rashly ruin'd him.

QUEEN. To be the unauthoriz'd author of  
Your own strict punishment, would to your  
Crimes such foulness add, as never could be  
Wash'd away with all the tears of penitence.  
Be govern'd by your better thoughts, and strait  
Prepare to follow me ! you'll perfect a  
Design, to which I am importun'd by  
The secret suit of Aleran.

ORA. I must not disobey you, Madam,  
Though I shall but make an ill exchange of  
This lov'd darkness for that light I am  
Asham'd to see.

QUEEN. My own distresses are so great,  
That I conceive them hopeless now of cure,  
But I will try to lessen yours.

ORA. Her virtue is as restless as the sun,  
Still moving, and yet never tir'd ; and, like  
His purer beams, it comforts every thing. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* ALERAN, THORELLO, SALADINE.

THOR. The ladies are sullenly retir'd  
Into their closets ; there to meditate  
And study the perfection of new tires.

SALAD. They took it ill, that Oramont was  
So reserv'd as to refuse their visit.

ALER. Gallants, y'are here invited to the  
Funeral of Amadore !

SAL. Had not your summons been too hasty, sir,  
W'had put our selves to th' charge of blacks  
For the solemnity ; but we have borrowed all  
The sorrow we could get abroad, which, added  
To our own, will shew as doleful as long cloaks.

ALER. Well ! you are high in my esteem,  
And you shall both confess't ; that very secret,  
Which this morn I whisper'd to the Queen,  
Shall now be yours. The party is alive !

SAL. How ! Amadore alive !

THOR. This mirth is scarce becoming, Aleran.

ALER. It shall be when you find it truth.  
Attend and reverence this tongue of mine  
That hath contain'd it self so silently  
These two days.

THOR. Dost thou grow serious ?

ALER. It was my luck t'arrive where those  
Great spirits fought, and just when Oramont  
Had left the field, in fear that he had kill'd  
His friend, there I beheld the conquer'd  
Amadore grasping his mother earth,  
And senseless with the loss of blood ; whilst  
Straight by the discovery of a few, a tide  
Of people rushing in, they carry'd him  
For dead unto my garden-house that stood  
Upon the river side, it being luckily  
The next adjacent dwelling to that place.

SAL. I hope this will proceed from wonder into  
joy.

ALER. Your hope, sir, will be satisfied ;  
For, with this violence of motion, I  
Discover'd life, and by some skilful help  
Retriev'd his wandering senses, till he got  
The power to speak ; but they were words  
Of rage, most strangely vex'd. As soon as he  
Had strength to know that he was overcome,  
And when with all religious force we had  
Persuaded him not to disdain his cure,  
There being no impediment but loss of blood,  
He was a while content, but did enjoin  
Me to conceal his strange return to life.

THOR. What might that imposition mean



ALER. I cannot guess, unless, in melancholy Sense of that disgrace, he did resolve Perpetually to hide himself from men.

THOR. If Oramont had miss'd his pardon, You would have been so good natur'd, Aleran, t'have mock'd the law, by shewing Amadore alive.

ALER. In troth ! I think, I should, nor will I more obey his fond injunction now. For he'll relapse again for want of company !

*Enter AMADORE in a night gown.*

Look there ! this shady walk contents him much.

THOR. It will be happy news for Oramont.

SAL. 'Tis like, ere this, h'has heard it from the Queen.

AMAD. Sir, you have fail'd my trust !

ALER. What I have done, my care and Reason will excuse ; for such a solitude as this Would nourish your disease.

These, sir, whom I presume to make your Visitants, are my choice friends, that hold Your virtue and your honour in a high regard.

AMAD. Though I'm concern'd i' th' injury, Yet you have most abus'd these gentlemen. Why have you made the valiant lose their Time so much to visit me, that by the falseness Of my courage was subdu'd, when I was Grac'd with such a noble cause ?

THOR. This was your fortune's weakness, sir, not your's.

SAL. And you would grow unjust unto your Self, to own the error of your fate.

AMAD. Fortune and fate are merely names ; For were they real pow'rs, they'd not endure That fools should prove them guilty of our ills.

SAL. Your passion makes you subject to mistake.

AMAD. 'Tis a sad truth, and no mistake of  
Rage, if every star were guilty of those crimes,  
Of which so sev'rally they've been accus'd  
By th' long continu'd race of erring men,  
They would have lost their hurtful influence  
Ere this, for the supreme just power would  
Then neglect them.

*Enter ORAMONT, ALERAN steps to whisper him.*

ORA. Sir! Heaven will soon reward your  
Noble care. Those joys you would deliver me  
The Queen already hath reveal'd.

ALER. 'Twere fit you should delay your  
Visit, sir. I fear 'twill much distemper him!

ORA. Trust my discretion, and dismiss your  
friends! [*Exeunt all but Oramont and Amadore.*]

AMAD. My enemy! If I had any sense  
Of shame, I should believe it now as much  
Immodesty to live, as it was base  
Before to be subdu'd.

ORA. Renowned Amadore!  
Whom, if not my merit, yet my entire  
Affection must call friend. Know, not by me,  
But by unlucky destiny, thou wert  
Subdu'd; so destiny became your enemy,  
Not Oramont.

AMAD. A second curse is come upon me  
Ere the first is gone! Wilt thou deprive me  
Of revenge, by courteous false denials of  
Thy act; expose me to repair my honour  
On a high mysterious power, that we only  
Know by words? let me be hidden in a grave!

ORA. These sad complaints become you not.

AMAD. Why do you scorn me, sir? And,  
When my honour's lost, so vainly shift me off,  
Thus to repair't upon immortal things?  
Why am I fool'd, by telling me, I'm overcome

By some strange influence above ? For, in  
Disdain, you'd bid me go and fight with  
Heaven now.

ORA. Your valour, sir, is misinform'd, and  
Your opinion weakly nice, to think the  
Conquer'd lose their honour with their swords.  
The noble sons of Pompey kept their honour  
When they lost the spacious world, and will  
Continue still as dear to fame, as lucky Cæsar  
That prevail'd ; they gain'd by being overcome.  
For those that die get instant immortality,  
Whilst victors that survive retard that  
Happiness which early dying doth with  
Greater safety meet, because with fewer crimes.

AMAD. You come to tell me, that I should have  
died ?

ORA. Your anger still perverts my words.

AMAD. These are but vain sophistic toys.  
If thou art real Oramont, and hast some touch  
Of pity left, deprive me not of that  
Renown, which such a noble cause might gain  
Me, if 'twere manag'd with a prosperous arm.

ORA. I understand not what you would command.

AMAD. Be kind and gentle as thou ever  
Wert, and fight with me again.

ORA. Not for the wealth of both the Indies,  
Or all the treasure that the sea doth hide !  
I am reclaim'd, and, with true inward grief,  
Repent my jealous thoughts.

AMAD. What will become of me ?  
My honour's lost, and now I want a cause  
That justly might suffice me to redeem't.  
Be courteous yet ! Could it be ever said  
Of Amadore, that he denied one, whom  
He styl'd his friend, th' employment of his  
Sword when's reputation was distress'd ?

The cause will yet stand good enough,  
Since I'm not bound so quickly to believe  
Your jealousies are by your penitence  
Absolv'd.

ORA. You make a wonderful request !  
Retire a while within ! Till I can secretly  
Provide to satisfy your will.

AMAD. All blessings, but this victory, be thine !  
*[Exeunt severally.]*

*Enter ORAMONT and EUMENA.*

ORA. To say, Eumena, that my jealousy  
Sprung from my love, and rumour gave  
It growth, were such fond circumstance,  
As both the Queen and your grave confessor  
Already have confuted with severe  
Rebukes. Thy causeless suff'rings have rais'd  
Thee to the dignity of Saints. Thus low  
I bow for my offence, which, since so great,  
If thou forgiv'st, it would be styl'd thy miracle,  
But that such wondrous mercy is the most  
Familiar custom of thy virtue.

EUME. I must receive thee, Oramont, with  
Tears, although thy happy news of Amadore's  
Return to life might well command my joys  
T'appear in a less doubtful shape.

ORA. You have been told the temper of  
His soul ; restore him by the soft  
Persuasions of your love. Where are you, sir ?

*Enter AMADORE.*

AMAD. Eumena too ! Is the great hope of  
Our brave fierce encounter turn'd to this ?  
Cruel and false ! Dost thou present the object  
To my view, that will revert mine eyes, until  
They look upon my inward, hidden shame ?

EUME. Y'are too suspicious, valiant

Amadore, of the condition of your Fame,  
Which, since so precious unto all, you ne'er  
Can lose what others with such care preserve.  
My cause was dignified in your attempt ; and  
Though the noblest human enterprise is still  
Uncertain of success, yet brave attempts  
Get th' estimation of most prosp'rous deeds.

AMAD. All that is good the ill within me  
Straight inverts to contrary effects ; that which  
Would render life to plants and stones doth  
Strike me dead ! for I shall now be kill'd,  
Even with the music of her voice.

EUME. Make me not still unhappy !

AMAD. No, lady ! I would have you keep  
Your kind compassion for a nobler use, than  
Thus to waste it upon me. Though I did want  
The vigour to defend the justice of your cause,  
And could not be victorious then, yet you  
Shall find I can subdue my greatest hopes,  
Even those that aim'd at you. [Exit.

ORA. Eumena, follow him ! unless thy love  
Can, for immediate rescue, force a passage to  
His heart, he straight will ruin it.

EUME. O, what a change is here ! You  
That before set guards upon my modesty,  
Now think it fit the wooer should be  
Court'd by the woo'd. [Exeunt.

*Enter* KING, QUEEN, RADEGOND, PHYLENIO, and  
*Attendants.*

KING. Proclaim a lasting joy to all that love,  
Or are belov'd ! Send 'em a bounteous share  
Of mine ! I have enough to furnish either sex.  
I am so light that I could tread on growing  
Flowers and never bend their stalks.

QUEEN. My joy is such, that till this hour  
I never felt the like ! And therefore, sir, you

Needs must guess it is deriv'd from your's.

KING. Thy constant virtue hath so  
Vanquish'd me, that all my rash rebellious  
Flames grow pale and sickly now. Near ev'ry  
Beam thine eyes most carelessly do shed,  
Tapers before the sun at noon, look  
Not so alter'd and eclips'd.

QUEEN. Who is it, that will doubt  
The care of Heaven ? Or think th' immortal  
Pow'rs are slow, because they take the  
Privilege to chuse their own time when they  
Will send their blessings down.

KING. Call all the Court ! that they may  
Celebrate this miracle of love. And call  
Eumena, too ! that she may know how much  
Her wishes, and her prayers for the Queen  
Have been observ'd above. I must believe  
They were devout, they have so well prevail'd.

*Enter* THORELLO, SALADINE, ALERAN.

RADEG. Look, sir ! Your joys are soon dispers'd.

PHYLE. Your voice is Kingly too ; for 'tis  
As soon obey'd as it is heard.

KING. Do homage to your Queen !  
Not as she shares the titles of my crown,  
But the prerogatives of love, whose  
Everlasting throne is in my breast.

ALER. Our gladness shall appear in triumphs,  
sir !

SAL. Such as the envious too shall come to  
See, delighted with the glory, though they  
Want the virtue to affect the cause.

*Enter* ORAMONT, AMADORE, EUMENA.

THOR. This Cupid's a strange fantastic young  
monsieur.

KING. What magic show is this ? Brave

Amadore alive again !

QUEEN. W'have kept a story for you, sir,  
That will contribute to your wonder and your  
Joy ; reserve it for the triumphs of this night.

EUME. Sir, to prolong a precious life, that  
Hath been sav'd by miracle, I was constrain'd  
A little to dispense with bashfulness,  
And woo a valiant lover to woo me.

KING. Were not my heart resolv'd, Eumena,  
To be still delighted here, where justly I  
Am taught to pay a mighty debt, long due  
For true affection and her patient loyalty,  
I should hear this as a sad tragic tale ;  
But now, my kinder wish fall on you both !

EUME. The strange continuance of your  
Virtuous love, my prayers and obedience  
Shall requite. At first, I durst not welcome it  
More than with civil kindness and regard,  
Since there was no proportion 'tween my  
Fortunes and a King, but, when it grew to  
Passionate excess, the piety of your fair  
Queen made me forbear t'usurp her interest.

KING. 'Twas fit thy goodness should receive  
Rewards from thy own choice. Now, Oramont,  
Your causeless jealousy will cease, and yours,  
Brave rival, I am sure will ne'er begin.

ORA. Let me receive your pardon, sir,  
In a forgetfulness of my fond crime.

AMAD. I'll beg it for him, sir, as fervently  
As I implore your favours on my self.  
Your sister shall be taught to chide you,  
Oramont, though I'll no more lament your  
Victory, since I have gain'd my honour's  
Hope in her.

QUEEN. Be not dejected, Oramont ! your care  
Of me I shall requite. There's no choice  
Your noble love can make in Italy, but I

Will woo her to become your bride.

ORA. Madam, the War must be my mistress now.  
A long hard penance I'll endure, till I  
Can expiate my sins of jealousy.

KING. Lead on, my lords, that we may straight  
prepare  
To celebrate Eumena's nuptial rites !  
Mine now will be but happily renew'd.  
This day, succeeding lovers shall prefer  
To be the chief in love's new kalender.

[*Exeunt.*



THE DISTRESSES.



THERE was a play licensed 30th Nov. 1639 called "the Spanish Lovers," which is believed by many to have been "The Distresses," but, although there is every probability of this, the question remains open.

"The Distresses" is a very good play, and well suited, with slight alteration, for the stage. Geneste says:—"There is a good deal of fighting in this play,—Langbaine and the editors of the *Biographia Dramatica* call it a Tragi-comedy, but without sufficient reason. It is not so called in D'avenant's works, nor does the dialogue ever rise above serious comedy. A play, simply, is the best title for such pieces."—By "fighting" Mr. Geneste means only rencounters in the street by two persons, the consequences of quarrel.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

ANDROLIO, *son to the Governor.*

BASILONTE, *a noble man of Cordova.*

ORGEMON, } *sons to Basilonte, but unknown to each*  
DORANDO, } *other.*

BALTHAZAR, *brother to Claramante.*

LEONTE, *his brother, a hot-spirited gentleman.*

GONSALVO, } *Friends to Balthazar.*  
ARGILO, }

ORCO, *a merry gentleman, friend to Androlio.*

SURGEON,

SERVANTS,

MUSICIANS,

BRAVOES,

AMIANA, *daughter to Basilonte,*

CLARAMANTE, *Orgemon's mistress.*

MARILLA, *an old woman.*

*Scene : CORDOVA.*

## THE DISTRESSES.

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### ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter* ARGILO, GONSALVO, DORANDO, BALTHAZAR,  
*surgeon, who binds up Balthazar's wound.*

AR. Bring lights ! more lights ! and set a guard  
upon  
The gates. Be sure none enter here, but those  
Who are allied to us.

GON. Send unto th' governor ; entreat him that  
His officers take care the people be  
Dispers'd that throng about the house, though  
some

Are so ill natur'd that they take the pains  
Of hast'ning hither to see mischief ; yet  
Others are worse natur'd and come to do it.

DOR. Vice, famine, and mistaken zeal consume  
them !

How their wise courages affect to gape  
On danger when themselves stand safe ! brave sir,  
How do you feel your wound ?

BAL. I am oblig'd unto your valour, sir,  
Which doth no less deserve my wonder, than  
Your courtesy my praise ; for I admire  
A stranger should engage his youth and life  
To so much hazard, where he neither knew  
The persons, nor the cause.

DOR. I saw you were  
Distress'd with numbers, sir ; I could not think  
My honour well dispos'd, till it was throughly

Inclin'd to make you safe. Your wound, I hope,  
Gives you no sense of inward sickness ?

BAL. A mere scratch !

My servant's over-diligence, and this  
Tame posture in a chair, are ways to make  
It seem much greater than it is.

AR. Cousin,  
I pray sit still ! Although your wound be slight  
Your motion may unbind it ; and I know  
No blood belonging to our family,  
But is too good to lose.

*Enter CLARAMANTE.*

GON. Look there ! your sister Claramante, sir,  
Is hurried hither by her loving fears.

CLA. My brother, Balthazar !  
How have my vows miscarried thus of late ?  
Or are my sins more powerful than my pray'rs,  
That all my importunities to heaven  
Are lost ? I've oftener begg'd your safety than  
Mine own.

BAL. Dear Claramante ! were I dead,  
Men that stood by and saw those tears would chide  
You for too great expense of grief, knowing  
Your health and beauty most concern the world.  
I feel a greater danger from  
Your sorrow, than my wound. Trust me ! I am  
well.

CLA. Our city, fam'd for government, is by  
These nightly riots and disorders, grown  
Less safe than galleys, where revolted slaves  
Enchain their officers.

BAL. This, sister, is th' unruly season, when  
Young raging lovers meet their rivals in  
The dark ; but I as little know mine enemy,  
As guess the cause of his malicious wrath.  
That noble stranger doth deserve your thanks

And praise, if I can serve you with my life,  
For 'tis his valour hath continued it.

CLA. Sir ! there were little hope that I should  
pay

So large a debt, should I not ask his name  
To whose great virtue I do owe it.

DOR. Madam, I am call'd Dorando ! but it  
Is far from my ambition to believe  
That any act of mine can add such worth  
Unto my name, that you should think it fit  
To wear't one hour within your memory.

CLA. Sir ! your humility is too unkind :  
You undervalue whom you have preserv'd,  
And me, when you suspect I shall forget  
His name that sav'd my brother's life.

DOR. O love ! Thou busy deity ! How could  
It need thou shouldst o'ercome me with her voice,  
When I was conquer'd by her eyes before ?

*Enter LEONTE.*

LEO. Brother ! What, are you for the grave to  
night ?

Must we shake hands, and never meet again,  
Unless philosophers agree upon another world ?

BAL. No, sir ! I've resolv'd better on't ! we'll  
Stay here till they have ended their dispute.

LEO. Content ! I have examin'd  
This encounter, and find the night  
Bred a mistake. Certain furious lovers,  
Most bounteously design'd to serenade  
My sister at her window,  
Met with their rivals here. In their blind rage  
Suppose you for an opposite, and, with  
Their cold iron, gave you this midnight mark  
Of love. Their names, the shame and error of  
Their anger, made them conceal.

CLA. At my window, sir ?

LEO. Claramante ! Though in this city, such  
Addresses are allow'd unto the fair  
And eminent, and that our Spanish custom  
Warrants ladies in music to admit  
Their lovers' evening and morning plaints.  
Yet since your beauty doth disorder men,  
Keep it within, lock up your looks !

CLA. Brother, I hope, I have so liv'd that you  
May think your counsel lost ; for though  
I value it, yet sure I need it not.

LEO. If I had hideous doubts, or knew to feed  
And nourish them with real circumstance,  
I wear a trifle here should end your life  
And my suspicion, ere you could have hope  
Or leisure to repent.

CLA. Sir ! though I strive  
To reverence your love and care of my  
Repute ; yet when I find your anger rais'd  
So high, as if you did presume  
Your reason could allow't, then I disdain't,  
And will have no honour but what I can  
Protect without your help.

LEO. Hear me ! Be sure  
You live enclos'd ! Keep to your glass ; and  
when  
Y'are weary with looking on your own face,  
I'll help you to another of the same sex.

CLA. Forgive me, sir ! Though I am innocent,  
I was not wise enough to find  
Your anger grown too high to be condemn'd.

LEO. Obey what I enjoin ! for, by  
My father's soul, thy hopes of liberty  
Are but thy certainties of death.

DOR. Fie, sir ! how ill it doth become  
A gallant nature to mistake, and make  
Such an uncivil use of rage to tempt  
A lady's virtue to an angry blush.



LEO. Good, unknown sir ! What make you here ? Or, pray,  
What do you find in me, that you should hope  
I have been us'd to be rebuk'd ?

AR. Cousin Leonte ! this noble stranger cannot  
Offend so much, as he deserves to be excus'd.

BAL. Brother, I owe him for my life. Had not  
His valour rescued it, I had not had  
The power to tell you now ; he's fitter to  
Be made a friend, than enemy.

LEO. Then I am apt to tell you, sir, y'have had  
The luck to save a life, more precious than  
Your own. If you affect your self, begone !  
And when you shall remember I have given  
You leave to live, you'll think your courtesy  
To him is overpaid.

DOR. Good, furious sir ! make not a present of  
My life until you know you can command it.  
I do not hold my breath by patent, or  
By lease ; nor can I think that your  
Celestial worship hath the pow'r to sign  
Such grants.

LEO. I thank you, sir !  
You have consider'd like a gentleman.  
I am content my house shall be your privilege ;  
But, when remov'd from hence, you shall perceive  
This province will be much too narrow to  
Contain us both alive. [Exit Leonte.]

BAL. Claramante, let's hasten after him !  
He is unlucky in his fury ! 'tis  
Not fit to trust him with such angry thoughts.  
You Argilo, and Gonsalvo, both  
Attend on Don Dorando here.

*[Exeunt Balthazar, Claramante, Surgeon.]*

AR. Well may you wonder, sir, whilst we lament  
At the misgovern'd temper of his youth,  
Who drowns a world of noble virtues in

The torrent of his rage.

GON. Don Leonte is to blame.  
His courage, like to powder carelessly  
And ill laid up, is in continual danger  
Of ev'ry accidental spark that may  
Enkindle it to ruin.

DOR. 'Tis most within  
The power of time to mend. But, gentlemen,  
I am resolv'd such young mistaken wrath  
Shall never stir my anger, but my grief.

*Enter CLARAMANTE.*

CLA. Gentle Gonsalvo,  
And you my cousin Argilo! I shall  
Entreat to hasten straight below, and wait  
Until this gentleman descend, to make  
His passage forth secure. [*Exeunt Argilo, Gonsalvo.*]

DOR. What means this providence? Would I  
could hope  
'Tis not deriv'd from pity but from love.

CLA. Are you a native of this city, sir?

DOR. No, madam! my affairs convey'd me  
hither,  
Which, though of great import, I value most  
Because they luckily became the means  
To make me fortunate in seeing you.

CLA. I cannot guess how I should any way  
Contribute to your happiness, unless,  
By my advice, my brother Don Leonte hath  
A fire within his breast, that nothing but  
Your blood can quench; his jealous honour waits  
For all occasions to become the soldiers' talk,  
His sword already hath been fatal to him,  
By a contempt of civil laws. And though it were  
A sin to doubt your valour can protect  
You from his rage, yet, being in this city lov'd,  
'Tis fit to fear your stay may by

His servants' insolence, or faction of  
Misguided friends endanger you.

DOR. I have not fear enough about me yet  
To understand, what 'tis you would infer.

CLA. I speak to your discretion, sir. Keep that  
Awake, and fly this town, that can afford  
You now no quiet dwelling, but a grave !

DOR. Shall I, that never yet knew fear, be  
taught  
It now, just now, when I do learn to love.

CLA. What is it doth persuade your stay, brave  
sir ?

DOR. Since 'tis the best and noblest cause, let it  
Be lawful to reveal't,—my love of you ;  
Although not known unto your eyes, 'twas that  
Engag'd me to the rescue of your brother's life.  
Three moons have wasted since my love increas'd,  
And I conceal'd the flame, first kindled by  
Your eye when you did move in a devout  
Procession to our great provincial saint.

CLA. That which fond men misname my beauty, is  
Become their fate ; and so unlucky too,  
That I shall fear to see it in my glass,  
Were I so false unto my self,  
To credit all that say they love. Yet he  
Hath lost his vows, for since my heart hath given  
Her plight before, they needs must come too late.

DOR. I hope this secret meditation doth  
Contrive no cruelty. Can you persuade  
My absence now ?

CLA. If you do truly love,  
You cannot choose but value and obey  
What I enjoin. The most convenient trial of  
Your truth is that you follow straight,  
And haste you hence, and not return till you  
Have means to know your visit may, unto

My brother and yourself, be safe.

DOR. Since my obedience seems the chiefest help  
T'advance my love, my honour may expect  
To be excus'd, when it is known I fly,  
'Cause you're allied unto mine enemy.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter ANDROLIO, with a dark lanthorn, ORGEMON,  
ORCO.*

AN. Don Orgemon, you cannot guess where I  
Have led you now?

ORG. I hope 'tis to  
A secret entertainment of dry beating.

ORCO. If we be soundly cudgel'd, gentlemen,  
Let's carry't privately; th' occasion will  
Requir't.

ORG. The furniture and spacious roof shew 'tis  
A house of quality.

ORCO. Yes, faith! It may become  
A very right good man to suffer in't.  
I had as lieve be pistol'd here as in  
Any house I know i' th' town.

AN. This is my mistress' mansion, gentlemen.

ORG. How, Amiana's? Does she live here?

AN. Her father's house, believ't.

ORG. A mere nunnery!  
There's not so strict a tenement in Spain.  
By this hand, the women in't wear hair smocks.

ORCO. Art thou mad? in so debauch'd and rude  
A season to bring us to a place  
Of such a known civility!

ORG. Don Orco, I  
Dare warrant you the foresaid beating, and  
The pistol too you talk of, together  
With a brace of bullets to boot. They are  
Not over frugal here of their leaden plumbs  
To those that come a banqueting i' th' night.

*Enter AMIANA.*

AMI. Who's there ? Don Androlio ?

AN. Quick ! step aside, Amiana !

AMI. Speak softly, sir !

For Heaven's sake, rule your voice, and straight  
enclose

That light ! if heard or seen we are undone.

*[He shuts the lanthorn.]*

AN. What was the cause that with such haste  
You sent for me ?

AMI. To number and interpret all your vows,  
To make them easy to your memory.

My jealous father hath been told you oft  
Have made your visits here, suspects you false,  
And threatens ruin to our loves.

AN. These old coughing coxcombs are most  
Dangerous malicious spies upon us, youth ;  
They hate a midnight parley with their daughters,  
And can seldom learn the good manners to  
Retire betimes into their tombs, for the  
Convenience of young people.

AMI. Your apprehension is too wanton, sir,  
And shares no part o' th' miseries I feel.  
Dispatch your resolutions straight, if you  
Will keep your credit with high Heaven, where all  
Your promises are regist'ed, and rid  
Me of my cruel fears. Be early as  
The morning here, preparing some disguise  
To fetch me hence and marry me.

AN. Marry, Amiana ! is that the word ?  
For me a trap to catch all mankind in.  
A trick your old law-makers first found out  
To keep us tame. And then they fob us off  
With stale deceptions of prerogative,  
That every husband is a monarch in  
His family. Of what I pray ? Of small

Milk-eaters, that complain of breeding teeth,  
And we of breeding them ; till they  
Are weary too of us at last : so the  
Dislike goes round.

AMI. Why do you meditate  
As if this business did require new thoughts ?

AN. Is there a soft bed here ?

AMI. What do you mean ?

Doth sleep invade you, sir ? Are you not well ?

AN. Would you were half so well in understand-  
ing.

What pity 'tis, one of thy hopeful being  
Should want capacity in natural  
Affairs. By this good darkness thou delight'st  
To vex me ; if there be joys, are they  
Not greater by our liberty, and less  
When we that make them are confin'd ?

AMI. I hope I am not well  
Indeed ; and 'tis my understanding that  
Is sick, or I would have it so, rather  
Than know your meaning.

AN. Come, pretty thief !  
Though these are fitting hours for stealth, our  
robberies  
Shall be but interchanging what's our own.

AMI. Away ! begone ! Although my faith cannot  
Persuade me all this vanity comes from  
Thy heart, yet I abhor it on thy tongue.  
My foolish love forbids me chide thee more ;  
Yet thou wilt find my anger easier far  
Than Heaven's.

[*Exit.*

AN. Don Orgemon ! Orco !

ORCO. What a cold sweat you've left us in ! I  
spy'd  
One single glowing coal i' th' chimney of  
The weather-room, and thought 't had been a  
muskettier

With his match cock'd.

AN. Gentlemen, do you see the key  
That opens to this blind paradise ? this will  
I lend, when either of your constitutions call  
Upon me to make way unto my mistress.

ORCO. But what success, Androlio, she being  
chaste ?

AN. Why then corrupt her, you shall have my  
help ;

That's fair I think. If you would both be rul'd  
By me, we'd lead such pleasant envied lives,  
The great Turk himself should leave his business  
And his throne to make a fourth among us.

ORCO. As how ? Now do I grow a little sensual.

AN. Our mistresses in common, that's the way ;  
Each may apply himself t'assist his friend.

Think on those blessed Greeks, that had the skill  
Of mutual procuration. Oh how  
Deliciously they liv'd ! What pity 'tis, that this  
Dull age admits it not in fashion now.  
If we would help each other heartily,  
Straight all the sex were ours.

ORG. Think you so, sir ?

AN. Yes, and without the miseries of matrimony.  
Let haberdashers marry, and those poor  
Shop traffickers, that spend their precious hours  
In narrow lanes.

ORCO. Who are a kind of pious eunuchs, and  
their wives  
Your concubines, whom they keep for your use  
At their own charge.

AN. Y'are in the right.

ORG. Orco would get a pretty nimble way  
Of profiting, if he be well taught.

AN. You have a secret mistress, Orgemon !  
I prithee bring me to her.

ORG. No, sir ! I am content

To manage my own fortune without help.

AN. Orco, you have a handsome sister ! make My way that I may visit her.

ORCO. How, sir !

You must make your own way then with your sword.

AN. Th'art not entirely cleans'd from folly, yet Like to a gun ill cleans'd, thou dost recoil At the first charge. If you like my sister, Appoint your time, and I will do my best.

ORCO. Ay, that may mollify.

AN. She'll make a proper woman ; but The mischief is, she's yet but three years old. A young bird ! thou may'st catch her with a cherry.

ORG. My hour draws on, and my affairs require That I should walk alone. I prithee lead me out—

AN. He is a scholar ! let him take His learned way, poor melancholy angler, He must fish with those philosophical worms, He finds in rotten books. Thou, Orco, and My self, if we do faithfully conspire, Will lay such subtle baits, as first shall vex Our own, then vanquish all the other sex.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter BALTHAZAR and DORODO.*

BAL. Those scatter'd streaks of paleness in the east

Declare the day so near, the sun scarce needs To travel half an hour to perfect it.

The port will open straight, and there you'll find My page attend you with a horse.

DOR. Your tenderness and careful gratitude



Will, by example, benefit the world,  
 And teach ill natures to do good ; if not  
 For virtue's sake, yet in a hope to gain  
 By the reward. Let me request you, sir,  
 To cherish nicely your dear life, which may  
 Be useful unto all mankind. Your wound  
 Will yet require the surgeon's help, and such  
 Untimely moving in the piercing air, perhaps,  
 Retard the cure. I pray, return.

BAL. 'Tis your civility to mind it, sir,  
 Else I should lack the means to think I have  
 That wound which I can hardly feel.  
 Since y'are a stranger, and by a request,  
 Through a becoming care of safety, make  
 Such haste to leave the town, perhaps your wants  
 May find this little treasure of some use.  
 Be pleas'd to make it yours.

DOR. I shall have need  
 Of nothing but your absence, sir, and that  
 Is useful to me, 'cause it may concern  
 Your health. Pray leave me, and return !

BAL. Let me attend you but a little further !  
 Perchance I have a mistress, whose dwelling near  
 The port, I would, in my obedience to  
 The custom here, salute with music when  
 She wakes.

DOR. Nor yet am I  
 So old, but you may think I have  
 A mistress too, whom I would celebrate ;  
 And these affairs ask single secrecy.  
 I do beseech you leave me !

BAL. My better wishes wait upon you ever !

DOR. Mine, sir, on you ! Although your virtue  
 be

So strong, it doth prevent all other aids.

*[Exeunt severally.]*

*Enter LEONTE.*

LEON. 'Twas by some secret whisperings of love  
Enjoy'd before. If Don Dorando really  
Had been a stranger to my sister, and  
As new to her, as me, he had not grown  
So bold in her defence ; if it be love,  
'Tis apt enough to my conjecture. He  
May take the usual way of early sacrifice  
In amorous airs.  
Just here, her window doth  
O'er-look our garden wall. I'll wait  
For his approach ; if singly, as such stol'n  
Addresses commonly are made, he will  
Be fitter for my sword ; nor would I, by  
Unequal force, discharge and satisfy  
My anger to my honour's loss.

*Enter MUSICIANS.*

1. MU. This is the place !  
Diego, is the bass-viol mended which  
Th' young lacquey batter'd with a torch ?

2. MU. Tigh'd as a bladder.

1. MU. Stand all close beneath  
The penthouse ! there's a certain chamber-maid,  
From yond' casement, will dash us else. She was  
Ever very free of her urine.

LEO. Sure, Don Dorando sprung this tame covy !  
Friend ! who employ'd you here ?

1. MU. A gentleman lover, sir.

LEO. I guess it is no city lover ;  
For he'd have eas'd his mind with the town waits.  
Know you his name ?

1. MU. Good sir, forbear ! You hinder our  
tuning.

LEO. Prithee, his name ?

1. MU. It is a stranger, sir ! He will be here  
After the first madrigal.

SONG IN PARTS.

2.

*Enter* ORGEMON.

ORG. There's your reward, avoid the place ! 'Tis  
strange. [Exeunt Musicians.  
She not returns me her accustomed favour ;  
Neither by th' sudden comfort of her eyes,  
Nor one restrain'd soft whisper to declare  
Her fears.

Claramante ! Break forth  
Thou living Light ! the planet of the day  
Makes constant haste to shine on ev'ry one,  
Because insensible, and cannot know  
The value of his beams ; but thou,  
Of worthier essence far than he, art nice  
And chary of thy lustre, 'cause  
Thy reason tells thee what is precious should  
Be most reserv'd. Claramante !

LEO. If there be virtue in that name, it is  
Not fit it should receive a blemish from  
Thy voice. If there be none, thou newly  
Hast corrupted what I thought was pure.

ORG. What are you that so rudely dare profane  
A lover's rites ? Those single privacies  
The custom of this province doth allow.

LEO. Don Dorando ! 'tis not thy want of memory  
Doth make my person or my voice estrang'd  
Unto thy knowledge, but thy guilt. Time hath  
But added a few hours to our account,  
Since thou with insolence didst injure whom  
Thou now dost fear to know.

ORG. This scarcity of light, wanting enough  
Of day t'inform thy eyes, makes thee mistake.  
I am not he thou nam'st.

LEO. Dost thou deny thyself ?  
That which before did seem thy valour, was  
No more than a disease within thy blood ;  
'T hath intermissions, and doth reign by fits.

ORG. Prithee, whoe'er thou art, befriend thyself  
With my advice. For thine own safety, not  
For mine, I wish thee leave this place.

LEO. Your easy temper will deceive you, sir !  
Although I scorn to conquer him that is  
Not willing to resist, I'll force you straight  
If not to courage yet to anger. Thus !

*[Strikes him.]*

ORG. Rash busy fool ! 'tis now too late t'allay  
 That spirit thou hast rais'd. [*They draw.*  
*They fight.*]

*Enter CLARAMANTE above, with a light.*

CLA. Who are you that, with rudely manag'd  
 swords,  
 Foretel so much of danger and of death ?  
 ORG. Thy valour did deserve a better cause,  
 But 'tis not timely to instruct thee now.  
 Yield, or thou diest !

[*Orgemon bestrides Leonte.*]

CLA. Ay me, the voice of Orgemon !  
 My brother too, disarm'd, prostrate, and grown  
 The yielded subject of his rage.

ORG. Ha ! thy brother ?  
 Life of my heart ! Had we but had thine eyes  
 T'enlighten us, this dark misprision could  
[*A torch ready.*]

Not so betray me, to oppose one, whom  
 My better knowledge might embrace.

CLA. If there be any mercy in thy love, give not  
 Thy anger leave to make a bloody use  
 Of victory !

ORG. For all the avaricious world calls wealth,  
 I would not shed the blood that is allied  
 To thine. Rise, sir ! and thank your sister for  
 Your life and sword. [*Gives him his sword.*]

LEO. I shall disdain them both,  
 Unless my fortune make me fit  
 For better gratitude ; which is, when I  
 Have conquer'd thine to give them back.  
[*Runs at him, they fight again.*]

CLA. Cruel, and rash ! Dost thou pervert the  
 use  
 Of my request ? Help, help !  
[*Orgemon is wounded.*]

ORG. Claramante ! thy pity which did save  
Thy brother's life hath now endanger'd mine.

CLA. Gonsalvo, help ! my cousin, Argilo !

*[Goes from the window, and calls within.]*

LEO. He seems, by th' half discernings of this  
light,  
To shrink with loss of blood. I fear I shall  
Have cause to curse my first mistake. I'll haste  
Unto the next monastic-house to keep  
Me from the rigour of the laws. *[Exit.]*

ORG. Where art thou fled ! Have I a wound,  
and not  
An enemy, on whom I may reveng't ?

*Enter CLARAMANTE above.*

CLA. Art thou in danger, noble Orgemon ?  
I fear to ask what's cruelty to know.

ORG. My gentle love ! disquiet not thy heart  
With kind suspicions, for my wound  
Is neither deep nor hazardous.

CLA. Thy safety reconciles me to my stars,  
Now they descend !  
Give trust unto my cousin, Argilo,  
Unless he should persuade thee hither ; for  
The malice of this house may ruin thee.

ORG. Wilt thou depart that art my better life ?

CLA. My honour and my pity call me hence ;  
I dare no longer see thee, nor be seen. *[Exit.]*

*Enter ARGILO, GONSALVO, with a torch.*

ONG. Keep back ! I've yet another arm that may  
Be prosperous for my defence.

AR. Don Orgemon, this is a noble lord !  
I know his love to Claramante full  
Of loyalty ; without suspicion, sir, you may  
Receive from me the office of a friend.

GON. I'th' calm and sleepy season of

The night, Leonte stole abroad. I fear  
He hath been guilty of this rash assault.

AN. It seems there's danger in his deed, for he  
Is fled. Be confident we'll serve you, sir.  
How do you find your strength?

ORG. I only feel my fortune weak. If you  
Are worthy, as your promise renders you,  
Conduct me to the lodging near the bridge.

GON. I know it well; it is the marble-house!

AN. We'll both attend you thither. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter ORCO like a fiddler. ANDROLIO aloof of.*

ORCO. This is a tame street-hound of the right  
strain;  
Now he hath found my footing 'twill be hard  
To shake him off. He'll follow by the scent,  
Like an old tiger.

AN. You have your early walks, Orco.  
I know you by your aggot eyes, and your  
Cinnamon face. Whither, I'faith? tell me!  
You mean to firk it with your fiddlestick?

ORCO. If thou lov'st me, go back! I've a design  
For thy good; but I would fain trust to my  
Own head. The day will open presently,  
And then my project is quite spoil'd.

AN. Yes, a Court project, which no man gets by  
But the inventor; who is long in paying of  
Himself, and at the last is soundly paid.  
But I will stand to all unwholesome hazards,  
And bear you company.

ORCO. You must excuse me,  
Androlio. By this hand, 'tis a devout design!

AN. Faith like enough; you go to fiddle gratis  
At the wedding of some poor orphan maid.

ORCO. Prithee, go back!

AN. Come, I begin to find you false. Doth not

Our late indenture bind us both to help  
Each other for the common good of women,  
And so to make our own enjoyings sure ?  
Thou hast a secret mistress, and I think  
Dost hide her under ground, like a rose  
Embalm'd within a leaden pot to keep it fresh.

ORCO. Or as our seamen bury beef ; but if  
Thou findest her out, thou'lt powder her.

AN. Thou art as valiant as a Machabee,  
And shouldst be true : shall I trust thee alone ?

ORCO. Androlio, if thou wilt leave me, I will  
tell thee all.

AN. As how ? Proceed !

ORCO. There is a certain wench—

AN. Good ! A wench ! The very thing I want.  
If thou lov'st me let her have black eyes.  
Pray on, a wench !

ORCO. The daughter of an advocate.

AN. Good, still ! I love to procreate with the law ;  
For I would have my issue thrive.

ORCO. This foresaid wench, sighing in her  
window,  
Gave me the gentle leer as I pass'd by ;  
And I, that had the blessed happiness  
To be born for her undoing, return'd her,—  
You know my old guard of love-fence,—the half  
wink, thus ;

AN. That's my way too ; I taught it you. But  
mark

Me, Orco. You must not now prove negligent  
In a good cause.

ORCO. Dost think I am so wicked ?  
She's newly blown, and I am going now  
To make her ripe.

AN. Honest rogue, farewell !

[Goes to the door and returns.  
D'ye hear, Orco ? I needs must have this wench ;



Remember how our covenants are drawn.

ORCO. Be confident, and leave me !

AN. Nay, thou art right. To-morrow I'll procure for thee.

*[Goes to the door again, and returns.]*

Orco, thou dost not know what extraordinary use I have for an advocate's daughter.

ORCO. I'm sensible ! I prithee go ! my friends' Necessities I tender as mine own. *[Exit Androlio.]* I'll give him a false turn i'th' corner of The next blind lane, that I may safer move In my design.

*[Goes off, and enters again at the other door.]*

I've lost him now !

The rogue's as cunning as a travel'd spy,  
But I shall cozen him. This is the house !  
Or I mistook my mark last night.

*Sings a mock-song to a ballad tune.*

Good morrow to the honourable Donna Amiana,  
And to th' right worshipful, her little dog.

*Enter AMIANA above, with a paper with gold in't.*

AMI. You are too loud ! I know thee not ; and I Presume thou dost not know thou wak'st my enemies :

For in this house the jealous live, who are  
Such cruel judges of my thoughts and words,  
That I grow weary of all hope but what  
Infers my death. Although thy music's harsh,  
I'll pay thy courtesy. There's gold, begone !

*[Throws him money.]*

ORCO. Pretty varlet ! Now am I melting, soft  
All over, as a quodled\* apple. I'll thread  
These ducats on a fiddle-string, and wear  
Them for a bracelet.

\* Coddled.

AMI. What shall I do ?  
Although my father hazard me at home,  
It may be danger to adventure forth.  
Musician, are you gone ?

ORCO. Here, dear lady !  
So conquer'd by your bounty, that I'm e'en  
Setting my fiddle to the tune of Dying dumps.  
If you would grace me with commands, you shall  
Perceive I dare attempt as far as Orpheus did,  
That played a jig in hell. There I have nick'd  
her

With a compliment. [*Aside.*

AMI. Govern your words,  
And then beware your promises exceed  
Not what you can perform ; yet I have heard  
Coarse habits often cover mighty minds.  
Know you Don Androlio, the nephew to  
The governor ?

ORCO. Do I know a ducat when I see't ?  
I am to play before  
His worship this very morning ; he makes  
My love ballads. The merry madrigal  
For maids, and the vicious virgin, were both his.

AMI. I know him vain, wild, and ungovern'd as  
Th' assembling winds ; yet if thou'lt safely bring  
Me to his house, I'll make thee rich with my  
Rewards ; but be thou sure, thou use me not  
With rude, uncivil violence ; for then  
His anger, and my kindred's pow'r will seek  
Thee out, as far as day is known, to ruin thee  
With their revenge.

ORCO. 'Las, madam, I am call'd  
The faithful fiddler of Cordua. Boldly  
Adventure, for my life shall warrant you !

AMI. There is no staying here ! To my infirm  
And troubled sense, it doth appear as safe  
To hazard what is doubtful there, as undergo

What certainly is worse than death within. [*Exit.*

ORCO. She's coming down, I hope. Don Androlio.

When you did bring Don Orgemon and me  
Last night to see your mistress in this house ;  
Your brains, I take't, did you no great good service.  
If I bring her to yours, although I've made  
A kind of poetical promise to  
That small purpose, may this become my lasting  
trade,  
And I sing my own story under the title  
Of the lousey lover.

*Enter AMIANA veil'd.*

AMI. Good friend ! where are you ?

ORCO. Ready to serve you. Ha ! Her face  
veil'd ?

No matter ! I shall see all in the green-chamber.

AMI. First take that jewel to invite your faith :  
Which if perform'd with loyalty,  
It shall receive a larger recompence ;  
But still remember, what a punishment  
Attends on treacherous deeds. And as  
You honour heaven, make haste, before  
The business of the people fill the streets !

ORCO. I shall consider as I walk, whether  
I gain'd her with my face, or voice ; for both  
Are excellent. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter ORGEMON, and one SERVANT.*

ORG. That key opens my cabinet ! Reward  
The surgeon well : although my wound, I hope,  
Will need no more his medicine, nor his care.  
Be still within my call !

1 SERV. I shall, sir ! [*Exit.*

ORG. O love !  
Thy wonders might create a story that

Would fill all books. 'Tis strange a power so soft,  
And ever young, should be so tyrannous  
And strong ! 'Tis in obedience to thy will  
That Don Leonte lives ; and adds this morn  
To's short account of time. And 'tis the same  
Obedience keeps my honour in such awe,  
That he must still survive the date of my  
Revenge.

*Enter FIRST SERVANT.*

1 SERV. A gentleman, importunate  
With haste and business, desires to speak with  
you.

ORG. Admit him in ! *[Exit 1 Servant.]*

*Enter CLARAMANTE in man's habit.*

CLA. Sir ! I perceive  
You gaze and seek for something in my face,  
That you would seem to know : And sure, if I  
Had courage to display what I must bashfully  
Decline and hide, you'd soon restore it to  
Your memory, and then give me a name.

ORG. Claramante ! My wonder to behold  
Thee thus, and here, will scarce give place unto  
My joy ! How rarely fashion'd is thy courtesy.

CLA. I knew no way, most loyal Orgemon !  
That would so much become my gratitude  
As thus t'oblige you with the trust, both of  
My honour and my life ; whose life and honour, I  
Of late with my unequal pity did  
Betray. But I have hope my urgent pray'r  
Hath kept all danger from your wound.

ORG. It is  
Too apt for cure, too slight to merit such  
A recompence ; you give, my gentle mistress,  
So much new ornament to our coarse sex,  
By seeming of it now, that I suspect

Ere long you will neglect your own.

CLA. I do so fear my own disguise, that  
I tremble in the light far more  
Than other virgins in the dark, as if  
The law did follow me for stealing of  
My borrow'd shape. I shrink like th' Indian flow'r  
Which creeps within its folded leaves when it  
Is touch'd, ashamed that men should come so near't.

ORG. 'Tis a disguise thy need of safety will allow.

CLA. You shall conceal me from my brother's  
wrath,  
Until the priest by holy rites hath made  
Us fitting to appear in public view.

ORG. This house will soon be subject to his eyes,  
And to your kin'red's search, but, ere their rage  
Or watchful malice can have time to find  
You out, I will convey you hence unto  
Some place more secret and remote.

*Enter ANDROLIO.*

AN. What! lock'd up like a relic, sir? Ere long  
A man must bow three paces off to him  
That shews your picture. My dear Don! how go  
Affairs? This is a mad town! the very race  
Of mankind in't are all turn'd cats: Such climbing  
Into windows, clambering over house-tiles,  
And scratching for females, was ne'er heard of  
Since first the hot Moors did overcome Spain,  
And met with our grandmothers in the dark.

ORG. Was this last night? And things of  
moment done?

By whom, I pray?

AN. Odd skirmishes have pass'd,  
But who were actors in't, I cannot hear.

ORG. No person chief in the disorder nam'd?

AN. I tell you, no! they bear their follies out  
With gravity; a kind of sly State-sinners, sir,

And we are village-fools : For though we find  
Great mischiefs still are done, we never know  
By whom. What gentleman is this ?

ORG. One I'll prefer to your acceptance, sir ;  
My cousin, and an heir.

AN. Will he be bound ?

ORG. 'Las ! he is but in's teens.

AN. What does he then abroad ? Let him keep  
home

Till the wax be ready, and the bonds drawn.

ORG. Androlio, lend me your ear ! You are  
Arriv'd hither most opportunely for my use.

AN. It may be so ! 'tis more though than I  
meant.

ORG. That I confess ! yet, prithee, be but sad  
A while, or serious, which thou wilt, and take  
A secret from me that concerns me much.

AN. Quick, then ! For I've a secret business too.  
Just when the clock strikes nine, I am to meet  
An advocate's daughter.

ORG. That may be done  
Without impediment to what I shall  
Impose. This gentleman with strictest care  
Must be conceal'd within your house to-night ;  
His honour suffers much if he be found.

AN. Is he to fight ? I'll be his second !

ORG. There's something of a duel in't, and  
though

His years promise no miracles of strength,  
Yet he hath seeds of courage, and will yield  
To nothing that he thinks an injury.

AN. You know my way ; we'll fight it two to  
two !

That Norman fencer which I kept, is dead.  
Oh ! he was a rare murderer ; but I  
Have all his rules.

ORG. No words to him, Androlio,

That may intimate a quarrel, as you love me.

AN. Enough! when I suspect my tongue I'll take

It out, and lock it in my cabinet.

[*Goes to Claramante.*]

Sir! I do seldom make requests, but since

Allied unto my friend, I shall desire

I may have leave to serve you.

CLA. Your favour, sir, hath made a most unworthy choice;

But I shall daily hasten to deserv't.

AN. A pretty bashful fellow! I'll enter him

Upon the mad girls. Give me thy hand!

For thy sake, Orgemon, he shall begin

With the advocate's daughter.

[*Claramante takes Orgemon aside.*]

CLA. Have pity, sir, upon my fears! I hope

You will not trust me in his house;

He seems so wild, and wickedly inclin'd,

I dare not hope for safety where he dwells.

ORG. Poor troubled heart, dismiss those needless fears!

Your safety is assur'd in your disguise.

The time is short you are to stay with him,

And then his character, so known unto

Your friends, will hinder all suspicion of

Your being there; besides, although his wantonness

Lessens his worth unto a stranger's eye,

I know his valour will not suffer him

To fail my trust.

AN. Lead the way!

CLA. My fortune is as wearisome

And doubtful to me, as this borrow'd shape.

ORG. Yet know, my beauteous friend, he that

Foretels his own calamity, and makes

Events before they come, 'twice over doth

Endure the pains of evil destiny.

But we must trust to virtue, not to fate !  
 That may protect, whom cruel stars will hate.  
[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter ANDROLIO, and SECOND SERVANT.*

AN. When I had got fit leisure to peruse her,—  
 Besides that fair perspicuous text, her face,—  
 I saw a world of little marginal notes,  
 That prov'd significant enough to doubt her.  
 Yet when I told her of't, the poor fool wept,  
 And that alacrity of weeping shews  
 She is a woman. A slight shallow trick !  
 And shallow waters cannot part us two,—  
 I must wade over ; then when I grew a little rude,  
 She seem'd angry ; that shews too, she is a woman.  
 But when, through a small cranny of the door,  
 I spied her folding up her hair behind,  
 What needed more to make her guilty, and  
 Me guilty too, if she'd consent ; but 'tis a cold girl,  
 Or else she counterfeits.

Is the fine young gentleman stirring yet ?

2d SERV. He wak'd long since, sir, and is now  
 at's pray'rs.

AN. How ! At pray'rs ! Even that alone's enough  
 To shew she is a gentlewoman.

Go wait without ! [*Exit 2d Servant.*]

When I did fool, and strive to kiss her,  
 The peevish ape drew out a ponyard.

*Enter CLARAMANTE in man's habit.*

CLA. Good morrow, sir !  
 Good thoughts to you, sir, and I hope so good  
 A wish is welcome to your ear. [*A letter and purse.\**]

\* The mention of these "properties"—which would only occur in the prompter's book—may be taken in evidence that, if not really acted, the play had been prepared for acting.



AN. You are no lady yet.

CLA. Although I want persuasion, sir, to rule  
Your thoughts, I trust your own civility  
Will rule your deeds. *[Weeps.]*

AN. More dropping show'rs  
From such a sky, as should not entertain  
A cloud ? A gentleman and weep !  
Who ever saw't before ? Scarce at a funeral,  
But when his sire died poor ; or blush, but when  
He went to borrow money, and then it was  
For very shame the party would not lend it.

CLA. I shall begin to wish I were  
More wicked than I am ; if others' faults  
Can only make up a disguise to keep  
Me safe from greater sins.

AN. Come, my fair masculine ! last night  
You know I did desist in pity to  
Your bashfulness ; for it is fit  
We grow acquainted ere we love. But now  
I hope you'll pity me. *[Steps to her, she steps back.]*

CLA. If you have noble honour in you, I  
Am sure you dare not foully break the trust  
Of Orgemon, your friend.

AN. A friend ! A very new one ! Here he sways  
the town,  
And we not know his province, nor his birth.  
It is but vain  
To iterate what I said before. I find  
He sent you hither for a trial of  
My eyes, and wit : Should I not know you as  
A gallant ought, he would extremely scorn me.  
Let me but share the favours you confer  
On him : my friend and I are one.

CLA. If that be possible, I shall believe  
Virtue and truth are only names on earth,  
And their realities are fled to heaven. *[Weeps.]*

AN. Weeping again ? I am a thousand Turks

If sh'ave not quite corrupted me ! I must  
Weep too ! But say I prove so curs'd  
A villain now, as to have a mind to her  
In my tears ? Huge double drops, I swear !

*Enter* SECOND SERVANT.

2*d* SERV. Don Orco, sir, desires to speak with you.

AN. Ha ! Orco ! Is he below, and a wench with him ?

2*d* SERV. No sir, alone ! and in great haste he comes

T'invite you to his lodging.

AN. I hope the small she-advocate is there.

Sir ! If you'll but survey the lease within,  
You'll find the house is yours. I pray retire !

I dare leave her ; she hath not courage to

Go forth alone i' th' open day. Besides,

I know her inclination's kind, and unto me

In chief. Why, came she hither else ? *[Exit.*

CLA. Sir ! sir ! allow me but a word, and take  
This purse before you grant what I request.

2*d* SERV. Good, sir ! I'faith it is too much.

CLA. Thou shalt have more at thy return,  
If with true secrecy and speed, unknown  
Unto thy master, thou inquire the dwelling of  
Don Orgemon, and deliver him this letter.

2*d* SERV. Straight, sir ! I will not stay to weigh  
your gold. *[Exit.*

CLA. Unless my written sorrows hasten thee  
To fetch me hence, I ne'er shall see thee, Orgemon,  
My eyes will melt away so fast. *[Exit.*

*Enter* BALTHAZAR, LEONTE, GONSALVO, ARGILO.

BAL. Brother, you need not throw your eyes  
About the street as if you fear'd the laws ;  
For I am told Don Orgemon is well.

LEO. His fortune gives him satisfaction then,

And amply too, for my mistake.

GON. Sure, Orco dwells within this broad arch'd building !

It will be requisite we here begin our search.

AR. Most consequent ; for he was early seen  
In an assum'd fantastic dress, leading  
A lady in disguise.

BAL. Knock at the gate, Gonsalvo ! [*He knocks.*]

LEO. Break it open ! why should we use our cause  
So mannerly ? We come not here to make  
A formal visit, but to find a sister,  
Stol'n and betray'd.

BAL. Hold, gentlemen ! Brother  
You are too violent. We shall not save  
But ruin Claramante's honour, if,  
By noise and rude disorder, we provoke  
The people to observe that she is fled  
From home ; nor are we certain she is here.

*Enter* THIRD SERVANT.

GON. We come in business to your master, friend.  
Request him hither !

3d SERV. My master, sir, in not within.

AR. Gonsalvo, lay you hold upon that fellow !  
And keep him safe, whilst Balthazar and I  
Enter and search the house. You, Don Leonte,  
May guard the gate, t'examine those  
That make their passage forth.

[*Exeunt Balthazar, Argilo.*]

LEO. You slave, if you call out, or strive for your  
Deliverance, here's that shall spoil your voice !

[*Draws his dagger.*]

GON. He will be rul'd ! his courage never comes  
Upon him until noon, and then  
He triumphs, sir.

LEO. If we do miss her here, our nearest hope  
Will be to seek her where Don Orgemon

Resides ; and he again shall try to expiate  
His saucy error with his sword.

GON. But Claramante must  
Be gently us'd ; for I suspect it is  
Your harsh demeanour hath provok'd her to  
This ill becoming remedy.

LEO. 'Tis likely, by my brother's stay, he hath  
Already found her here.

*Enter BALTHAZAR, ARGILA, AMIANA veil'd.*

BAL. I have inquir'd as high as to the heads  
Of chimneys, and as low as to the feet  
Of wells, yet found no virgin, sir, but this.

AR. She is a distress'd one too, or else she doth  
Dissemble sorrow very cunningly.

BAL. All hidden but your eyes,  
Lady ! such care to be conceal'd would cause  
Unkind observers to suspect you have  
Some faults. If not acquainted with your name,  
Yet make us known unto your face.

AMI. I hardly know my self, I'm so  
Unfortunate ! y'have heard the story of  
My wrong, how and by whom misled into  
This place ; and with what aids of tears, and pray'rs,  
I have preserv'd my honour ?

BAL. 'Tis happy that  
Is safe. I wonder much a gentleman  
Should so unworthily demean himself.

AMI. If you have seeds of true compassion, sir,  
Unveil me not ; but clouded thus, convey  
Me to some private dwelling, where my fears  
May be the worst I shall endure.

LEO. This is some virgin you may hire at a  
Far easier rate than your soliciting.  
She's choicely bred to entertain gallants.

BAL. Brother, y'are too cruel ! Proceed upon  
Your search, and I'll attend you straight.

Gonsalvo ! force that humble officer  
Along with you, till we are parted from his reach.

[*Exeunt Leonte, Gonsalvo, Argilo, 3d Servant.*]

AMI. I made but little use of precepts, should  
I not forgive such injuries as scorn ;  
The careless hazard of my fame deserves  
Much more, and I have patience to allow't.

BAL. You teach me, lady, to believe, and to  
Lament your sufferings. I will conduct  
You straight unto a lodging you may trust  
For honest worth and privacy.

AMI. My better angel, sir, I hope hath some  
Affinity with yours, and both conspir'd  
To send you hither for your own renown,  
And my felicity.

BEL. What dull, ignoble devil could in all  
His breast find out a thought to wrong such eyes ?  
[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter ORCO, ANDROLIO.*

AN. Orco, do not I know the latitude of  
The narrow compass of thy head ? Persuade  
Me not, if thou believ'st I have one ounce  
Of brains within mine own, that thou couldst get  
My mistress to thy lodging by this trick.

ORCO. I have not sanctity enough to do  
A miracle, and therefore am content  
To think this none. But here she is ! Here you  
Shall see her too, unless women  
And watching have destroy'd your sight.

AN. Is this the advocate's daughter ?

ORCO. As much of her as I could reach upon  
Such short preparatives of wit. And this, as I  
Imagine too, had been detain'd from you a while,  
But that the wicked thing prov'd chaste.

AN. Confess, i'faith ! You know I still absolve  
These pretty venial sins in all that date

Themselves beneath fourscore. How didst thou find her?

ORCO. A little odd! The silly elf hath been ill taught, she understood me not at first, But I, that spare no pains t'inculcate doctrine of This kind, told her my purpose in rare words, And then she call'd unto her help a race Of strange and unheard of friends.

AN. Ha! Who are they?

ORCO. People above the clouds! Old Saints' hard names Of such as you, and I ne'er knew, but in The Kalender.

AN. This chit would be rebuk'd ; But 'tis a foolish way she hath long us'd.

ORCO. I thought she would have catechiz'd my man,  
Gave him a rosary of beads, with good council,  
And the dull slave began to listen too.  
For let me tell you, he's a very great  
Misleader of weavers,  
And may in time make a rebellion.

AN. Well! No hope then of success?

ORCO. 'Faith I began to doubt the worst, and so Committed her unto a cushion, and A little pocket book, lock'd in her chamber.

AN. Orco, a man of weak experience in This transitory world would grow enrag'd At such uncomfortable plots as these.  
Be jealous of his mistress, wake betimes,  
And call you to the field in slippers and  
Your shirt, with your sword drawn! But I, who know

These fond calamities are incident  
To virtue, do forgive thee, and will have  
Our covenants new sign'd, that the old league  
Of mutual procuration may be straight renew'd.

ORCO. Agreed ! I cannot venture much !

AN. Knock at your door ! I would fain see her.

[*Orco knocks.*]

ORCO. It seems my man is not o'ervex'd with  
cares,

For I believe he's fast asleep. [*Knocks again.*]

*Enter* THIRD SERVANT.

How, sirrah ? My doors lock'd, and you abroad ?

3*d* SERV. O sir, I am undone !

ORCO. Undone ! Why art thou married, fool,  
since I went forth ?

3*d* SERV. No, but the lady, sir, you left unto  
My charge, was carried hence by gentlemen,  
And my self forc'd t'attend their company,  
Till she was led I know not where.

ORCO. The lady gone !

AN. Orco, a very ordinary nose  
May scent your stratagem. This was a trick  
To magnify your wit, fable, and figment ;  
Orco, my mistress is at home, and, as  
I take't, was never here.

ORCO. Caitiff ! What gentlemen were those that  
took  
The lady hence ?

3*d* SERV. I know not, sir, nor whither they are  
gone.

AN. Come, shift your fooling vizard off ! you may  
Appear in your own face. I knew before  
I was but gull'd, and will vouchsafe to be  
So ev'ry day, in hope to mend thy brain  
With exercise.

ORCO. Y'are merry, sir ! Perhaps at your own  
charge ?

*Enter* SECOND SERVANT.

AN. How now ! Are you undone too ?

2*d* SERV. Worse, sir ! the gentleman you left at home

Is fled.

AN. Fled, sir ! What out at the window ?

2*d* SERV. No sir, a horseback. They bound me fast !

ORCO. Sure, Androlio, this is a fable too.

*[Androlio takes Orco aside.]*

AN. Come, I suspect you are a traitor, and Have double plots. This sounds like your mischief.

2*d* SERV. No, truly, sir ! the stranger was seduc'd By one, Don Orgemon.

AN. Don Orgemon, villain ! which way took they ?

2*d* SERV. Through Jaques Port, towards Anselmo's wood.

AN. Five miles distant from hence ! It carries much

Of likelihood. Orco, lend me a horse.

ORCO. You shall ride me, because you have the better wit.

AN. Hire me some slaves ! get me my midnight vizards,

And my false robes. Haste, Sirrah ! as you prize Your life ; it will be easy to o'ertake 'em.

I would not for the crown of Spain bear this

Defeat. My statue will be cut mounting

A marble ass, with huge unmeasurable ears.

ORCO. And mine leading that ass bare-foot in procession

For my folly, unless I find your mistress. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter ORGEMON, CLARAMANTE, in a woman's riding-habit, and one servant.*

ORG. To make us free from all inquiry, when We are pursu'd, lead on the horses towards Cordua, and leave us in this wood.



1. SERV. Your cabinet and garments I have laid  
I'th' lower hermitage. Heaven protect you, sir.

[*Exeunt 1. Servant.*]

ORG. The wild condition of these woods you'll  
find

More innocent and safer than a temple, if  
Androlio sojourn'd in't. He shall be forc'd  
To render me a strict account for this  
Abhor'd attempt. I did not think he could  
Be seriously inclin'd to ill, although  
I knew he had some guilt of levity  
And youth, which unjust custom doth excuse.

CLAR. The threat'nings of my little strength,  
and all

My anger, had not kept my honour free,  
Without the sudden help of heaven, that did  
Divert his thoughts.

ORG. It is the lasting vice  
Of our ill-fashion'd sex, to think those injuries  
We do to yours but pretty triumphs ;  
As if it were a dignity in youth to have  
The pow'r and judgement to betray.

CLA. Renowned Orgemon !  
When you are crown'd with many years, and your  
Best star invites you to an upper orb  
Eternally to shine, and keep it company,  
Succeeding virgins then shall sacrifice  
Their songs, their sighs, unto your fame, and praise  
Your kind confession of those wrongs they still  
Receive on earth.

ORG. Move softly on, and mark the place  
Whereon you tread ! for your descent  
Is steep and dangerous.

CLA. What is that cell  
Or hermitage, to which you guide me now ?

ORG. A place of secret sanctity, where we  
Securely may reside, until my confessor

By rites of holy priesthood, tie  
 Our hearts and hands with that mysterious knot  
 Which all your brother's eminence and strength  
 Cannot dissolve.

CLA. Then I shall lose  
 My freedom, whilst by force of formal law,  
 And a devout necessity, I must  
 Become the subject of your power, who was  
 The mistress of your love. A dreadful change  
 But such, I hope, as you will manage well.

ORG. Though I a sceptre held,  
 And my imperial rule  
 O'ershadow'd all the earth—for surely vast  
 Authority keeps all below it in  
 The dark—yet I should ne'er permit my pow'r  
 To lessen or to spoil my love.

CLA. Are you assur'd you move directly in  
 Our way? This path is diversely inclin'd,  
 And will occasion a mistake.

ORG. Be confident! I have been here before.

*Enter ANDROLIO disguised, and others in vizards.*

AN. Seize on her strait, and bind him to a tree!  
 Use no discourse nor violence that may  
 Endanger him, though he resist.

ORG. Villains, restore my sword! then yield  
 Me space to manage it, and, strengthened with  
 This cause, I will enforce my way.

*[They bind him to a tree. Androlio lays hold on  
 Claramante, she kneels.]*

CLA. If you believe there are rewards or punishments  
 Above, desist from what you cruelly  
 Intend; there is an eye more sensible,  
 And greater than the sun, that sees  
 What you are doing.

ORG. Claramante, be not

Thy own destroyer with thy fears. These, sure,  
Are but thy brother's instruments, and, though  
Incens'd against me, his nature cannot suffer him  
To touch thy honour, or thy life.

CLA. I am your prisoner, sir! I yield myself  
So you will free Don Orgemon.

*[Androlio delivers her to the rest.]*

ORG. Curs'd at our births, the stars are all our  
enemies.

CLA. Why should I fear the life I carry hence,  
When I must leave the pleasure of it here?

*[They carry her off.]*

AN. This wondrous wealth is yet got without  
blood!

And all your witty arts upon me are  
Reveng'd. Friendship is folly when we suffer it  
To hinder us of what we dearly love  
Whilst young. W'are wise when we our pleasure  
gain,

All other documents are grave, but vain. *[Exit.]*

ORG. Don Leonte! if thou art he dares own  
That name—grant freedom to my tongue if not  
To me, and hear me speak. Dost thou disdain  
Me in my bonds, villain?

Thy cruelty, if written, would outlast  
The noble story of thy sister's love.

*Enter DORANDO.*

DOR. Who is it that complains of love? Or is't  
The echo of mine own unquiet voice?  
Or is't some lover vainly come to boast  
His sorrow in these woods?  
Let him but lay his ear unto my breast,  
And he shall find such loud disorders there,  
As will persuade him he doth hear my thoughts  
Without th' assistance of my tongue, take down  
His sails as if becalm'd for want of sighs,

Whilst I am shipwreck'd with a lasting storm.

ORG. If all these sufferings be true, thou art  
Become so skillful and intelligent  
In griefs, I need not doubt thou wilt believe  
Mine fit for a redress.

DOR. Bound to a tree ! his looks declare that he  
Hath honour in him, and his language, love.  
Where was my sword, and I, when such an act  
Should be perform'd ? I guess you well deserve  
Your liberty, and am resolv'd to give it you.

*[Unbinds him.]*

ORG. It was a sin to take this courtesy.  
Can it become my hands t' accept their freedom,  
when

My heart is made a captive ?

DOR. These your complaints cannot  
Be easily understood by me.

ORG. The mistress of my life was here surpris'd,  
forc'd hence ;

Led to endure horrid uncertainties,  
And doubts of dying by her brother's wrath,  
She whom my virtue and my honour lov'd.

DOR. Enforc'd from hence ! let's follow, sir, and  
force

Her back ! If thou dost truly love, thy valour will  
Be mighty in thy mistress' cause.

ORG. They're fled on horses, swift as are the  
winds,

And like the winds do surely move in such  
Uncertain ways, as will beguile, and make  
Too vain the purpose of pursuit ; but to  
Deter us more, her virgin fame is of  
That tender quality, as must  
Not be invaded with designs of blood,  
And she esteems her brother as her life.

DOR. A brother, too, is my heart's enemy.  
I will not ask thy mistress' name, because

My jealous wisdom, by a vow, makes me  
Conceal hers whom my love adores ; but be  
It lawful to inquire the cause why thy  
Affection not enjoys, whom it doth seem  
So highly to deserve ?

ORG. Her brother's pride destroys my hopes ;  
knowing

My fortune and my wealth reach not my birth.

DOR. The very cause that makes me languish  
too.

Ye pow'rs ! why did you cruelly ordain  
Base treasure, trash to noble minds, should be  
Impediments to love ? Or, why,  
For human quietness, are not our thoughts  
Proportion'd to our wealth ?

ORG. Our sorrows bear such sympathy, I must  
Require no less, as a requital of  
My story, than the relation, sir, of yours.

DOR. It is so like your own, that if you keep  
a diary

Of all your evil fate doth act, you  
Hourly may read mine. But for  
Diversity, you shall be taught. Those woods  
Have kept me mourning here, dismiss'd  
From Cordua, where my mistress rules all eyes ;  
And banish'd thence by her command out of  
Ill chosen pity to preserve, whom it  
Unwillingly destroys.

ORG. From Cordua !

The very place too where my mistress did reside.  
It is not fit, sir, further to enquire into  
A lover's secrecy ; but our calamities  
Appear so like, I needs must beg to call you friend.

DOR. It is a privilege which I  
In mine own wishes found ere 'twas desir'd  
By you ; for when our hearts and fortunes are  
So near allied, why should we separate

Our hands? I hope my time of exile  
Is now expir'd; for I would fain  
Obscurely make a visit to the town.

ORG. Let us confirm our friendship with our  
vows,

Then straight together move! My honour and  
My life I will engage in every noble  
Danger to assist your love.

DOR. That vow devoutly seal'd I will confirm,  
And still preserve in each design of yours.

ORG. Our force united thus, w'are abler for  
Revenge, though not ordain'd for a redress.  
Then with some joy, we should remember too  
We have so much of luck as to be young;  
And though our fortune's weak, our loves are  
strong. *[Exeunt.]*

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#### ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter ANDROLIO, CLARAMANTE, MARILLIA.*

AN. You may be here as safe as in a cloister;  
And, if your hard heart please, as innocent.  
This right rev'rend matron governs the house,  
And will proportion all to your desires.

CLA. She seems so virtuous, sir, I'll trust her  
with  
My life, and yet I shall confess I do  
Not credit her enough.

AN. You may trust her  
With your life, lady, for sh'ath kept her own  
Thus handsomely about some threescore years.

MAR. Threescore and ten next Whitsun Eve  
though 'tcome  
To-morrow, I assure you, sir.

AN. Shake off suspicion from

Your thoughts ! and be so much resolv'd as to  
Believe all I have promis'd shall be  
Well perform'd.

CLA. If I were faithfully  
Inform'd Don Orgemon is safe, I should  
Be easily taught to grow more hopeful of  
Mine own security.

AN. When I surpris'd you in  
The wood, one of my disguis'd followers  
I left behind to watch his safety, and  
T'unbind him, when we had out-gone his sight :  
But he's return'd, and brings intelligence  
A stranger, by prevention, gave him liberty,  
And he saw them both hasten to this town.

CLA. How could you cruelly design such griefs  
To those who would not cause another's pain,  
Although to cure their own ?

AN. 'Twas a kind of wicked wantonness,  
A pretty sort of doing mischief a  
Fine new way ; th'old way of sinning is tedious.  
Besides you know how much it doth concern  
The honour of a cavalier, to be  
Outwitted where a mistress is the prize.  
But be assur'd, all now is safe, and I  
As virtuous too, as you would wish.

CLA. Had you oblig'd Heaven yesterday with  
such  
Resolves of virtue, there had been no use  
Of fears, or tears which yield as little remedy.

AN. What ! Ere I knew your name or quality ?  
By this light ! it concern'd my hopes extremely  
To take you for a small offender ; which, had  
You prov'd, 'tis ten to one I had prov'd so too.

MAR. The gentleman speaks well : for as they  
say,  
We must conform ourselves to all occasions.

AN. You are a she-philosopher,

And know the compounds of the world.

CLA. I hope your resolution, sir, will not Forsake those better thoughts you entertain'd So hastily.

AN. I pray be confident !  
I'm grown so exquisitely mended, that  
I've lik'd myself these two long hours ;  
So charitable, as I could e'en promise  
This good old woman a good turn, but that  
She will expect it, and her age, I fear,  
Is hardly satisfied.

CLA. Your words are still too doubtful, sir.

AN. Lady, believe me, I am virtuous—  
Mother, is your young daughter at school yet ?  
'Tis time to leave her needle now, and breed  
Her for the public good.

MAR. 'Las, sir, 'tis such  
A headstrong thing ! But she will learn, I hope.

AN. The time will not allow  
Much counsel now ; haste ! and confine yourself  
Within your chamber, your brothers are abroad ;  
They make as curious search, and with no less  
Authority than the all-licens'd sun.  
It were as much as death, if they should find  
You out. Away ! I will adventure forth,  
And learn how their intelligence proceeds. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* LEONTE, BALTHAZAR, ARGILA, GONSALVA.

LEO. For th'honour of your reason, Balthazar,  
Let not your eyes betray you to a life  
Of lasting folly. Errors taken up  
In haste, and then as hastily dismiss'd,  
May be excus'd ; but here t'inhabit, and  
Consider twenty hours, upon a beauty  
Found such a common way, must needs  
Appear both shameful and abhor'd.

GON. A face, which if unhappily you had



Not ta'en the pains to find within, perhaps  
Would have been hung out of the window for  
A sign of invitation.

AR. Faith ! do the poor soul right :  
For though she may be willing to betray,  
Yet I believe her years allow her not  
Capacity. She's yet scarce fit  
To be gathered ; her season is not come.

LEO. 'Tis but our difference in judgement, sir.  
I think she is so ripe that she will fall  
With the next touch.

BAL. Enough ! You shall subdue me, gentlemen,  
And make me vildly natur'd, to preserve  
The fame of my discretion ; for I  
Will leave this lady.

*Enter AMIANA.*

LEO. Look there ! she is prepar'd for parting, sir,  
[*Balthazar goes to her.*

I prithee do not stay to give good counsel,—  
She is too fair to take it,—straight follow us  
To the western port, unless my spies  
Prove double-eyed. This night, false sister, I  
Shall find your dark abode.  
Balthazar, make haste !

[*Exeunt Leonte, Gonsalvo, Argilo.*

BAL. Lady, you see my services, disdained  
By you, are so much valued by my friends,  
They would not have me lose them here. Your own  
Unkindness will provoke me to a rude  
Severity. I must leave you ! Leave you  
For ever ! But have left such power within,  
As shall enable you still to command  
The house. Fortune and love protect your hopes !

AMI. Perfect my understanding love, and I  
Release my hopes. What mean these seeming saints ?  
These false usurpers of celestial shapes ?

Why do they wear their tongues  
 So long a journey from their hearts, that yet  
 Their words and thoughts could never meet ?  
 What is the hidden sense of their desires ?  
 They all complain I am not kind ; yet still  
 I grant them tears, and sighs, and prayers. Then  
 search

The very utmost confines of my breast,  
 Until I find out worthy wishes to  
 Requite those courtesies they call their love ;  
 Yet still they say I am not kind.

*Enter ORCO, and a THIRD SERVANT.*

3d SERV. Those strangers, sir, that came in visit  
 to her,  
 Descended through the terrace to the street.  
 Please you to enter, for the chamber's free.

ORCO. Be mindful of my first commands.

*[Exit Servant.]*

AMI. Hath th'evil spirit got your shape again ?  
 My chief betrayer, whither shall I fly ?

ORCO. Lady ! Y'are everywhere secure : you have  
 Not guilt enough to know, or fear a danger.

AMI. What make you here ?

ORCO. If there be truth in man,  
 I have been vigilant to find you out,  
 With mere design to serve you faithfully.

AMI. Ay ! you are all in feign'd resemblance kind ;  
 True votaries of love without. Such, false  
 Androlio shewed at first, so you appear'd ;  
 And such Don Balthazar, all true alike.  
 Seeming to render, and devote yourselves  
 With less design than infants.  
 Your faces seem'd in heaven, your hearts  
 Were bred in hell.

ORCO. In some hot region, sure ; for I  
 Confess we are most fierily addicted.

AMI. Not one of all your promising, pretending  
sex

Is virtuously inclin'd.

ORCO. Faith, hardly, lady !

Yes, I've a grandfather, who, since he was  
Last bedrid, is pretty honest ; and I believe  
Th'old anchorite, that sojourns yonder in  
The Abbey wall, is a little mortified  
Since he lost his feeling.

AMI. O, how deceiving are those tragic tales :  
Those mourning histories of love, which, in  
The dreadful winter nights, our innocent maids  
Are us'd to read, whilst we are cozen'd of  
Our tears, weeping for joy, when loyal natures seem  
From hazard freed, and then for grief of their  
Distress. Yet now I see such characters  
Of honour ne'er had real being here.

ORCO. 'Las ! These are poets' snares to catch  
Young lovers in.

Madam ! you see how freely I confess ;  
Which is some note I am reclaim'd.

AMI. I gladly would believe you, sir ; and it  
Doth much concern your happiness, still to  
Maintain my growing faith with worthy deeds.

ORCO. Hear me ! And that your eye may first  
prepare

Your ear, behold me on my knee ! to make  
My protestations sacred by a vow. If you  
Will scape your father's wrath, who by his spies  
Pursues you every where, follow where I  
Shall bring you, to enjoy all that your virtue can  
Desire. But time doth force us to such strict  
Necessity of haste, as will admit  
No arguing or pause.

AMI. Endanger'd by my father too ! Lead on !  
If thou prov'st false again, I shall  
Disclaim my patience, and convert

My gentle mercy to a raging curse.

ORCO. She hath such pretty twinkling eyes !  
stars in

A frosty night are nothing to 'em.

I have once more a secret grudging

To turn traitor.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* BALTHAZAR *at one door*, GONSALVO *and*  
ARGILA *at the other.*

GON. Don Balthazar !

BAL. You judge well in the dark ! I am  
No worse a man. Be you, Gonsalvo, more  
Sparing in your good looks : Shrink in your cloak  
A while. I guess it by  
The flutt'ring up and down of your night fowl,  
Something of rapine or revenge is near.

AR. Upon my life, your brother's cudgellers  
They watch about Androlio's house.

BAL. Where have you left my brother ?

GON. Where hath his brain left him, and he  
left us ?

AR. To night he hath been long in whisper with  
Androlio's man ; who hath betray'd to him  
His master's small secrets, and, in pursuit  
Of some design deriv'd from that intelligence,  
Is gone alone.

BAL. What he determines in  
His rash resolves I'll not be guilty of.  
I guess my sister in the hands of Orgemon,  
And therefore safe ; for though not spaciouly  
Possess'd of lands, his honour, and his fame,  
May equal any man's that bears his fortune  
At the highest rate. Let us retire home ! [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* DORANDO, ORGEMON, *a little disguis'd*, and one  
SERVANT.

1 SER. Sir ! Credit my instructions.

'Twas not Leonte, but Androlio, that  
Surpriz'd you in the wood. His man, newly  
Revolted from him, gave me this for truth.

ORG. His wantonness and vain luxurious wit  
Hath made him false ; he will not find  
That I can trifle with revenge, as he with friend-  
ship.

DOR. If you are sure he is not sound at heart,  
Then let him bleed. Why should these managers  
Of mischief dwell i'th' light ? The grave is dark,  
And fit for secrecy. Despatch him thither !

ORG. I am attended on by several scouts,  
But I shall take Dorando as  
The readiest test of love, if you will go  
And privately invite  
Him to me with his sword. That house which fronts  
Upon Jago's Church, is, as my man  
Informs me, th' only place to which he doth  
Design his visits. Much about this hour  
He is accusom'd to begin his walk.  
If you will watch near to the corner there,  
You may encounter him.

DOR. Him, and the house I know. He shall  
consent  
To come and satisfy these idle injuries,  
Or I will force him to a shame  
Less pleasing than your wrath.

ORG. I cannot doubt his courage, 'tis his crime ;  
His sword is never unprepar'd, nor hath  
He temper how to chuse his enterprise.  
I'll stand in the adjoining street,  
And closely there attend your coming, sir.

DOR. Be muffled in your cloak !  
Although the night be some protection to you,  
Yet I observe men passing by begin  
To gaze, and pierce you with their eyes.

ORG. My own suspicions have prevented your

Advice. Andrea ! make you haste unto  
My house, and there prepare for our return.

*[Exeunt several ways.]*

*Enter ANDROLIO and MARILLIA.*

AN. I prithee, dear antiquity, this is  
No time to waste in lectures.

Where is the lady ?

MAR. Why, what's the matter, sir ?  
You are perhaps in very exceeding  
Extraordinary haste to be wicked, are you ?

AN. Will you sit still and warm your self at your  
Whole house burnt to a coal, and then be broil'd  
Like a rasher on't ?

MAR. By whom ? My house, sir, is an honest  
house,—  
I care not who knows it.

AN. The greater shame for you.  
'Twere more manners to be like the rest of  
Your neighbours. Where is the lady ? That slave,  
My man, bred in a galley, and begot  
Between wind and water is turn'd rebel.  
Where is the lady ?

MAR. There is your lady, sir ! How do you hide  
Your looks as if your eyes were none of your own ?

*Enter AMIANA, and ORCO following.*

AN. Amiana ! None but that arch-magician Orco  
Could make this sudden metamorphosis.  
That devil Orco haunts me every where !  
I must learn to say my prayers, that I may  
Be rid of him.

AMI. Sir ! I have found you now,  
And I will keep you too. For since you are  
Not won with sorrows, I will try to scorn  
The cause, and make, as you have done, strange  
mirth

Of all my miseries. Pray, how have you profited  
In your long travels after women-kind?

ORCO. Is your commission seal'd yet to monopolize

Black eyes? Methinks, by this, your plenteous store  
Should make you under-value them.

AMI. Can your old juggling conscience find the  
trick,

Androlio, when we meet, t' expose me to  
The charge of blushing for us both?

AN. Amiana! For thy part, Heaven is my judge,  
I do forgive thee heartily; though it  
Was far from my intent that we should meet  
At midnight in this wicked house.

MAR. How! A wicked house? Bating this  
worthy gentlewoman.

I defy thee! say thy worst.

AN. Come, come! I have known you  
Since I was a foot high. You would have seduc'd  
me then;

My nurse can witness it.

MAR. Your nurse! Sir, I defy her too. Bring  
her

To her book-oath!

ORCO. Nay, Marillia, remember  
Patience is one of the seven deadly virtues!  
Will you stake your young wit to the old brains  
Of a dry nurse?

MAR. Madam! If ever

I had a mind to his lordship in his cradle—

AN. Orco! Y'have us'd me very tenderly;  
I'faith let me bear the charge of your spies.  
What did it cost to find me out? I'll pay't!

ORCO. No, Sir! It shall not need. I'll put  
The advocate's daughter into th'account,  
And sum up all together.

AN. Canst thou believe,—

If there be so much good steel in all Europe,  
As will make a point to a bodkin—that  
Thou canst live two hours? Thou! who art so  
great

A traitor, thou wouldst e'en betray thy self,  
But that the treason is not worth the paying for.

ORCO. Canst thou believe? Canst thou,  
I say, believe, that all thy vows to this  
Poor lady, being broken, would not weigh  
Thy guilty friendship down, till thou fall'st lower  
Than a plummet, that is threescore years a sinking.

AN. Are you at that ward, sir? Amiana come!  
Though you affect to keep ill hours 'tis not  
My use to be abroad so late.

AML. I'll stand accompanant for this error, sir,  
So you will answer for your cancel'd vows  
To-morrow to the priest.

AN. 'Tis like I shall be found discreet I may con-  
sider with  
My self before I give my self away.

ORCO. Androlio! marriage is a kind of foolish  
penance we

Are often put unto, for wasting thus  
Our precious time in making silly love.

AN. Age! Aches! And incessant jealousy,  
Scorn'd poverty, and powerless lust be thine.  
But for all these curses, Orco, I will  
Not leave you here. There is a certain lady in  
The house, which I will sacrifice ere you  
Shall stay to enjoy.

ORCO. I will go with you, sir, for Amiana's sake,  
For, as my weak advis'd capacity  
Doth guess, there are a sort of mighty labourers  
Attend about your house, plac'd by Leonte, as  
'Tis thought, but are her kin'reds' bravoos, who  
Do long to greet your shoulders for her sake.

AML. Sir! If you'll perfect what you have begun,



Add to your honour by assisting us  
I'th' passage home.

*[Androlio pulls his sword out of's belt.]*

ORCO. O ! Does your loftiness  
Begin to consider, lady ? Let not  
The thought of danger trouble you, for I'll  
Convey you backward through a gate that safely  
Leads unto a dwelling of mine own.  
Take care, Marillia, of your charge within !  
Lock all your doors ! I'll return with the first sun.

MAR. If there be law in Spain, his nurse shall  
know it. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter LEONTE, and SECOND SERVANT.*

LEO. Make here a stop ? Will thy false keys  
procure  
Us entrance everywhere ?

2d SERV. From the child's cabinet  
To the great gate, this bunch will open all.

LEO. Ha'ye brought the bravo hither, which  
you hir'd  
I'th' street, t' assist us, if our use require him ?

2d SERV. He waits your purposes in the next  
room.

Those, that you heard descending from the postern  
by

The garden wall, was sure my master and  
His friends, newly departed homeward from  
Their visit here.

LEO. Then we have no impediment,  
But that decrepid grave Iniquity  
That keeps the house. Steal down to intercept  
Her as she now returns from the back gate,  
And force her to keep silence in some vault !  
And let the bravo wait without ! for, though  
Not here, I may have use of him when I return.

2d SERV. I shall despatch all your commands.

[Exit 2d Servant.

[*He steps to the arras softly, draws it. Clara-mante is discovered sleeping on her book, her glass by.*

LEO. Her glass and book ! the mirrors that  
Reflect her face and mind ! But what commerce  
Hath solemn piety, with beauty's vain,  
False aids ? and yet she sleeps, as if her mind's  
Most healthful innocence had never been  
Misled by the bewitching treasons of  
Her face ; a sign, perhaps, her conscience is  
Already dead, and hath no sense of what  
She acts. Wake thou, who's sleeps a lethargy,  
Thy soul's disease, not her repose.

CLA. Ha ! my brother !

LEO. Thy fate ! read on my angry brow,  
What shortly thou shalt find thy treach'rous stars  
Will tell thee, scornfully was their decree,  
If thy guilt loaden soul be doom'd to climb.

CLA. My fears are not deriv'd from mine own  
sins,  
But a distrust of yours. I wish your fury would  
Permit you to be half so innocent,  
As I have been.

LEO. Thus to revolt and fly  
From all your honour'd blood and family,  
Tempted by lust to hunt  
And retrieve your lost game, prostrating your  
Fame to every one, that will beget  
A scandal on it, to disgrace our noble house.  
D'ye call this innocence ?

CLA. Whither will you lead me ?

LEO. Unto a shade that will not need to borrow  
Blackness nor silence from the night ! there give  
Thee unto such as shall enforce thee to  
Thy prayers betimes, lest thou forget their use.

CLA. I will not go ! for though my virtue dares  
Proceed to every danger, yet thy sins  
Divert my courage.

LEO. Shall we make trial of our strengths ?

CLA. Help ! help ! Is there no piteous ear within  
The reach of my complaining voice ?

*Enter DORANDO.*

DOR. If pity can  
Assume such new and wondrous pow'r to give  
A remedy to grieve, take it from me ! I must  
Resent all injuries to her soft sex.

LEO. You, bravo ? slave ! Wert thou not newly  
hir'd  
I'th' street, and for the common price of blood  
To serve my anger, or expose thy life  
For my revenge ? Retire ! begone, till my  
Necessity command thy help.

*[Dorando pulls off his patches and disguise.]*

DOR. So cheap an instrument of cruelty  
I seem'd in my disguise, t' assist a friend's  
Revenge ; but if thou hast the patience to  
Peruse my face, thou may'st believe me made  
For nobler use than to make sale  
Of courage or my strength.

CLA. Don Dorando ! he, to whose timely valour  
My brother, Balthazar, doth owe his life ?  
How art thou laid aside by heaven as a  
Reserve to hinder every great calamity !

DOR. Claramante ! Let me adore these weak,  
These narrow artificial lights, that shew  
Me now, what I believ'd the sun could ne'er  
Present unto my view with all his glorious beams.

LEO. You are acquainted ! I shall betray  
Myself into the pretty private vice  
Of bringing lovers to converse,  
That would not take the pains to find themselves.

DOR. How strangely are the pow'rs above employ'd,  
That they should seem so negligent to leave  
You in distress !

LEO. Let but my eyes make use  
Of my vex'd memory, and I shall find  
You are that mighty man of rage who in  
The rescue of this righteous lady's honour,  
Control'd me in my house, where, you  
A stranger, and the place consider'd, I  
Was well contented you should live.

DOR. Prithee, wild thing ! do not remove my  
thoughts  
From this unequal'd object they enjoy,  
With meditations on thy idle history.  
Begone ! vanish like a poor frightened spirit  
From the bright day's predominance. Or would  
Thou wert a spirit, that when thou dost offend,  
I might not have the power to kill or hurt thee.

LEO. Though I should tempt the world, and  
vex, into  
A fury, all the race of mankind, one  
By one, I should not find a mightier mind that doth,  
So monarch like, both threaten and command.  
I am so pleas'd with thy great anger, as I needs  
Must put it to some use,  
Lest I should never meet the like t'encounter me.

[*Draws.*

CLA. O, hold ! must I become the lasting argument  
For such disputes of ruin and of death ?

DOR. Retire ! she that is fairer, much more kind,  
And wiser than thy stars, doth counsel thee.

LEO. Advis'd to yield, before I am subdu'd.

[*Runs at him, they fight ; Dorando disarms him.*

DOR. Why would you trouble me t'undo you  
thus ?

CLA. Why, brother, will you let your rash suspicion,

Betray you to continual loss? this is  
The second time you have engag'd my tears  
For ransom of your life, with hazard of  
Mine own. Upon my knees I shall implore  
To have your safety, and your sword restor'd.  
With hope, if you adventure both again,  
My life may satisfy my pity's crime. [*Kneels.*]

DOR. It is too mean a suit to be so much requir'd.  
[*Dorando restores his sword.*]

LEO. How hath my jealous sense seduc'd me to  
My shame! her mercy twice hath rescu'd me.  
Is this the bounty of thy soul,  
Not tainted with the artful cunning of  
Pretended love?

CLA. What false persuasions govern you,  
That you should doubt thus my integrity?

LEO. No more! I'll practise to disdain myself.  
All that is kind and good, protect you both!

CLA. Sir, whither in this hideous season of  
The night have you design'd to go?

LEO. Let me depart! If I should stay, you are  
Undone. A knot of cruel slaves, whom my  
Mistaken fury hir'd to murder you,  
When I convey'd you through the street, will, if  
My presence and command prevent not their  
Design, ruin your passage hence, or force  
This house to find you. My stay is fatal! [*Exit.*]

DOR. Madam! you seem to entertain some  
thoughts

About you, whose disorders will require  
Advice. Can you be kept in awe with the  
False noise of mischief, or a tale of death,  
Whilst I am living here, and still  
My valour's fire may be renew'd at your  
Inspiring beauty's flame?

CLA. Alas ! The debts I owe your valour, sir,  
I find so great  
Already, I am loth to entertain  
Another cause, to make me more oblig'd,  
Until I find 'tis in my power to pay.

DOR. Are not your words, are not your looks,  
rewards  
For ev'ry mighty deed that the renown'd  
And fortunate shall bravely manage in  
Obedience to your will ?

CLA. My heart is overwhelm'd with courtesies,  
and I  
Am studying how this strange unlucky surfeit may  
Be cur'd, without a fast from kindness and  
Your love.

DOR. An abstinence from my pure love !  
High heaven avert so strange a sickness, that  
Requires such cruelty to aid the cure !

*Enter ORGEMON.*

CLA. Don Orgemon ! The fates are wise ! they  
know  
To value blessings, and observe just order in  
Their gifts ; the greatest comes at last.  
What happy miracle hath brought you hither ?

ORG. Waiting i'th' street, in this disguise, I  
heard  
And knew your brother's voice, who loud to men,  
For bloody purposes disguis'd, gave them  
The story of a fierce, but fortunate  
Encounter here ; for he declar'd his heart  
Was reconcil'd to yours, and, by a stern  
Command, is now dismissing them from their  
Affair. This joy did give me wings,  
That I might quickly share your happiness.

CLA. My happiness doth so exceed, that you  
May share it, sir, yet leave enough

To fill my breast.

ORG. This night alone, I will  
Adorn, and sanctify i' th' kalender.

[*Goes to Dorando.*]

My worthy friend, your valour may proclaim  
It self the cause of our felicity.

What new occasion doth disturb your looks?

DOR. Are you so well acquainted with that lady,  
And have the privilege to be so kind?

ORG. How else should I subsist? 'Tis not the  
vulgar cause

Of men's existency—a mixture of  
The common elements—by which I live,  
But by the nourishment of her pure love.

DOR. Oh, niggard-fates! How ill did you  
Provide for me! Those giddy wanderers  
I' th' air, or cold and slippery creatures that  
Possess the restless flood, sustain  
Their lives with no less choice than is decreed  
For me, yet neither know your pow'rs nor own  
Your benefits with thankful praise.

ORG. What means my valiant friend?

DOR. Sir! you enjoy a strange felicity!  
You are belov'd, and would I knew it not,  
Unless my knowledge could be satisfi'd  
With equal hope.

ORG. Forbid this dangerous envy! you that rule  
Our thoughts. Am I so slow to merit what  
You give? That one, whom you have newly made  
My friend, should mourn to see my happiness.

CLA. When will my sad distresses end? My days  
Are chosen from the month: when April rules  
Each shining hour is followed by a storm.

ORG. Call to your virtue for advice, brave friend,  
And do not seem to show your sorrows, ere  
You know what I enjoy is not deserv'd.

DOR. If love can merit love, or, if incessant grief

And fears, be marks and trials of that love,  
 Let beauteous Claramante hold the scale.  
 She'll find, my heart out-weighs all other hearts,  
 Till they seem lighter than inconstant thought.

ORG. Take heed ! 'tis dangerous to deprave my  
 passion, sir,  
 By valuing your own.

DOR. If there be danger, take  
 You heed t'avoid it then ! For, in the world's  
 Vast space, nothing that knows the light dares  
 more

Avouch his love than I

ORG. With what a rash  
 And unconsider'd haste was our new friendship  
 made,  
 That it can last no longer ?

DOR. It is already grown too old and wearisome,  
 As sickly life preserv'd with pain.

CLA. Oh, Orgemon ! Let not my yielded love  
 Become thy valour's prize ; or why must Don  
 Dorando's worth, since it exceeds all others, not  
 Be safe, 'cause it would bravely equal thine ?

ORG. He shall have all your pity, and some little  
 love,  
 So you will stay the progress of your fears.  
 Think not we will be cruel to our selves,  
 Lest you vouchsafe to judge that cruelty  
 To you. We both are calm, and will conduct  
 You safely to your brother, Balthazar.

[*Salutes Dorando.*]

CLA. As this soft gentle temper pleases heaven,  
 So be it still delightful to your selves.

[*Orgemon takes Dorando aside.*]

ORG. The early morn shall see your anger satis-  
 fied,  
 Till then keep your vex'd spirits in, and hide  
 Your fury from her sight. It were not noble to



Disquiet her, whom you so fervently  
Pretend to love.

DOR. That were so wild an incivility, as soon  
Would forfeit either victor's fame. But haste,  
Thou bright perpetual traveller, and bring  
Thy beams betimes t'enlighten us, and then  
We'll try the strength of both our fates.

ORG. He may a while rejoice to observe his fires  
So powerful in our blood ; but, when he sees  
How high our anger grows, he will retire,  
Withdraw behind black gather'd clouds to mourn  
He shall not find us at his next return. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT V. SCENE I.

*Knocking at the door. Enter ANDROLIO, dressing himself.*

AN. The world is grown so wicked, their sins,  
sure,  
Will never suffer 'em to sleep. [*Knock within.*  
*Knocking again, Androlio opens the door.*

*Enter BALTHAZAR.*

BAL. Save you, sir !

AN. Your haste would signify you bring  
Some promise to that purpose, sir. Came you  
From heaven just now with tidings of eternity ?

BAL. If I came post from heaven, it is thought,  
sir,  
I should hardly light at your gates ; d'you hear  
This morn aught that concerns Don Orgemon,  
And his strange friend ? Or know you where  
they are ?

AN. I keep no lodgings, sir ! The rent of this  
Poor house, I make shift to pay without inmates.

BAL. O, I understand you ! The morning that  
Should make others serious is grown your time  
Of mirth. If you please, good morrow !

[*Exit Balthazar.*

AN. I'm highly satisfied.  
This town, I think, is peopled with knights errant,  
'Tis every hour so full of strange adventures.

[*Knock again.*

Is there another come with new authority  
To ask impertinent questions.

*He opens the door. Enter LEONTE.*

Your furious temper brooks no idle circumstance,  
You shall be satisfied before you ask.  
Your brother is not here ; we parted  
Newly at the other door.

LEO. My business seeks not him.  
Are you so lucky t'understand where I  
May find Dorando, or Don Orgemon ?

AN. I've neither, sir, the luck nor the desire,  
Unless I knew to put the knowledge of it  
To some good use.

LEO. It will become you to  
Enquire abroad, until you can know more. [*Exit.*

AN. What may this eager disquisition mean ?  
Something of moment's in't. I'm a dull rogue,  
To sleep away my time, when I might share  
The huge pleasure of doing little mischiefs.

*Enter ORCO, AMIANA.*

ORCO. Don Androlio ! So early up ! Studying,  
I hope, to put your money out  
To charitable uses.

AN. 'Faith that will hardly be,  
Till your diseases, Orco, drive you to  
An hospital. I would thou hadst as many  
As might destroy an over-grown city,

The Turk's grand army, or a wind-bound fleet ;  
You thrive like other traitors in this age,  
And signify your greatness, by ent'ring everywhere  
Without the mean civility of knocking.

ORCO. I bring my powerful charter in my hand ;  
Abhor me ! if thy mistress be not grown  
A desperate wit. And, since the last  
Digestion of her grief, she fools it prettily.

AN. She'll fool me prettily, indeed, if this  
Old toy of matrimony hold. Are you grown a  
wit, Amiana ?

AML. I shall be thought so, sir,  
When I have reach'd capacity enough  
To make you virtuous.

AN. Nay, y'are a wit ! I find it by the great  
variety  
Of posies, which you sent this morn for wedding  
rings.

AML. As subtle and as wise a spirit as  
You are, those silly charms are likely to  
Prove strong enough to keep you long and fast  
I' th' circle of mine arms, when once the priest  
Shall conjure you.

ORCO. Those vows, Androlio, which we make  
At midnight, should,  
In my opinion, not prove good i' th' common law.  
Wer't not for that wanton worm—thy conscience—  
Which still lies wriggling up and down thy breast,  
Thou might'st be well excus'd, consid'ring too  
The easiness and rawness of thy youth.

AN. E'en as she please. For my part, sir, I will  
Deal plainly with her like an honest man ;  
Which is, to tell her, being married, I  
Shall prove a very rogue.

ORCO. I think thou wilt,  
Unless her better grace preserve thee.

AN. I shall often put you, Amiana, to

Your morning's draught of tears ; and to  
 Your meal of sighs, on fasting nights, which will,  
 I guess, be every night, according to  
 My usual strict severity of life.

AM. I will take order then, that you shall sigh  
 For company.

ORCO. Which, with a mutual groan or two, will  
 make

Rare music. When her treble's join'd unto  
 Your bass, together with the cradle concordance  
 Of three small organists ; I mean, your children.

AN. Orco, where's Claramante now ?

ORCO. The palsy shake your tongue out ! wer't  
 not to make

Your mistress jealous I could ask't of you.

AN. Is not your stock of fooling spent ?

ORCO. I've yet so much discretion left, to judge  
 It was by your appointment that your man  
 Inclos'd Marillia in a vault, whilst some  
 Of your confed'racy remov'd the lady.

AN. Prithee, be grave ! it may bring truth to be  
 A while in fashion. Art thou in earnest ?

ORCO. Dost thou ask sadly ?

AN. Else let me die surpris'd.

ORCO. And let me die in a dungeon, if I had  
 Not thought to find her here. For gone she is !  
 Whilst the poor old woman was led aside,  
 By that no ordinary devil, your man.

AN. Exquisite villain ! I forgive him all.  
 Would he had practis'd to have cut my throat,  
 That I might forgive that too.

*Enter* THIRD SERVANT.

3d SERV. Don Basilonte, sir, enrag'd, without,  
 Demands to speak with you.

AMI. How, my father !

AN. Will your vex'd virginship

Vouchsafe to stay here, till you be well swaddled ?

AMI. Let me retire ! Androlio, if you dare  
Be cruel, I shall dare to pardon you. [*Exit.*]

AN. Go, give him entrance ! [*Exit 3d Servant.*]

*Enter BASILONTE.*

BA. Are you Don Androlio ?

AN. Not unless you please, sir.

BA. 'Tis well you are so mannerly ; but 'twere  
Better you'd be honest. Where is my daughter ?

AN. Sir, I perceive you purpose brevity.

ORCO. The gentleman's in haste ! 'tis like he is  
A kin unto his daughter ; your answer  
May concern him.

BA. What are you, sir ?

ORCO. Not your daughter, sir, therefore that  
question,

B'ing no part of your business, was ill made.

BA. I hope you'll both fight !

AN. How ! fight ? The laws are not so valiant, sir !  
They will admit no fighting.

BA. I care not for the laws.

AN. Belike then you have made over your estate.

BA. Why ! would the lawyers have it else ?

AN. Troth, if your lands be fair, 'tis like they'll  
not

Forbear 'em out of modesty.

BA. Sir, these are tricks. Give me my daughter !  
I thought she would have fled into a nunnery,  
But this, I hear, is none.

ORCO. Who ever told you so was in the right,  
Unless there are a sort of nuns with beards.

BA. Will you both walk ? I'm an old man.  
Although

My wit's not sharp you'll find my iron is.

AN. Orco ! You know my way is two to two,  
And this old Trojan's mode, as I conceive,

Is one to both. We shall hardly agree.

BA. I find we sha' not. Will you walk ?

AN. This cholerick Biscayner takes me more than  
A wench. Sir, stay a while ! the business that  
We go about, is not so trivial, but  
It may conveniently require  
The interchanging of a word, especially  
When we consider our discourses after death  
Are but uncertain.

BA. Dispatch then ! I'm in haste.

AN. Do you conceive you have deriv'd this  
mettle

To your daughter ; and she, as far as her  
Part lies, can with another's help  
Derive it to a son ?

BA. Sir ! you shall know my daughter wants no  
mettle.

AN. Then you must know she shall not be  
restor'd.

BAL. Why not restor'd ?

AN. May be, I've some occasion to marry her.

ORCO. In my judgment, a satisfying reason.  
But not, sir, without my consent.

AN. I'm partly of your mind, for, as I hear,  
Your consent may do well. Y'are very rich.

BA. So are you, I hope.

AN. Nay if we fall  
To good wishes, 'tis like we may agree.

*Enter ARGILO and GONSALVA.*

AN. Pray, gentlemen ! can any here instruct  
Us where to find Don Orgemon, or Don Dorando ?

GON. Th'intelligence, if suddenly attain'd,  
May, by the use, procure a gen'ral thanks.

BAL. Orgemon and Dorando ! Why d'you ask  
So earnestly, and with such haste ?

AN. 'Tis I'm concern'd in your inquiry, gentlemen ;

For now it seems it argues danger.

ORCO. And I am concern'd too ; what is the business ?

AN. 'Tis certain they are missing, and are gone By probable mistrust to fight.

GON. Th' occasion of their qurrrel's partly known, And they were early seen both hors'd and arm'd.

BAL. Whither did they ride ?

AN. Nay sir, that question is our business here.

GON. We thought Don Orco and Androlio, b'ing Their friends, might guess, to what fit place Their anger would direct them.

BA. Th' are gallant youths. I would not, for the treasure of Castile, have either's life endanger'd in A foolish cause.

AN. How can their danger, sir, In so particular a sense belong to you ?

BA. No matter ! Y'are troublesome. My horse, my horse !

I shall return, sir, in a short career, Take an accompt of my daughter, or call You out to this mad sport.

[*Exit.*

AN. I am inclin'd unto this reverend cavalier, Beyond all latitude of words, but if Don Orgemon is grown so much Impatient of slight things call'd injuries, His next hot bout must be with me.

ORCO. Prithee ! let's hasten to prevent this duel !

AN. I fear it is too late ; but I'll commit My mistress to th' protection of this key, And then to horse.

ORCO. Come, seniors ! his stable will provide us all.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter CLARAMANTE and ORGEMON.*

CLA. Oh, my prophetic tears ! why are thy looks  
So wild, so busily dispers'd, as if,  
In vain, thou sought'st for safety after guilt ?

ORGE. Why, Claramante, dost thou frown upon  
My triumphs, as, if now, I were less worth  
In victory than in my doubtful state  
Of fortune ere 'twas try'd ; when it was possible  
I might be lessen'd and subdu'd ?

CLAR. Whom hast thou conquer'd, fatal Orgemon ?  
That thou should'st wear those bloodystains with so  
Much pride, as if the world did newly owe  
Its freedom to thy valour's force.

ORG. Mine enemy ! one that advanc'd his love  
To ruin mine. Rivals for hearts are like  
Competitors for crowns ; they will allow  
No equal, nor admit him living that  
Disturbs their hopes.

CLA. Thy jealous honour is  
Most viciously and cruelly inclin'd.  
Couldst thou not think thy love was safe, without  
The ruin of Dorando, that preserv'd  
The life of Balthazar, did rescue mine ;  
Gave rash Leonte leave to live, and thee  
Thy freedom, when thou wer't surpris'd and bound ?

ORG. These were indeed acts of renown, nor can  
My envy ere mislead my virtue, till  
It give them but a cheap esteem ; I wish  
His honour had been greater, so he could  
Have had less love.

CLA. Alas ! was love his crime ?  
And love of me ? I find thy heart was cast,  
And fashion'd in the common lover's mould,  
Poorly compounded of malicious fears,  
Of rash low jealousies, hating  
That noble virtue in another, which



Thou highly valued'st in thyself.

ORG. This wisdom and compassion comes too late.  
Would I had lost my youthful being, and  
My precious fame ! all that I value, but  
Thy love, so I could call him back from those  
Unknown or distant shades, that he might see  
The sun and thee again.

CLA. O, that some winged messenger  
Would quickly travel through the clouds, and fetch  
Me all my vows from Heaven ! that so my faith,  
When disengaged, might give a needful liberty  
Unto my love. Why should it longer be confin'd  
To harbour in thy breast, since there 'twas enter-  
tain'd

With such uncivil jealousy ?

ORG. I shall become a sad exemplar sacrifice  
T'instruct, and expiate the world, and die  
To cure the folly of succeeding lovers' doubts.

CLA. Unfortunate Dorando ! is the cold  
Dark grave all the reward my luckless stars  
Could pay thee for thy mercy to my brothers shewn,  
And kind protection of my life ? *[Going out.]*

ORG. Stay, Claramante ! Stay ! If thou  
Dost carry hence thy injur'd love, and leave  
Me unforgiven, oppress'd, and loaden with  
The weight of guilt, I will at once shake off  
This burden of mortality, and it.

CLA. Although my sudden kindness may appear  
A sin, I cannot leave thee to  
The danger of such cruel thoughts. Take heed  
How you do threaten heaven, by menacing  
Yourself ! as we have no authority  
To take away the being of another, whom  
Our pride contemns, so we have less t' annihilate  
Our own, when it is fall'n in our dislike.

ORG. Is it thy pleasure I should live ?  
And am I call'd to't by love, and may believe

I have some little warrant to authorize hope ?

*Enter* BALTHAZAR.

BAL. Where is Don Orgemon ? Sister, I see,  
In fears and grief, you both have equal share,  
But I shall timely ease your suff'rings.  
Dorando wasted with his wounds, awhile  
Assum'd the cold aspect of death ; but, rub'd  
And chafed into his native heat, his strength  
And understanding are in same degree  
Of safety home return'd ; nor are his wounds  
So plac'd, but that the surgeon may allow  
Them sudden hope of cure.

ORG. Thou blessed messenger of life  
Be ever happy, and thy voice be still  
The forward usher unto good, and noble fame !  
Live to be chief in armies, and the first  
That brings thy doubtful country news of victory.

CLA. Best of my blood ! Thy comforts, Balthazar,  
Are still as swift and winged when they come,  
As thou art slow to carry sorrows to thy friends.

ORG. Now, Claramante, let me not distrust  
Thy pardon may increase, since my offence  
Seems to grow less ; and let the mercy of  
Thy love give strength and form unto  
My yet imperfect joys.

CLA. If in thy last  
Encounter thou hadst lost much blood, I should  
Forgive thy want of blushes for this rash  
Request ; but having such supplies of colour left  
To make up seeming bashfulness, where is  
That red and modest tincture which belongs  
Unto thy brow, and should appear when thou  
So soon dost ask me for my love,  
So lately forfeited by jealousy ?

ORG. I yield, and humbly bow unto my fate !  
Yet since there's to confession some forgiveness due,

Afford me that, though my desires  
By beauteous Claramante are denied.

CLA. Bear witness, world ! with what unwilling-  
ness

I now am just, and, ere thou hear'st thy doom,  
Know brave Dorando's merits, and  
My ever injur'd sex could not with less  
Be satisfied.

ORG. Be slow to utter it,  
Unless thou canst be gentle when thou speak'st.

CLA. My resolution is become my vow.  
Thou never shalt behold me more, to make  
A rightful challenge of my love, till he,  
Who thus hath suffer'd for thy jealousy,  
Is pleas'd t'entreat and woo in thy behalf. [*Exit.*

ORG. Severe, sad destiny ! the worst of all  
My stars ordain'd this sentence ere 'twas spoke.  
[*Takes Balthazar aside.*

You, sir, have powerful interest  
In Claramante's breast : be pleas'd to mediate for  
me !

BAL. If I have power.  
Where Don Dorando's chaste affection lays  
A claim, his noble rescue of my life  
Must urge my gratitude to speak for him.

*Enter* LEONTE, DORANDO, ARGILO, and GONSALVO,  
*leading him.*

LEO. Sir, be assur'd y'are hither brought for  
readiness,  
And more assistance to your cure ; this house  
Hath nothing rich or useful in't, but what  
Shall wait on your command.

DOR. I fear your beauteous sister governs here,  
Whom in my wretched fate and loss of victory  
I am asham'd to see. It must be so !  
Behold my enemy hither arriv'd,

To claim a triumph for his single war.

BAL. Quiet your passion, sir ! The joy he takes  
In the unlucky honour of this day,  
Is so eclips'd by clouds of following griefs,  
That you'll perceive he's more prepar'd for funeral  
Than for triumphal shows.

ORG. You, sir, whose virtue makes the upper  
influence  
Of no regard nor use, born and preserv'd  
Without protection of a star ; yet, by  
Your unassisted worth, become the most  
Important envy now of all within  
The firmament, whose fortune was too weak,  
Too much unworthy to be styl'd your friend ;  
And mine so treacherously strong, it hath  
Betray'd and forc'd me to be call'd your enemy.  
To you I beg for mercy !

DOR. To me ! was I so easily subdu'd,  
That I deserve to be your scorn !

ORG. Then let me want a tongue to make re-  
quests,  
When I have chiefest need of heaven. My mourn-  
ing is  
So little feign'd, that know, my soul disclaims  
The victory and doth already curse  
The fury of the cause.

DOR. I cannot set my understanding right  
Enough, to guess the meaning of this alteration.

ORG. 'Tis strange indeed ! strange, that we both  
should be  
Ordain'd to love alike, and make  
One noble object our delight ! but, stranger yet,  
That I by jealous fears should vex myself  
Into a sad destruction of my love.

DOR. Mislead me not to wander thus amazedly,  
When there's a nearer way to what  
Your language would infer.

ORG. Resign your hopes to me, who first had  
privilege  
To make a claim, then let your kindness prove  
As much a miracle, as it is just,  
By interceding for my love !

DOR. If this be less than scorn, yet it is more  
Than vanity ! Is't possible I should  
Resign my love, and be so dull to live ?  
Know, sir, I have vouchsaf'd thus to continue life  
In hope to have a second trial for  
This high, ill-managed cause, already, sure,  
I find my strength doth hasten on my hope.

ORG. Then my despair out-travels both. Had I  
The hand and seal of destiny to warrant me,  
To be again a victor over him,—  
Though by that conquest I could gather all  
Those wreaths that ere the valiant wore  
Of old,—then strait anticipate, and quite  
Foretell all future fame ; yet would I not  
Resist him with my sword.

GEN. These double expectations needs must  
have  
A sad event.

AR. It comes not in my reach  
How Claramante should by either be  
Possess'd, and both be satisfied.

*Enter BASILONTE, ORCO.*

BA. 'Tis well you took your wound so luckily.  
This steel's a stubborn morsel to digest,  
If it enter the stomach the wrong way.  
Though there be no great use o'th' surgeon's  
mystery,  
Give him two hundred crowns !

ORCO. But where's the money, sir ?

BA. Do you disburse !

ORCO. A mad old blade ! considering, too,

His wealth and eminence.

BA. I will allow you too,  
Whilst you are young, to cut some few throats fairly  
For honour's sake ; so they be strangers' throats,  
But not your own. I have a reason for't.  
Will you take the pains to know me ?

DOR. We are well acquainted with your fame  
already ;  
Which is so good, we may for once excuse  
So rude an interruption of affairs ; in which  
Y'are nought concern'd.

BA. How ! not concern'd ? look on these bills,  
And you on these ; they will prove  
Receipts for money, and large sums too, I think !  
*[They peruse the papers, Orco looking over  
their shoulders.]*

ORCO. By this light, they are ! I know them by  
their  
Short style : th'are pen'd the old laconic way.

DOR. Sir, I acknowledge this my hand, and that  
In travel I've receiv'd a long supply ;  
But much admire how these should come in your  
Possession.

BA. Well, sir ! And what say you ?

ORG. I make the same confession, but with show  
Of no less wonder than doth busy him.

BA. Confession pays no debts, but what are due  
To pious scriv'ners that are gone to heaven.  
And since your infancies you have receiv'd,  
By letters of exchange from Genoa, enough  
To furnish your imagin'd quality ; for you'll  
Vouchsafe to think yourselves but strangers here.

ORG. This growing story may resolve my doubts.

BA. Know you his character, whose credit gave  
You power to call for these supplies ?

DOR. Most perfectly !

ORG. And 'tis to me familiar as mine own.

BA. This then, directed to you both, peruse !

*[Org. takes the letter and reads.]*

ORG. *[reads]* Don Orgemon and Dorando ; having call'd you from distant countries, to sojourn this spring in Cordua, you are now to know you should equally affect these names, for you are brothers.

*[They gaze one on another.]*

BA. Nay 'tis a dull merchant's style ; but, read on !

ORG. *[reads]* Your bills of credit will succeed no longer than this month ; therefore apply yourselves to him, whose steward I have only been to prevent your wants : Who,—your mother dying young,—was resolv'd, out of a new philosophical, and, as I may call it, romance humor, not to declare himself your father till, after you had visited several camps and courts, he found your knowledge and virtue merited the reputation of his blood.

*[Gaze on each other again.]*

ORCO. This is an old trick of Moorish education. Just thus Aben Abdala bred his sons.

ORG. *[reads.]* Meaning you should have no certain expectations of hereditary wealth, to interrupt the better acquirements of your industry ; but I have sent him the story of your lives, and he is well pleas'd to be now known your father, whose name is Don Basilonte.

BA. What, are you tender of your plenteous persons ?

Loth to be own'd ? He that hath fifty thousand crowns

A year needs take no pains to find out heirs.

ORCO. Sir, you shall be my father if you please.

ORG. Where joy hath such a share of wonder in't, Our pleasure is delay'd awhile with doubts.

DOR. It was too strange and great a happiness To be too suddenly believ'd.

LEO. Sir, w'have long heard you had two sons,  
and from  
Their childhood bred in distant parts ; yet we  
Admire your humour could so much subdue  
Your nature never to converse with them,  
Unless by your intelligence from others :  
But what we humour call, perhaps you'll term  
Discretion.

BA. May be I shall, what then ? Had your  
father, sir,  
And other formal nobles bred their sons thus,  
To little hopes of wealth, they would have had  
More wit to keep it, and to spend it, too.

LEO. I thank you, sir !

BA. That younger villain hath his mother's lip,  
He sha'nt fare the worse for't. What, frowning, sir !  
Look handsomely and kindly too,  
Or I'll again divorce thee from my blood.  
Embrace each other straight with free and willing  
arms.

ORG. When I rejoice we are so near a kin,  
'Tis strange I wish our loves were less ally'd.

DOR. You are the elder, and I see the will  
Of fate inclines to further that prerogative.

ORG. That yields some little hope.  
Who is so courteous to go in and fill  
My mistress' ear with this new history ?

LEO. That pleasant business shall be mine. [*Exit.*]

ORG. You, sir ! from whom I took precedency  
By life, should sure have power to give that privilege  
Unto my love. Let not my first, and elder claim,  
Assisted by my mistress' vows, give way  
Unto a younger interest, who wants  
Such great assurance, and doth only last  
By th' vigour of his hope.

BA. I have pronounc'd the word, and he shall do't !  
[*Goes to Dorando.*]



Will not you yield to time and nature, sir,  
 And give your elder leave to play the loving fool  
 Before you ? You had best produce a trick  
 Of disobedience at first sight, that I  
 May think my Spanish off-spring chang'd for some  
 Dull Dutch burgher's issue, that sold  
 Stockfish and pickled herring.

DOR. His deeds of honour are so high and his  
 Compliances so low, I find I must  
 Be overcome.

ORG. But, sir, to intercede in my behalf,  
 That is the business which her vow constrains.

BA. He shall do't !

DOR. I'll force my reason, sir, at your command.

ORG. Then sorrows vanish, and my joys appear.

BA. A very twig of the old tree ! Just thus  
 I ran a madding for his mother at  
 His years ; and to this very hour do most  
 Entirely reverence a soft and pliant lip.

*Enter ANDROLIO, and AMIANA veil'd.*

AN. W'have heard enough to make us venture in.  
 Argemon, if, since your new-got parentage,  
 You are become so stale a gentleman  
 To wear a knife about you, you shall find  
 I have a throat at your service will straight  
 Confess my errors, and unbutton.

ORG. No, sir ! when you offend me next, you  
 shall  
 Receive the honour of my sword.

*[Androlio seems to pull Amiana to her father.]*

AN. I've heard you want alliance, and delight  
 To find them out, a romance way. This lady,  
 Freed lately from a dark enchanted castle,  
 Desires to call you father. If you please  
 T'accept her, sir, you may have me into the bargain.

BA. So there may be more got, sir, than I

Can honestly keep?

AN. I'm a new man! and have already seal'd  
To marriage articles of living tame;  
We only want you and the priest to witness it.

*Enter* MARILLIA, *Second* SERVANT, OFFICERS.

BA. Some tale in Dieava de Monte Major  
Taught you this trick of wand'ring after your lover.  
Your tears have pardon'd you! Go, know your  
brothers! [*Orco takes Marillia aside.*]

AML. Could I have chosen brothers by the pow'r  
Of wishes or my prayers, they had been these.

ORG. We have much pretty story to examine.

DOR. Such as will make the pleasures of this year  
Transcend all that we ever knew.

ORCO. Your rebel-man is here, Androlio!  
brought

By Officers, at this old gentlewoman's  
Complaint, for committing a rape.

MAR. Yes, truly sir, down in the vault, towards  
The left corner by the garden stairs. I've cause  
To remember the place.

AN. Ay, thou'lt ne'er forget a good turn.

BA. How's that? a rape!

MAR. It had been so, forsooth, had I not yielded,  
As they say, to prevent harm.

BA. Go, take them both, Don Orco, to your care!  
I'll myself sit upon the cause, and call  
A commission of bedrid judges, who will  
Be glad to revive their long lost mettle  
By refreshing their old ears with bawdry.

ORCO. I'll invite all the gallants to this hearing.  
[*Exeunt Orco, Marillia, Second Servant.*]

*Enter* CLARAMANTE, LEONTE.

ORG. Now, brother, is the time to make me  
happy,

If that new title, or what equals it,  
My friend, can urge you to such noble kindness.

*[Dorando goes to Claramante.]*

DOR. Fair Claramante ! I am come t'undo  
Myself, by giving of my love away  
Because my fortune conspir'd not to rescu't by  
My valour's help ; but we are all so full  
Of joy and wonder here, that we are bountiful  
To mad excess. My rival is my brother now ;  
His elder claim, and that, first ratified  
By your dear vows, makes me implore you would  
Confirm him in your love ; for I am highly pleas'd,  
Since fate did not decree your virtue and  
Your beauty mine, that so supreme a happiness  
Shall yet belong unto my name and blood.

CLA. The wonder of your stories I have been  
told

Within ; and, next to my delight  
In Orgemon, I value most the benefit  
Which that infers of being allied to you.

*[Orgemon brings her to Basilonte and  
Amiana, who salute her.]*

BA. Lady ! that comfortable kiss I will  
Requite with the best jewel that Peru did yield,  
When my great sire rifled the crown of Atabalita.

ORG. How gladly, Claramante, I am rid  
Of those sad fears thy noble anger caus'd.

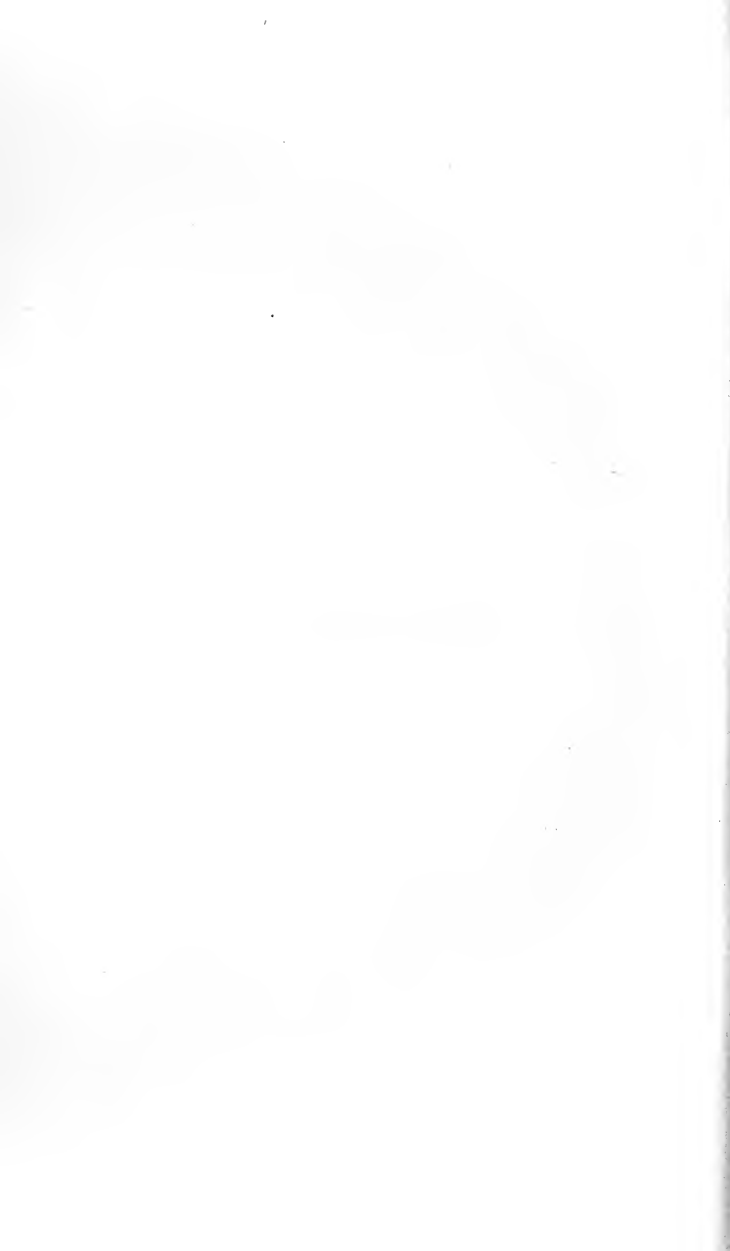
CLA. They all were due to your misgovern'd  
valour and

Your jealousy ; but now they cease for ever !

*[Orgemon salutes Leone, Balthazar, and the rest.]*

ORG. There's many forms requir'd to celebrate  
A strange affinity so newly known ;  
But these shall be defer'd as lesser rites,  
And yield to ceremonies far above  
Their use,—the consummation of my love.

*[Exeunt omnes.]*



THE SIEGE.

THE  
JOURNAL OF THE  
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE  
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND  
VOLUME 40  
PART 1  
1910  
LONDON  
PUBLISHED BY THE  
Royal Society of Great Britain  
21, BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C.1

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"The Siege" seems to have been acted at the Cockpit by D'avenant's company on the eve of the Restoration, and prior to their removal to Portugal Row, but whether it had been acted before Cromwell's time does not appear. Although a fairly written play, it was never subsequently revived. Geneste observes respecting it:—"There is a comic underplot. The character of Piracco is evidently borrowed from that of 'The Humorous Lieutenant.' This is on the whole a good Tragi-comedy. 'The Siege' and 'The Distresses' were not printed until 1673, but had probably been acted before the civil wars. They have however no Prologue nor Epilogue."

Whence the several plots of "The News from Plymouth"—"The Fair Favourite"—"The Distresses"—and "The Siege," have been derived, we have in vain endeavoured to trace throughout the several collections of stories to which the dramatists of the times had usually recourse. Their plots are in themselves trifling, but most ingeniously handled so as to create a strong dramatic interest.

The Biographia Britannica says, that "All these plays were acted in the time of Oliver and Richard, first printed in 4to, and afterwards revised and inserted in the author's works." If this was really the case, it seems strange that none of the quarto editions are extant, nor is there any other record of their ever having existed.

In the absence therefore of any edition than that in folio, there is no certainty that the text of these plays has been accurately printed from the MSS. of Sir William D'avenant. The present play in particular bears some internal evidence of having been tampered with, more especially towards the conclusion, as some lines are very far beneath the standard of Sir William's usual composition, while occasionally there may be observed some successful specimens of bathos.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

CASTRACAGNIO, *a General.*

FLORELLO, *in love with Bertolina.*

SORANZO, *his Friend and Rival.*

PIRACCO, *a Captain.*

MERVOLE, *his Ensign.*

ARIOTTO and  
LIZARO, } *Volunteers.*

FOSCARI, *Governor of Pisa.*

A COLONEL, *his Friend.*

A SERJEANT.

PERDUES.

SOLDIERS.

BERTOLINA, *Foscari's daughter.*

RANOLA, *her Woman.*

BAGOLA, *a Sutler's Wife.*

*Scene : PISA.*



## THE SIEGE.

---

### ACT I.

*Enter* CASTRACAGNIO, FLORELLO, ARIOTTO,  
SORANZO, LIZARO.

FLO. Your troops have skirmish'd at the North-  
ern Gate,  
And are return'd without much loss.

CAST. Mistakes are ever incident to night,  
And darkness. How long is't since  
The sun appear'd ?

FLO. Not a full hour.

CAST, Why ! 'Sdeath !  
We have flown hither, then ; we have out-march'd  
time.

'Tis strange we should reach the town so early,  
And find success absent.

Piracco ! hast thou summon'd 'em to a parley ?

*Enter* PIRACCO.

PIR. Twice, noble general !

FLO. See ! The governor appears upon the walls.

*Foscarini Enter* GOVERNOR, COLONEL, &c.

GOVER. Hail, Castracagnio, the great Duke's gen-  
eral !

We wish both health and honor to Florello, too !  
Your lieutenant o'er this powerful army.

*Enter FOSCARI.*

CAST. My lord Foscari, this is Court breath, sweet  
And subtle. We that follow war know not how to  
Disguise our meanings. How come you  
To bestow upon us such a pleasant greeting,  
And yet affront our master ?

FOSC. We do invite a penalty from Heaven,  
An if we cannot justify our deeds.  
The great Duke of Tuscany is allowed to be  
A man of honor. We implore his friendship,  
And shall grow proud to gain it ; but 'twill deprive  
Our fame of courage to become his subjects,  
When, without impeachment to his title,  
He may esteem us his confederates  
And allies.

CAST. You are revolted from a State,  
That hath power to shew their justice, till  
Your repentance comes.

COL. Twice have we sent to Florence for redress  
Of injuries received from those of Luca,  
And could ne'er procure an audience. Old men  
Contain in their remembrance, that our  
Signiory of Pisa scorn'd to implore  
Justice from any State in Italy.

CAST. Is this the cause of your revolt ?

FOSC. My lord, the people are incens'd against  
their

Oppressors, your burthens gall their shoulders,  
Which they'll fling off for ever, now.

CAST. You shall know the intent of my com-  
mission.

I must demand an easy entrance here,  
Attended with a regiment of foot,  
These to remain a garrison, till my  
Master receive less cause to doubt your faiths.  
You, my lord, to become my prisoner, and

All we shall find adherent to your faction.

FOSC. This is a new oppression, but we are  
Able to resist it. There is not a heart  
In Pisa that can out-live his honor.  
Our suff'rance will make us martyrs.

CAST. You are bold rebels, and must expect  
The cruelty of war.

COL. We know your strength, and the justice of  
our

Own cause. Your threats deserve our scorn !

FLO. With leave of my right noble general,  
I demand leave to speak. My Lord Foscari !  
You know what the fury of a War commits.  
Deserve the Duke's mercy, with your own, upon  
Your country, grant our demands, and cherish  
peace !

Appeal to Florence ! Think upon the power we  
Lead, let the teeming mother sleep quietly  
Within her husband's bosom, and her young  
Issue live till they requite her groans :  
Let the aged pay their [debt]\* to Nature,  
And the virgin dedicate her self  
To Hymen's holy use ; for soldiers have  
No mercy in their lust or anger.

CAST. We are not wild in peace, nor tame in  
war.

What with gentle words we proffer, if now  
Refused, will be denied you when the storm  
Grows rough and boisterous.

COL. You have good hope, but we  
Can ne'er be guilty of despair.

FOSC. My lords ! it gives us cause  
Of grief that your charity and noble wishes  
Cannot receive our thanks. You see  
The inconvenience of vast attendance :  
You come hither with such full troops, we dare

\* "Death," in the folio text.

Not entertain you in the town, you must  
Be pleased to lie i' th' suburbs; pray take heed  
Ye catch not cold. Leave our sconce! y'ave  
a full

Hour given you to depart in safety;  
When that's expired, be sure you are beyond  
Our cannon's reach. Colonel, away! [*Exeunt.*

CAST. 'Sdeath! do they mock our kindness? I'll  
continue

A battery upon the walls of Pisa, till  
Our shot shall lay them level with the earth.

PIRA. A battery! a battery!

LIZ. Heaven preserve our general!

ARI. Amen! For he preserves our swords; they  
shall

Not rust for want of use.

CAST. Florello! ere we mount all our cannon,  
'Twere fit you guard the river with your horse,  
Till the redoubt there be finished.

FLO. I've some kindness still for Pisa:  
I wish 'twould yield without enforcement by  
Our battery.

CAST. What sayest thou?

FLO. But your will deserves to be performed.

CAST. Dost thou not wish us to revenge this  
scorn?

FLO. I think that man would merit much from  
Heaven,

Whose patience can have leisure to  
Prevent ruin, and gain the town by treaty,  
With a composition noble.

CAST. Th' art my wonder! In all assaults  
Thou wert ever violent: thy courage  
Rather rash than slow to meet the greatest danger.

PIRA. A battery! a battery! I love  
Danger. A long winter siege is lechery to me.

ARI. A battery! a battery!

CAST. Florello, thou dost conceal thy thoughts:  
 why art  
 So silent ?

FLO. Be not displeas'd, sir, if I beg  
 You to remember, Heaven  
 Delights in soft compassions. In the town  
 Are many goodly structures and glorious  
 Temples, sacred to the fame of saints.

CAST. Thou leav'st my thoughts unsettled. I'll  
 call  
 A council. Piracco, give speedy notice  
 To th' Marshal o' the field that he perfect  
 Our entrenchments, and be diligent to  
 Expect new orders.

PIRA. Which—he might have chosen one with-  
 out  
 An imposthume to deliver his errands.  
 I'm ill appointed for a race.

[*Exeunt Castracagnio, Piracco.*]

SOR. My Lord ! I'm bold to revive my suit.

FLO. I shall include it in my next conference  
 With the General, and give you ample cause  
 To praise my care. Let me see you  
 Often in my tent. [Exit Florello.]

SOR. You do engage the utmost strength of all  
 My love and service. Thou art exactly  
 Valiant, a just friend unto a noble  
 Enemy. How temperate he was in what  
 Concerned the General's fury ! he has  
 Some reason in it, although disguised.

ARI. With your consent, sir, are you not  
 A member of our faction ?

SOR. How ! Y'are no Banditti, Gentlemen.  
 A faction in the camp ?

ARI. Art not a volunteer ? A spark derived  
 From a flame of triumph, a child of pride,  
 And loud glory ?

Dost not thou as well as we come to  
The wars to gain noise ? Hah ! let's be particular ;  
Begin acquaintance, love, and friendship !

SOR. This is a sudden way, but 'tis believ'd  
That friends are scarce, when men are so greedy  
To gain them.

LIZA. Do you know him, sir ?

SOR. I shall do.

Ere I'm a minute older, he will be known.

LIZA. Repent your sin !

SOR. How ?

LIZA. A fortnight since 'twas my error not to  
Know him, but my fate grew kind. In our march  
From Florence he was mingled in a side  
With me, I survey'd his forehead, found out  
His merit by instinct, proffered friendship,  
'Twas granted, amity increased, and since  
That time he hath revealed himself to be  
A lad of mettle : all fire, the true image  
Of Amadis de Gaul, his ancestor.

SOR. This fellow has a rare nimble tongue ;  
He speaks all and more than he knows, ere I  
Have leisure to hear a part.

ARI. It appears, by this private conference,  
You are acquainted with Lizaro.

SOR. Is he call'd Lizaro ? I thought I should  
Know his heart sooner than his name.

ARI. Sir ! you're counsel'd by a friend. There's  
danger  
In his presence.

SOR. I hope he wears no charms  
About him, key guns or pistols charg'd with  
White powder.\*

ARI. There's danger in his virtues  
In his parts of merit.

\* Gunpowder which was noiseless in explosion.

SOR. This is strange! You mistake me, sure, for  
Œdipus.

I'm no expounder of riddles.

ARI. The colonels and officers o' th' field  
Avoid him with like haste, as they would—  
Chain-shot.

SOR. Why, good signior?

ARI. They are eclipsed with his presence, as  
lesser  
Lights before the sun : his valour drowns the voice  
Of Hannibal and Scipio, he hath  
Increased the number of the worthies, his name  
Makes 'em up ten ; you may see it i'th' last  
Impression.

SOR. You should do well to write each other's  
annals,  
They would make voluminous books ; and this  
Language seems rarely in the epistles  
Dedicatory ; for there 'tis frequent  
To bely men with praise. Shall I entreat  
My absence?

ARI. Not yet, for your soul's health! How  
chance you made  
Not us your great examples before the General?

SOR. In what, sir?

ARI. Did you not hear us make a noise? pro-  
nounce  
With accent loud, A battery, a battery?

LIZA. Sir, you must learn to make a noise whilst  
you  
Remain i'th' camp. We are volunteers! we  
Hang captains, officers, all such as trail  
The limber pike for pay. We come to th' war  
For fame ; honour is our pay.

ARI. When you are skilful how to make a noise  
I'th' camp, you may be privileged to roar  
I'th' city ; to wear a lock o'er your left

Shoulder, large as a horse's mane.

SOR. Sir ! my affairs deprive of the rest  
Of your instructions. I would hasten  
My departure.

ARI. First leave your name behind you.

SOR. I'm call'd Soranzo.

ARI. If we did know your tent, you should receive

A visit from us.

SOR. Y've learn'd where the Lieutenant-  
General's

Regiment is quartered ?

ARI. By perfect demonstration.

SOR. There you shall find my tent.

LIZA. Dost know Piracco ?

SOR. I've heard of Captain Piracco, he has  
A ripe imposthume in his thigh. He was  
Here now with the General.

ARI. The same, pox on him ! I saw him do good  
Service at the battle of Lepanto.  
I was loth to see the rascal found'red,  
Whilst this arm and short blade could rescue him  
From seven firelocks.

LIZA. That was the time you catch'd the bullets  
In your fist as they flew about him.

ARI. No, that was at Milan in a skirmish  
Against the Grisons. Dost know Mervole ?

SOR. You mean, Ensign Mervole, the duellist.

ARI. No matter for his title : we call each  
Other by the corruption of our names,  
Tom and Dick : 'Tis a blunt garb, but it  
Becomes soldiers. The slave is famous in  
Duels, he has proffered at us too ; but  
We keep him at distance with a certain reverse.  
Observe me, sir ! with a *punto sublimato*  
That is raised by your nether guard ! present  
Your weapon naked !



*Enter MERVOLE, PIRACCO.*

LIZA. 'Slight ! Here they are ! End your discourse.

ARI. I shall attend you at your tent.

SOR. These are rare blades !

*[Exit Soranzo.*

MER. I'm as melancholy as an old witch  
Over a smoky fire.

PIRA. Is all thy money fled ?

MER. I ha'not a ducat left to buy me food :  
Upon a march, at noon my stomach grumbles  
And at night sickens.

PIRA. These limbs did never spread  
And swell thus with vacant meals.

MER. 'Tis a penance prescrib'd by my confessor,  
I must live my days upon the smoke of a match.

PIRA. And thy offence is want of meat.

MER. I ne'er thrived since I grew proud, since I  
Tore the taffeta from my colours  
To line my doublet. What are those ?

PIRA. 'Slight, my subjects ! Mervole, stroke  
Thy heart, use it kindly : I'll give thee cause  
To desire long life. Ariotto, take  
Your hand from your pocket ! I must subtract  
From my exchequer.

ARI. 'Sdeath, Captain ! What do you mean ?  
Discover us before a stranger ?

LIZA. This is contrary to our covenant  
Signed at our last *Court-du-Guard*.

ARI. So, Captain !  
Lengthen your discourse,  
D'ye not see him hearken ?

PIRA. Be as private as you please, but my want  
Decreases it : I must visit my exchequer.

ARI. It is Lizaro's turn now. I disbursed  
Last time.

LIZA. I could consent to reason : This is tyranny  
To demand it before a stranger.

PIRA. I shall bore you, if you  
Endanger my imposthume. [*Lizaro presents.*]  
So I'll be modest, these four ducats shall  
Suffice me at present. Mervole, bring  
Thy person near us.

MER. I like these morning exchequers rarely.

PIRA. I resign Ariotto to thy use !  
He is thy tribute.

ARI. Captain, you mistake us, we have not more  
Patience than belongs to mortals.

LIZA. By this hand, plain tyranny !

MER. Subject ! I come to levy my last tax.  
Nay, no rebellion, you see my iron  
Sceptre.

ARI. By this light, Ancient ! This is a mere jest,  
A device of mirth, usual 'tween Piracco  
And us. Captain, what do you mean, will you  
Betray our purses, and our fames ? A mere  
Jest, 'faith, Ancient !

MER. Good wits ! break these jests as often as  
You please, I'll take 'em in earnest, I.  
Nay, nay ! quick ! permit my easy search, unless  
You have an appetite to taste my steel.

ARI. Well ! The sturdy oak must bend, when  
the devil  
Rides by in a whirl-wind. We'll write an indenture,  
Which when y'ave sign'd, my purse-strings are  
untied.

MER. An indenture !

PIRA. Ay, ay ! It only concludes thy promise  
Never to reveal thyself their pensioner,  
Nor them cowards.

MER. This I consent to, gratis.

ARI. Well, when you have sign'd——

MER. How ! it shall be sign'd after dinner ;

You must disturb the tribute now.

LIZA. By this day ! he should not have the ninth  
part

O'th' three and thirtieth corner of a doit  
Ere he had sign'd.

MER. No, Signior, you'll make a novice o'me !  
A city heir ! I must sign at all hours  
When you please ; my steel is ready.

ARI. Nay, nay, good Ancient ! Here ! use me  
kindly

The less you take, the more remains for your  
Future service.

MER. I will be temperate, the slave does keep  
His purse so warm. One—two—whoreson mongrel !  
Three—four—five—Must they enjoy this precious  
earth

Whilst men of merit fast, till their lean bones  
Fret their skin out ? six—seven—eight—Ay, eight  
ducats !

There keep the rest till I call for't.

ARI. Death ! y'have pillag'd me ; the purse is  
empty !

MER. Which way can you sufficiently reward  
The merit of an old soldier, dog ?  
You volunteers are no more to us, than  
Bulrushes to pikes, or pikes to May-poles.

ARI. Hell swallow me ! if I could not find in  
my heart  
To be valiant.

LIZ. O Tyranny ! tyranny !

PIRA. Hast thou not cause to bless me ? Beside  
this  
Daily tribute I take my choice of both  
Their wardrobes, when my own grows aged.

MER. Do'st thou hear, subject ? provide me,  
against  
To-morrow night, seventeen ! let me see,—ay, ay,

Seventeen ducats more. Mark me, subject ! This  
I demand as love moneys, I shall have  
Speedy use of tribute. So, farewell,  
Good loving subjects !

ARI. We shall live worse then boars  
In Germany. [*Exeunt Ariotto, Lizaro.*]

MER. Piracco, I'll feast thy corps at Bagola's,  
She boils good bull-beef, and I long to cease  
The noise in my stomach. [*Exeunt.*]

---

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter* FOSCARI, COLONEL, BERTOLINA, RANOLA.

FOSC. Long ere this time we did expect a battery ;  
'Tis strange they are such quiet neighbours.

COL. The outworks are made perfect, and our  
river

Guarded by a sconce, no force of cannon  
Nor human courage can endanger us,  
Unless we betray our own strength.

FOSC. Colonel, your reward will be immortal  
fame !

You have oblig'd your country to hold your  
Name precious ; and 'tis my ill fate  
To wear a title that grows too heavy  
For my strength : I stagger beneath its weight.

COL. Your own deserts, and popular love, made  
you  
The Governor of Pisa.

FOSC. How unsafe is it  
To keep that honour. This siege informs you  
I'm made the mark at which the great Duke  
Doth aim his fury ; and howe'er 'tis noble  
In a soldier to presume on destiny  
And his own courage, yet it is wisdom

To suspect danger ere 'tis felt. See! Bertolina,  
 Already like a captive, shews she hath  
 A melancholy look; she's no more my daughter,  
 But the child of fortune. O my lov'd girl!  
 The Sybils' faces do resemble thine:  
 Thy look doth prophecy, but yet not a  
 Kind fate.

BERT. Sir, your stars have a great predominance  
 O'er my nature.

FOSC. There is a cause that justifies this grief.  
 How would it hasten thy eternal absence  
 From this world, to see thy aged father  
 Fetter'd with chains, and thus  
 To be sent to Florence, there to beget  
 Nothing but scorn and laughter in the Duke?

BERT. O, sir, do not mistrust your power with  
 Providence! When you speak thus, I tremble like  
 A tender lamb in a cold winter night.

FOSC. 'Las! Why should this beget thy fear?

Though my  
 Offences expose me to this danger,  
 Angels will secure thee; but what,  
 My Bertolina, wouldst thou suffer to  
 Prevent this sorrow?

BERT. The rack, famine, or fire,  
 Or any torment, sir, to preserve you.

COL. Had Portia ne'er been known in story, thy  
 Heroic virtue had wanted an example.

FOSC. This joy on earth will tempt me to affect  
 Mortality. Shall we yield, my girl, this  
 Proud city to the Duke's disposure,  
 And so procure thy safety?

BERT. Never! Life affords no pleasure when  
 once

We are depriv'd of liberty. Though men  
 Of low and humble birth account it no  
 Restraint or bondage, unless their limbs are

Fetter'd, or circumscrib'd with walls; yet such  
 As boast of high descent esteem their honour  
 Wounded when they lose but a little, which  
 Courage or resistance might have kept. This  
 Is a glorious cause! Women may fight  
 In this just war,  
 And not impeach their modesty.

FOSC. O, such a child was Nestor's fam'd receipt,  
 With which he did restore his youth. I shall  
 Out-live my memory until I have  
 Forgot my name.

*Enter SOLDIER.*

SOLD. Noble Governor! The Senate are in  
 Council, and wait your presence.

FOSC. I come! Colonel, yield not to a parley:  
 We will endure this storm, and save the city.  
 Farewell, my Bertolina!

*[Exeunt Foscari, Colonel, Soldier.]*

RAN. Madam, must we then expect a battery?

BERT. Ay, Ranola. Will it not make rare music?

RAN. These cannon pellets will bruise me  
 shrewdly.

BERT. They are curs'd i' th' womb whom the  
 cannon murders;  
 Therefore, for the credit of your stars, do not  
 Suspect a death so boisterous.

RAN. When the battery begins, I'll hide my self  
 I' th' matted closet, and shut the wainscoat  
 Door close, then I am safe.

BERT. Thou may'st as well wrap thy self up in  
 silk,  
 And think it proof against a musket bullet.  
 I left a picture in your charge; prithee  
 Bring it me down to the gallery!

RAN. I shall, madam! *[Exeunt omnes.]*

*Enter* ARIOTTO, LIZARO, BAGOLA.

ARI. Quick, good Bagola! our stomachs are so keen

We shall need no knives.

BAG. I boil no flesh but what is wholesome.

ARI. Good camp beef, if't be thy will.

LIZA. And that's horse flesh in the city.

*Enter* SORANZO.

BAG. O, Signior Soranzo! I have reserv'd  
A morsel for your paunch will make it heave.

SOR. Prithee, hasten it hither! I chew my cud  
already.

ARI. Signior Soranza! Sure, fortune has  
Received her eye-sight; is she so kind  
To send you hither?

SOR. Death! Must I always meet with these  
earwigs?

How they endanger my brain.

BAG. Here, devour a pace! I have no vinegar.

ARI. I ha' seen thee wash thy aprons in this  
bowl,

Why dost thou bring our meat in't?

BAG. By Jove, they were my smocks! feed  
And be thankful! the ram was somewhat tough  
I kill'd to day, but you shall have it. [*Exit Bagola.*]

ARI. You shall share in our mess.

SOR. I shall be excus'd, sir, and thank you.

LIZA. Ariotto, the maiden-head of this flesh  
Is thine; this day thou didst deserve it by  
Feats of valour.

ARI. Had I not seen thee engag'd against the  
Other five, I had maintain'd the combat still  
With those seven Switzers,—pox o'their two handed  
Scythes!—it were easier for 'em to cut down  
An oak than me, whilst I stood at this guard.

LIZ. Right ! but 'twas for the safety of my fame  
To see you skirmish with twelve such,  
And not employ my fortitude to weaken  
Their assault. Can you accuse my fury ?  
For I beseech you, let us borrow your  
Moderation.

SOR. In what, sir ?

ARI. 'Faith ! would a had seen thy magnanimous  
Feats, Lizaro, he would have gain'd employment  
For his pen ; and thanks from all posterity.

LIZ. Nay, nay ! troth, thou dost abuse thy own  
merits.

Nine o'the twenty owe their lives to thy  
Mercy.

SOR. This is new Court thrift ; they are not able  
To maintain flatterers, therefore bely  
Each other, with their own praises.

*Enter MERVOLE, BAGOLA.*

ARI. 'Slight ! There's Mervole ! hide the meat !

MER. What food, Bagola ?

BAG. I'll cram thy maw with beef of roaring bull.

MER. With horse's flesh, stew'd i' th' water of a  
ditch.

BAG. Ancient, thou beliest my hospitality.

MER. Prithee, vanish ! and fetch a morsel hither.

BAG. What ! dost thou grumble ?

MER. I say, a haunch of thee is more in season  
In the camp, than venison in the Court.

BAGO. Your morsel shall be visible straight.

*[Exit.*

MER. There's my subject ! I smell an odoriferous  
steam.

ARI. He has got the scent, we must speak to him.  
Ancient, how does thy lungs, thy mid'rife, and  
Thy bladder, ha ?

MER. Room for my eye-sight ! nay, I must see it



ARI. Before a stranger? Ancient, remember  
Our covenants.

MER. 'Slight! you are cannibals to lay  
Meat there to affront my nose; but I can smell you.

ARI. If you're resolv'd to forfeit your bond; yet,  
Let's feed together.

MER. Not so much as will choke a wren.

LIZA. Part of it belongs to my disbursement,  
And I'm Piracco's subject.

MER. I'll borrow of Piracco for this time.

LIZA. Tyranny! tyranny!

ARI. Death! Be not so loud! since we must suffer  
Let's disguise it from Soranzo. Welcome  
I'faith, Ancient! Employ thy teeth until  
Thy gums are sore, it was provided for  
Thy dirty maw; thou shalt not leave the weight  
Of an atom behind thee! Devour it all!

MER. Devour it all! Subject, are ye turn'd traitor?

Have you a plot to kill me with a surfeit?

ARI. Nay, good Ancient, before a stranger?

LIZA. 'Twas only spoke to disguise our frailty.

MER. That breath cools my spleen.

SOR. This is a rare tyrant!

ARI. Death, he observes us! Give us leave to talk  
For preservation of our honours. Eat,  
Good Ancient! 'tis a usual compliment  
With us, we'll expect the relics.

LIZA. If y'are destitute of a knife, here is  
A young bilbo! 'tis near a kin to old  
Bilbo my sword.

MER. I shall eat! Bring some wine hither!

*Enter BAGOLA with wine, bread, and mutton, &c.*

BAGO. Here's your morsel, sir! it may be given  
A Queen in child-bed. What are you furnish'd?

ARI. Mervole is our guest, give him some wine!

MER. Here, Bagola ! Here's t'th' prosperity  
Of thy ravenous stomach !

BAGO. Thanks, man of war ! I am call'd within :  
I am

Roasting of an old cat. [Exit.

ARI. Ancient, feed on ! We must retire. Martial  
Affairs deprive us of thy smooth looks ; would  
Cerberus were feeding on thy heart.

LIZA. We must grow valiant ! This tyranny is  
Above human suff'rance.

ARI. Signior Soranzo, we wish you well.  
Away ! our cowardice is yet conceal'd.

[Exeunt Ariotto and Lizaro.

MER. Whoreson monkeys ! shall they surfeit  
here, feed at  
Nero's rate, whilst men of merit dine with  
Theameleon ? I have  
A politic nose—, 'twill wind out a steam  
From the Mogul's kitchen to the Turk's parlour.  
A health to you, sir !

SOR. Sir, I receive it as an honour.

MER. By this light ! you eat nimbly.

SOR. I hope, sir, you do not number my bits.

MER. No, sir ! but, if you continue at this rate,  
you

Are a rare trencher-man.

A ha ! This will comfort the kidneys.

I would know your country, sir.

SOR. I'm a Florentine, sir.

MER. Your name shall be most welcome to my  
ears.

SOR. Sir ! we lose time in battle ; this hour  
Belongs to the stomach not to the tongue.

MER. S'death, he out eats me ! Another  
health

Unto your person. [They both drink.

SOR. I'll give you satisfaction, sir.

MER. I'll engage, if thou hast so good  
A stomach to the Wars as to thy meat,  
We shall need no weapons but thy teeth ; thou wilt  
Eat up all our enemies. *[Both rise.*

SOR. Sir ! I shall do my poor endeavour, being  
Encouraged by your example.

MER. He's a volunteer ! If I could make him  
pay me  
Tribute 'twere a good addition  
To my revenue. I'm much taken  
With thy person.

SOR. I have cause to cherish it, since you find  
It so deserving.

MER. Thou dost so charm my eyes, I am not able  
To resist my purpose. I must, spite of  
My teeth, do thee a kindness.

SOR. Pray, sir, believe it then,  
You shall find me grateful.

MER. I have drunk fillers ; he tempts me by  
Conjuration ; 'tis grown inevitable,  
I must do it. Go, go, be confident !

SOR. Sir ! I would gladly know your courtesy  
Ere I receive it.

MER. Lend me thy ear !—  
I'll fight with thee.

SOR. You merit my eternal service.  
Shall I be bold to think I may enjoy  
This honour ?

MER. 'Heart, do ! I consume my breath  
Did not I say, be confident !

SOR. Ay, but the kindness is so eminent  
I fear a rival. Some other man abler  
In desert than I may strive to gain it.

MER. Here is my gage to assure my promise.  
'Tis not

My custom to oblige every stranger  
With such endearments.

SOR. Nay, sir, I have certain hymns to sing, ere night,  
Unto my stars in thanks of it.

MER. Dost hear, when I have flesht thee with this metal  
Of Toledo, thou may'st justle the General,  
And spit in thy Colonel's face, yet remain  
As safe as in a tower of brass.

SOR. Troth ! 'twill be a rare privilege.

MER. Am not I Mervole ? Who dares bestow  
His wrath on him, whom I accept in duel ?

SOR. Well, Ancient, I shall presume.

MER. Go ! go ! Be proud, I'll do't ! I like thy person.

SOR. Heaven preserve ye, sir ! I have just cause  
T'insert you in my prayers. [Exit.

MER. I shall try his metal if he be  
Fit to be wrought on. I'll not stand idle.  
He may make a subject too. Bagola !

*Enter BAGOLA.*

BAG. What say'st thou, Demogorgon ?

MER. How dost thou call this volunteer ?

BAG. Soranzo. The imp is liberal,  
He paid this silver for his food.

MER. He must pay me tribute too. I am  
His sovereign, at our next meeting he takes  
The oath of allegiance. Here, give this t'Arriotto !  
Tell him my relics should be sacred to  
A coward. 'Twere not superstitious  
To eat 'em kneeling.

BAG. But when shall I number my seven ducats ?

MER. Death ! I must pawn him here. When  
he returns  
Say 'tis my pleasure he remain thy prisoner  
Till he have paid it.

BAG. He pay your debts !

MER. Ay, do this, or increase your tally still !  
Score up, and pay yourself with your own  
Chalk. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter* CASTRACAGNIO, FLORELLO, PIRACCO.

CAST. He numbers in this letter three hundred  
Waggons of corn.

FLO. Sir, the whole convoy is cut off, and with  
small loss  
Of our own troops.

CAST. Here's new intelligence much pertinent.  
He gives us notice they expect relief  
From Mantua. We command the river.

FLO. And, so guarded, 'twill prove of small  
Advantage to their hopes.

CAST. Then, Florello, I still shall magnify  
Thy temperate soul. Thou hast preserv'd Pisa  
From falling into ashes : each structure  
There stands as a pyramid to eternize  
Thy noble mercy.

FLO. Sir ! I am eclips'd by the glory of your  
Merits. Virgins shall sing your praise, and the  
Matrons of the city commend your kindness  
In their prayers to Heaven. They will now yield  
Rather then suffer famine.

PIRA. So, whilst they learn to fast, we learn to  
sleep.  
This discipline is new in War. Pox on't, 'twill be  
A long siege ! I shall grow mangy.

CAST. Piracco is a great enemy to his  
Imposthume ; he would expose it to all  
Unnecessary danger.

FLO. It is his policy to use it ill ;  
For so he gives it no encouragement  
To stay by him.

PIRA. When you have use of a surgeon  
You will grow less witty.

*Enter SORANZO.*

FLO. Your attendance serves aptly now for your Affair. My Lord ! this is the gentleman I did commend unto your knowledge.

CAST. You have made him a Captain in your own Regiment. Sir ! ask for your commission From my secretary, it is already Sign'd ; and expect all other favour I Can shew you.

SOR. Your Excellence hath oblig'd My love more than my duty.

*Enter A GENTLEMAN.*

CAST. Ronaldo so soon return'd from Florence !

GENT. The great Duke salutes you kindly. 'Tis his Pleasure you peruse these letters.

CAST. This directs it self to you. Follow me ! And share i' th' knowledge of what mine imports.  
[*Gives it Florello. Exit.*]

PIR. I must go seek my subject.  
This war affords no other pillage, but  
His substance.

[*Exit.*]

FLORELLO *reads the letter.*

FLO. Hah ! You cannot seem cruel to this faction.

'Tis our will you hasten your battery  
Against Pisa. The Duke deprives me of  
Immortal fame, I cannot now be merciful,  
Pisa is proscrib'd for ruin.

SOR. My noble Lord ! would I could share in this  
Your suffrance, though't be unmannerly  
To enquire your grief.

FLO. O, Soranzo, hast not perceiv'd of late  
My eyes eclips'd ? Methinks my grief doth so  
Exactly counterfeit decrepit age,

The fates should think me old and make this night  
My last. O, 'twere a kind mistake !

SOR. Sir, however you disguise your sorrow,  
With enforc'd mirth, from public notice,  
Yet friendship hath a subtler perspective.  
I am more curious in discovery of  
Your health, and find your thoughts perplex'd and  
scatter'd.

If the cause could find a remedy from  
My assistance, I would beg to know't.

FLO. 'Twere guilt in thee to know't. Thou art  
pure  
As chrystal ; I shall stain thee with my breath.  
Soranzo, I must hide my self !

SOR. My noble Lord !

FLO. My absence may beget a wonder  
Until the cause of it is known ; but then  
My name will infect our language, blister  
The tongue that speaks it. O ! I shall be lost  
To every good man's memory. This night I do  
begin

My pilgrimage, I enter in a path  
Like that which leads to the habitation  
Of the dead, from whence I never shall return.

SOR. How, my Lord ? You have left me guilty of  
An ignorance that may endanger me for ever.  
Where will you hide your self ?

FLO. In shades of night and darkness.

SOR. You cannot hide your self from me, for, as  
The diamond you are light unto your self,  
This darkness makes you seem more bright to me.

FLO. Your inquisition is too strict. Leave me  
To wander with the wind ; if in my absence  
My honour is accus'd, reserve thy charity  
For a nobler use than to defend what  
Is so tainted.

SOR. How can your honour, the pattern which I

Imitate, and think th' ambition lawful,  
Deserve an accusation ?

FLO. Soranzo ! thou art young,—but newly known  
To war, and glory ; the way that leads to  
Honour is intricate. O ! I must  
Commit a sin that will endanger all  
Those wreaths my brow hath merited. Soranzo !  
'Tis thy fate to undo me with thy friendship,  
For thy help must hasten my perdition.

SOR. My help ! Dismiss me strait,  
Forget you ever saw me, rather than  
Reserve my friendship for a use so horrid !

FLO. No more ! Thou hast betray'd me with thy  
skill,  
Obscurely crept into my breast, and seen  
My black thoughts. Be sure that you  
Reveal it not to the air.  
What thou hast tempted from me, I impart  
Not to thy ear or tongue, but to thy heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

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ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter a SERGEANT, and TOWN PERDUE.*

PERD. Softly, Sergeant ! we'd better walk on  
thorns

Than near the enemy's perdues.

SERG. Follow still !

PERD. 'Sdeath ! whither wilt thou lead me ?  
shall we creep  
Into their cannons ? We are already  
Under their trenches.

SERG. Here, good Monsieur Perdue ! lye down  
And dig a hole for your chin.



PERD. Whize, hey! These bullets keep a noise;  
I shall not sleep for 'em.

SERG. Lye close! Within two hours you are relieved.

PERD. Dost hear, Sergeant? Fetch a notary  
from

The town, and I'll make my will.

I bequeath thee my knap-sack; there's a hole  
In the north side o't, sew it up! t'will prevent  
An invasion of mice.

SERG. Y'are too loud in your mirth. I see a  
gun fire

From the redoubts.

PERD. Whize! Sergeant——

SERG. S'death! Speak low.

PERD. I'th' corner a' my ammunition cheese  
Dwells a huge overgrown maggot. I bequeath that  
To my comrade.

SERG. There's another gives fire. *[Exit.*

PERD. Whize! Farewell, good Sergeant! He's  
an old soldier,

He knows the enemies shoot no sugar plums.

*Enter FLORELLO, SORANZO, a camp SERGEANT.*

FLO. I may be confident, I am disguis'd  
From your sergeant's knowledge?

SOR. You may. The power is great y' have o'er  
my love

And duty, or I ne'er could be seduced  
To do you this service. Sir, 'y are not kind  
To me; you still conceal the cause that doth  
Engage you in this new strange adventure.

FLO. Waste not my last suit, that thou wouldst  
leave me

To the protection of my stars. Prithee,  
Be not guilty of too much love! thy care  
Is too inquisitive.

SOR. This enterprise is dangerous to your fame  
And person.

FLO. Soranzo, mind thy own affairs !  
I cannot die i' th' dark. Prithee ! leave me !

[*Lyes down.*

SERG. We walk in danger, sir. They made  
This night three sallies from that part. [*Exeunt*

FLO. I cannot lye far distant from the enemy's  
Perdue ; I must betray my self with noise. [*Coughs.*

PERD. Pox ! Can't you catch a cold but must  
you boast  
Of it a loud ? I see him move. [*Both rise.*

FLO. Danger makes the conquest noble—  
Have at the——

PERD. S'death, sir ! This is but a rough compli-  
ment.

Y'embrace me too hard——

FLO. You are too loud ! If thou give the  
alarum

To the town thou diest. Yield up thy weapon !

PERD. As I hope for mercy, sir, 'tis not worth  
Your acceptation. Dull ammunition  
Blade, as I'm a soldier.

FLO. Howe'er, resign it for your own safety !

PERD. Well sir, I cannot deny you so small  
A kindness, but 'tis not worth your wearing.  
You'll give me good quarter ?

FLO. To what part of Italy dost thou owe thy  
birth ?

PERD. Not far off : I was born in Pisa.

FLO. How ! the name of Pisa doth oblige my  
Kindness. Lead me thither ! Here's thy weapon—  
I'll become thy prisoner——

PERD. Sir, are you in earnest ? Now I have my  
Sword again I shall grow very angry  
If ye mock me.

FLO. My request is serious.

PERD. By your favour, sir, I have cause to be Merry ; we'll toss the cannikins when we Have ent'red the ports. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* MERVOLE, ARIOTTO, LIZARO.

MER. Ho ! Don Corn-cutter, dost thou usurp ? Am not I thy sovereign ?

ARI. Good Ancient, be pleased but to consider, I Have not the Indies, nor the philosophers' stone To assist my disbursements.

MER. I know my own prerogatives. Thou art My subject ; my necessities increase in time Of war, and I must levy subsidies. Lizaro, you'll hasten your accounts to Number me out just thirteen——

LIZ. I'll be a loyal subject. Piracco Is my sovereign. Pay tribute to a foreign Prince ?

MER. Well, gentlemen, ye shall eat my sword up ! Ye have ostridge stomachs, I know ye can Digest steel——

ARI. Well, how much must we disburse ?

MER. I'll have all that remains in your possession ; Ye shall not keep a cross\* to swear by.

ARI. Pox upon you ! The tyrant of Syracuse Was not so envious to men.

MER. D'ye snarl, ye foisting mongrels ?

ARI. 'Sdeath ! you can but have your tribute brought home To ye. There 'tis—Lye sure ! we must obey.

LIZ. I am pleased. This tyranny will soon o'ercome

My nature ; my gentleness is not long liv'd.

MER. I love mettle of this complexion : Are your ducats full weight ? I'm decreed, If ye cheat me with light gold, to leave your souls

\* A piece of money so marked.

Naked without a skin this frosty weather,  
D'y'e observe my precious monkies ?

ARI. 'Tis a great virtue to be patient.

MER. So, if I can increase the number of  
My subjects I may have hope  
To be a captain ; this age is grown  
Sinful, we can get no titles but what  
We pay for. Soldiers were never happy  
Since the siege of Troy. Good Agamemnon !  
I'll trail a pike under thy ghost, if it  
Would walk and bear arms. The Court infects  
The Camp, we must be gaudy now ; triumph  
In scarlet and high plumes. This hat looks like  
An old morion 't has been my pillow 'bove  
Eighteen years. Just off Methusalem's block—Ha !  
Let me see—troth 'twould not much endanger  
My thrift to change, only thou wouldst think't  
Too great an honour——Ha ! Go, go,  
Triumph !

ARI. 'Slight ! the Mogul's revenue is not able  
To maintain my cowardice.

MER. I'm known ! a midwife's ruff is just like  
mine.

Lizaro, let me see your's : Hah ! Ay, ay,  
'Twill serve the turn, untie——If thou dost grin  
I'll cleave thee from the scalp unto the twist !

[*Change ruffs.*]

LIZ. Ariotto, I've often given you my  
Advice, we must be valiant.

ARI. We must declare our anger, with pride and  
courage.

Ancient, we intend to be valiant.

MER. How ! Speak but that word again, and ye  
both hasten  
To your graves. Let me but see ye so  
Conspire against damnation as to  
Be valiant. I'll not permit in both

Your hearts so much noble fire as shall  
Encourage you to skirmish a field mouse.  
Do, do ! Be valiant, if you dare !

ARI. Sir, we scorn the humour, we——

MER. The cannon catch me, if I not make ye  
Run away from a hare. Ye shall  
Be proud to pawn your sisters  
To feed my riot.

*Enter* PIRACCO.

PIR. Subject ! I come to visit  
My exchequer. *[Feels in's pocket.]*

LIZA. Sir ! I grieve you must lose your industry ;  
I pray peruse the other on my left thigh.

PIRA. How, caitiff ? Dost thou so much neglect  
life  
To walk without *aurum potabile*,\*  
Without tribute to appease my wrath.

LIZA. Sir, I know you can speak thunder ; 'tis in  
Your power to kill me with your voice. But yet  
Take leisure to consider. I pray  
Question Mervole, your colleague i' th' empire.

ARI. A man captain, if it be lawful to whisper,  
More barbarous than a Goth ; the Vandals  
Were not so ravenous when they sacked Rome,  
As he in pillaging of us.

PIRA. Preserve our stations ! lest when I grow  
Angry I hurt ye with my breath. Ancient,  
You are not temperate.

MER. How, captain ?

PIRA. You insult upon my kindnesses, and 'tis  
Difficult to grant your pardon.

MER. By this fair light ! If you  
Incense me I shall trouble ye worse than  
Your imposthume. Can you not gull the State

\* See vol. i., p. 72.

Finely, muster up ammunition; Cassocks stuff'd  
with straw ;

Number a hundred forty nine dead pays,  
And thank Heaven for your arithmetic ?  
Cannot you clothe your ragged infantry  
With cabbage leaves ? Devour the reckonings,  
And grow fat i' th' ribs, but you must hinder  
Poor Ancients from eating warm beef ? Hence-  
forth

Expect no contribution from these bores.

PIRA. S'death ! Will you not permit me to enjoy  
one ?

MER. I will have both.

PIRA. That's to be decided with our weapons !  
[*They draw.*

ARI. Pray, Lizaro, if they both die, our bonds  
Are void, and we are free.

MER. D'ye curvet ? Were there  
A scrivener here I would be bold to make you  
Entail my pension on the heirs of my  
Body illegitimate, so leave ye  
In bondage to posterity. Come, sir,  
I shall anger your imposthume. Again !

ARI. Now I am victorious ! [Piracco down.  
Lizaro, your champion's foiled.

MER. Captain, thou'st still been held a bold  
soldier,

I'll not insult o'er thy unkind destiny.  
Live still ! but, by my stars, you must either  
Give me your sword or disclaim all interest  
In these two ; they are my subjects now.

PIRA. Yield up my sword, no ! Take 'em, cherish  
the babes !

Keep 'em warm ; they are very chilly.

MER. Quick ! Do me homage. Bow lower !

ARI. This is but humility.

LIZA. We are exceeding virtuous.

MER. Piracco, give me thy fist ! We'll have a truce.

PIRA. Pox upon you ! y'ave still the better on't In these skirmishes.

MER. How now ! No more a cripple, thou walk-  
est as  
Stiffly as a stock.

PIRA. Hah ! I do not limp ? By this light, thou hast launched \*

My imposthume !

MER. Hey ! I ne'er thought I had skill in surgery Till now ; march on, quick ! to my Colonel's Kitchen tent. I'll present thee as a miracle ! A little of the cook's *balsamum* Will finish the cure. By this hand, he walks upright ! Subjects both attend !

ARI. Every man gains by quarrelling, but we.  
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter FOSCARI, FLORELLO, COLONEL.*

FOSC. We embrace the greatest soldier  
The world contains. So far you have obliged  
Our gratitude we fear we shall discredit  
Nature ; for man was ne'er predestinate  
To so much power as can requite your  
Noble charity.

COL. Ye shall find us always prompt to serve ye,  
And faithful, as becomes our births and calling.

FLOR. I have chosen to perform this strange  
duty, when time  
Makes me most useful. You are shortly to  
Expect a battery.

FOSC. We are enabled to resist the storm.  
Heaven hath provided us some friends amongst  
Our greatest enemies. However we are  
Begirt with intrenchments,

\* Lanced.

We can receive from Florence safe intelligence,  
And speedy. The news of this your battery,  
Enforced with the Duke's stern rage, came to our  
Knowledge before your relation.

FLOR. Then spirits are your messengers ?  
But I consume these hasty  
Minutes : is't your pleasure to direct me  
To the chamber where I may finish  
That employment which seduced me hither ?

FOSC. Sir, I am proffering my attendance :  
Colonel give the Perdue a fair reward for this  
Great fortune, and conceal Florello's strange arrival.

COL. I go ! we have now gage  
To assure our safety. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter BERTOLINA, RANOLA, with FLORELLO'S  
picture.*

RAN. Madam ! shall I place it here ?

BERT. Gently, Ranola ! Had it sense it could  
Not more provoke my care ; I fear I shall  
Commit idolatry. Hail, great soldier !  
Thou that art the pride of Italy, and so exact  
A wonder in this age ; our chronicles  
Will fear to register thy deeds, lest they  
Endanger quite the readers' faith to all  
They write. Why art thou absent now ?  
Thou art employed in achieving new wreaths  
Ere the old are withered. Such sacred garlands  
The Olympic wrestlers won.  
Still he treads the path of honour  
And loud glory. He never thinks on me !  
I shall grow wild with grief.

*Enter FOSCARI, FLORELLO.*

FOSC. Sir ! I will leave you to express your thoughts  
Unto my daughter. [*Exit Foscari.*]

BERT. Secure us, Heaven !



Ranola, quick, convey the picture hence !  
My contemplations sure were sinful ; still  
He remains to accuse my idolatry.  
Ranola, is't not a spirit ?

RAN. Madam, I can't think he is a spirit.  
A maid may feel him without any  
Bodily danger. [Exit.

FLOR. She is more timorous in her wonder  
Than I am. My Bertolina, speak !  
I hasten to be absent.

BERT. Oh, my lord, if Pisa  
Be not vanquished, how come I t'enjoy you here ?

FLOR. Our true loves began by often  
Interview, when this proud city stood loyal  
To my Duke's prerogative. [Now't] hath betrayed  
My soul to infamy and danger ; yet  
I repent not my achievement, I've gained  
More than will requite my losses and I would  
Hazard all that's mortal, ever thus to  
Fetter thee with my embraces.

BERT. Yet, in my joy, I am most passionate.  
The marigold so opens to the sun's  
Bright eye, as Bertolina to your wish'd  
Presence ; and, had I longer been depriv'd  
Of your arrival, I had wither'd to my grave.  
You should have found me sleeping in my tomb,  
Cold as the marble is.

FLOR. This I fear'd ! prophetic fury brought me  
Hither. I left my country's causes, a just war,  
My title in the camp, and the soldiers' loves,  
To fight for thee.

BERT. How, Florello ? I hope I do mistake your  
language.

FLOR. My General securely sleeps, and dreams not  
Of my absence.

BERT. Then you are now revolted from your  
Prince ?



FLOR. I could not enough endanger my fame  
Or life for thy safety.

BERT. Oh thou art lost ! Lost to eternity !

FLOR. How, my Bertolina ?

BERT. Mourn all that love the wars, your ensigns  
make  
Of cypress now ! Florello's dead to honour.]

FLOR. Stay, or I shall grow wild ! I would not  
have

My soul entic'd through my fond ears.

Repeat your former words !

If I have given you cause of rage, speak it  
In rougher accents, yet still wear in your  
Memory the cause of my revolt. 'Tis for  
Your sake I suffer.

BERT. For my sake ? The cause of your revolt is  
The sad reason that must enforce me to  
Disclaim your heart.

FLOR. Stay ! you are too hasty in your sentence.  
Collect your thoughts, and do not thus requite  
My bold obsequious love.

BERT. Thou stumblest like the blind. Thou  
canst not see  
Thy fall : Heretofore we lov'd with honour  
And ambition ; resolv'd to make our issue  
Glorious, but now thou hast destroy'd that hope.  
Why should we strive to increase posterity,  
Since our off-spring must needs be disfigur'd  
With thy stain ?

FLO. 'Tis in thy mercy to absolve my sin,  
My honour I'll redeem with noble fortitude.

BERT. Never ! The bold warrior, that hath  
deserv'd  
Fame, whose deeds engross'd  
All public noise, once fil'd—his victories  
Are quite forgot, and he degraded from  
The rights of honour. My heart shall share in this

Thy sufferance. I'll weep  
Till I am blind ! Thou art now the ruins of  
A man, though heretofore the noblest soldier  
In the world. *[Exit.]*

FLOR. Hah ! Never more redeem my lost honour !  
Can the virtuous sin with less presumption  
Then the impious ? Are all my trophies  
Forfeited for one rash error,  
And that provok'd by love ? Know, cruel virgin—  
Hah, is she gone ? She has left me mad, as  
The northern wind in winter storms. I must  
Pursue her, and enforce her to relent.  
O harsh, harsh destiny ! *[Exit.]*

*Enter* CASTRACAGNIO, MERVOLE, LIZARO,  
ARIOTTO.

BAST. Not in his tent ?

MER. No, sir ! Nor in our trenches, nor in our  
horse

Quarters. We have sought him with spectacles  
And a dark lanthorn, yet cannot find him.

CAST. Thy mirth is troublesome ; I'll not smile  
to-day.

Florello, where art thou hid ? How ill it does  
become

Thy title to affect corners,  
Unless by a strange ambush captivate,  
Or slain by some dire instrument of war.  
I cannot guess a cause t'excuse thy absence.

I must delay the battery, till I  
Do hear of thy return, or death. The love  
I owe thy merit makes me suspect with fear. *[Exit.]*

MER. Florello is the favourite o'th' camp,  
He will be miss'd with much sorrow. Subjects,  
Are the articles written ? I'll subscribe  
To nothing that may infringe my prerogative  
royal.

ARI. We only want your martial fist to  
Sign it, and some lawful witnesses  
To confirm the deed.

MER. Piracco shall subscribe as a witness,

LIZA. Y'ave lanc'd his imposthume to good  
purpose ;  
He walks upright now.

*Enter SORANZO.*

MER. Do ye hear, subject, I would not be gull'd  
Like a young heir. I must read my indenture ere I  
sign.

ARI. There, sir ! 'tis a kind of hieroglyphic.

SOR. My heart begins to tire. Sir, I'm bold  
To entreat a kindness from you.

MER. Hah ! He does not look like one would  
borrow money.

SOR. I have some encouragement to hope well,  
From your own promise.

MER. I lend no money but upon mortgage, I.

SOR. You mistake my errand.

MER. I'm glad of it, sir. You look like a  
Volunteer ; there's a couple of your own tribe.  
Deprive me of sleep, I cannot steal a wink  
In forty hours for 'em, they dwell like thunder  
In my ears, proclaim their necessities  
Louder then cripples in the high-ways, and  
I'm tender hearted,—I cannot deny 'em alms.

ARI. Ancient ! we are thy sovereign peers, and  
thou  
Our subject now.

MER. Hark, sir ! I must obey.

SOR. My demand requires not so much tyranny.  
I only beg you would be pleas'd t'exchange  
A thrust or two in earnest. Whilst you, sir,  
Remember the glove, I remember your promise.

MER. A new subject ! Heaven help me from

The gout, I begin to grow wealthy !

SOR. So, sir, your answer should be noble.

MER. I am thinking what part of thy body to Murther first.

SOR. Ye exceed in courtesy ; but no doubt Heaven will teach me to be thankful.

MER. I will not hurt thee when I prick thy heart.

SOR. Oh, y'are too kind.

MER. To make our sport lawful, Ariotto Shall o'ersee our motion ; I chuse him My second.

ARI. 'Death, Ancient ! our new articles exempt Me from all duels.

MER. The articles are not yet sign'd.

SOR. This gentleman says he is descended From Amadis de Gaul ; I cannot wish To chuse a man more noble for my second.

LIZA. We shall ne'er be quiet, till martial law Admit suits in actions of battery.

ARI. Fret thy gums in private ; we must haste !

SOR. Nay, I beseech you, sir ! it is my pride To be your follower.

MER. I do not love to waste my time.

SOR. Sir, I should disgrace my breeding. Pray, march ! I'm your humble servant.

MER. If I prove victorious, I shall return Your compliment true. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter BERTOLINA, FLORELLO. She gives him a ring.*

FLOR. Is this all the favour ?

BERT. 'Tis a great one  
I'th' state you are in, so quit the town  
Without more hazard ! You owe me much

That I have studied your departure, which,  
To a person of your quality, were  
Not to be expected.

FLOR. I'm rewarded !

BERT. You may live, Florello,  
To purge the sin of your revolt, and be  
Set glorious in opinion, who are now  
Left in a dull eclipse. I would not have  
Our chronicle remember Bertolina  
Accessory to the death of your fair name,  
When the amazed reader will in pity.  
A tree so full of blossoms wither ?  
You are here out of the sun's true warmth.  
Return and prosper !

FLOR. Cruel Bertolina !  
I see thou art a rock to wreck the unskilful  
Mariner upon. Hadst thou disclos'd thy  
Stoney nature, when first my unhappy eyes  
Admir'd thee, I had steer'd another way,  
Or got some other star to sail by. But  
Condemn me still, I'll call home my own thoughts,  
That straggle from my reason, to join with  
Your accusation. I confess I'm fall'n  
Into a depth hath swallowed up my honour ;  
And that which makes my suffering infinite,  
The love of a frail woman led me to  
My ruin. Farewell !

BERT. Deliver that to the Colonel !

FLOR. If thou be constant to thy temper, get  
Betimes upon some battlement, and  
See me made a sacrifice, and too late check  
Thy pride, when my last breath shall scorn  
Thy name, but expire in prophecying  
Thy unkind fate.

[*Exit.*

BERT. I have been too passionate,  
And thoughtless of a common danger. I begin to  
find it.

*Enter* GOVERNOR.

GOVER. Bertolina, where's  
Florello ? I was told you were in conference ;  
I hope your wisdom will direct you to  
Cherish his design, beside his noble  
Thoughts to you ; for this great act, he's one  
Pisa is much engag'd to.

BERT. I foresee a storm.

GOVER. Florence hath treasured up  
Great hope in him, and Castracagnio,  
The General, with less hazard, might have  
Parted with half his army. I counsel, Bertolina,  
That as you had power to draw him to our side,  
So manage him, he may be encouraged  
T'employ his love to Pisa.

BERT. Sir, from you  
I learn'd to admire goodness, that  
Gives the distinction to men ; without  
This I behold 'em but as pictures, which  
Are flourish'd with a pencil, to supply  
The absence of inward worth, their titles  
Like landskip gracing them only afar off.

GOVER. Thou hast my genius to instruct thee ;  
All thy thoughts are noble.

*Enter* COLONEL, RANOLA.

BERT. The Colonel !

COL. 'Tis done, sir.

GOVER. What ?

COL. Florello—

GOVER. What of him ?

COL. Is discharged.

GOVER. Ha !

COL. By your command ; he is dismiss'd the  
town.

GOVER. By mine !

COL. This is my warrant.

BERT. Ranola, th'ast undone me ! didst not tell him

I had something to impart ?

COL. I did, madam, but you see the unhappiness.

GOVER. Bertolina !

BERT. Sir, your pardon ! 'Tis I must own the fact ; yet hear me.

GOVER. Art thou turn'd conspirator ?

BERT. But late you thought me worth your praise, for

Honouring virtue, which we cannot truly

But we must hate the contrary. Florello

Was sick, my lord, and my sending him hence

Was to procure his health.

GOVER. Astonishment !

Is the morn elder by an hour since

He convers'd with me ? I discover'd no sickness in him !

BERT. To me it did ; I saw him

Labouring with a disease did fright my very soul.

GOVER. Give it a name !

BERT. An hospital has none

So full of horror ; he has an ulcer growing

Upon his fame made him appear full of

Deformity. Shall Foscari's daughter

Cherish a man that comes to court her love,

Spoil'd of his honor ? When he has washed the stain,

Contracted by revolting hither, I'll

Look on him with glad eyes, and call him lover !

Till then, I shut him from my thoughts.

GOVER. As I

Will Bertolina from my sight, I could

Divorce thee from my blood, and disclaim all

That pleads for nature in me. Take her away !

Confine her ere she speak again, and tempt me



To forget my self. Hath your nicety  
Betray'd so rich a hope as Pisa had  
In a few minutes ? Hence ! or I shall make  
Death the punishment of your stay.

[*Carry in Bertolina.*]

COL. My lord !

GOVER. Be glad your error hath so good a plea,  
You had been lost else. Tell me, Colonel,  
Dost not expect Florello will return  
Circled in a flame, melting our walls for  
This affront done by a giddy woman ?

COL. We may join fire to his ; but, sir,  
Your noble daughter—

GOVER. Do not beget suspicion ;  
Thou hast practis'd treason with her. She is  
Too near me. We all suffer ; and, in this,  
Pisa shall see my justice. [Exeunt.

*Enter MERVOLE, SORANZO, LIZARO, ARIOTTO, in  
the field.*

MER. Hang physic ! that prescribes the spring  
and fall,  
For opening of a vein for the health of honour.  
I' th' dog-days we may bleed, or i' th' depth  
Of winter. Here's an exc'lent place !  
How many ounces wilt thou spare, Soranzo ?  
Thou shalt bleed physically.

SOR. I thank you, sir, you are a noble surgeon !  
I'll not limit your art ; I've your promise  
To employ it to my honour.

MER. We'll fight the French way, shall's ?

LIZA. The French !

ARI. I never tried that duel.

SOR. We must abide it.

MER. Let's to't pellmell then.

LIZA Pox a this pellmell ! \*  
 I was in hope they would have kill'd one  
 Another opportunely, and given us  
 Leisure to think on't. I have it ! I'll let fall my  
 sword.

ARI. Remember, then !

MER. Soranzo ! tell me where I shall hit thee  
 now.

SOR. Let your skill direct you.

LIZA. Now I forget thee, Ariotto !

ARI. But howsoever remember to let fall your  
 weapon,  
 I am now thy enemy. Guard thy heart ! Remember  
 The reverse.

MER. Pox o' thee ! How dost thou fight here ?  
 canst not

Hit me here ? Make a punto !

SOR. You must have patience.

MER. 'Death ! what a child th' art. Do you  
 encounter

With a pigmy ? put home thy bulrush, I'll  
 Cleave thy teeth button, prithee fight !  
 Pox o' thee ! How thou liest.

ARI. Heart ! your rapier justled my ribs. Let fall !  
 D'ye long to see crimson ?

LIZA. 'Tis against my will, as I am a christian  
 I cannot let fall yet with honour.

ARI. I bleed !

LIZA. Are you in earnest ?

MER. How now ?

SOR. Does your arm ache ? Or have you the  
 cramp  
 In your fingers ?

MER. I cannot govern my weapon. Thou hast

\* "When we have dash'd them to the ground,  
 Then defie each other ; and pell mell  
 Make work upon ourselves."—*Shakespeare*.

Prick'd my wrist ; where learn'd you  
This surgery ? Pox upon these rapier-bodkins !  
I cannot fight.

SOR. I may take my leave then. Morrow,  
Ancient !

You have oblig'd me ; in  
Time I may become a duellist,—I shall  
Cherish your instructions. [Exit.

MER. Vengeance o' your gratitude ! 'death, must I  
Flesh you all, till I am made a tailor's  
Bottom to be stuck thus with your needles.  
Ha ! By this oilet-hole, they fight too, are valiant !  
Hold ! Our quarrel's ended, y'are both well.

LIZA. Well ! Yes ! I am not sick, there's no pain  
In fighting.

MER. Let me kiss you, rogues.

ARI. What, rascals ! were we to be cowards ? I  
Do feel my self valiant now. Is all  
Agreed ? Where's your enemy ?

MER. Oh ! we parted friends, and he has left  
Me a remembrance about my wrist to  
Wear for's sake : he has stab'd a sinew.  
D'ye not see me left-handed ? I have  
Made you both soldiers ; teach your hams  
Humility, and thank me for't.

ARI. Now I think on't, Ancient, you wear  
A felt\* of mine ; 'tis too conspicuous !  
It cost me coin in Florence. Moneys too  
Must be restor'd.

MER. How ?

ARI. I do not know whether my valour be  
Quotidian : the fit is now upon me.

LIZA. Do, Ariotto, it is well thought on.  
Some trifles too of mine, Mervole, y'are  
In my debt for. But put'em in thy schedule !  
I have accounts with another gentleman ;

\* A hat.—*Thynne's Debate*, p. 31. A hide ; coarse cloth.—*Craven*.

I'll presently search for him. [Exit.

MER. Why, thou dogbolt,\* shall I recant and swear

My opinion back again? Dost not see

My right hand useless?

ARI. Would 'twere otherwise!

I thirst to exercise my new valour

Upon some body.

MER. W'you shall have my place of fleshing Gentlemen? you see there's something to be

Got by't. [Exeunt.

*Enter* CASTRACAGNIO, FLORELLO, PIRACCO, *soldiers.*

CASTR. Thou hast been cruel to thy self! Florello, thy revolt

Hath cancel'd all. Hadst thou piled up desert To heaven, this crime o'erthrows it.

FLOR. Seem not to make it

Your sorrow, noble General, that I

Am come to die. I have committed

Sin to the earth I tread, whose dust wou'd

Conspire and hang upon my guilty foot

To apprehend me; my own colours blush

I have forsaken them. And where before

I drew my courage from that red, whose sight

Paid back my loss of blood, and through my eyes

Supplied my veins, they now wave death and paleness

To welcome my return.

CASTR. Why didst not wander

In any part of the wild earth? no ground

But this would have disturbed thee.

FLOR. And to this,

Which I've offended, I'm come to make

My justification, and to wear those titles

I've all this while usurped. Opinion

\* A term of reproach, "Manes that dog-bolt."—*Lilly*, 1632.

Hath been too partial in my undertakings,  
And betray'd honours to me ; can you think  
My actions were directed but by  
Chance, or that success did more than mock you  
To steal belief that I was valiant ?  
Take back your thoughts !

PIRA. Was ever faith so cozen'd ?  
I held him a brave fellow.

FLOR. How, Piracco !  
You held him a brave fellow ? Am I grown  
So cheap in my humility, you should dare  
To censure me ? Hath two or three attempts,  
Children of madness rather, and despair,  
Than discreet valour and bold manhood, rais'd you  
To such an impudence, you dare conclude  
Me, or my worth, that thou wert worthy to  
Grapple for fame, upon a whirlwind with me,  
Shouldst see—But I am fall'n below myself  
To talk to such a land-rat.

CAST. Piracco, you forget your self ! Resume  
your temper.

PIRA. I took him at his word.

FLOR. I am cold again. Your pardon, sir, and  
heaven's !

It does not become a dying man to boast  
His fame. Piracco, I forgive thee ! Had  
I look'd upon my present guilt, though  
I am my own accuser, I had suffered  
Thy affront with smoothness.  
I am no more the man I was.  
I was a soldier, but the stock of shame  
And calumny ; traitor to honour, and  
My country : deny me now not that justice  
You give to every poor and base offender.  
I implore death, and in the sight of Pisa,  
To whom, in friendship, I appeared hateful,  
Divorce my rebel soul lest my own hands

Grow mutinous, and take your justice from you.

CASTR. What motive was so strong to ravish you  
From us to Pisa?

FLOR. You are come to that  
Will convert your wonder, and me  
To paleness, when I name the cause of my  
Revolt.

PIRA. I ever thought so.

FLOR. You thought, bold interrupter?  
Passion abuses me! take that which in  
Delivery must wound me: love was the  
Witch that drew me from my arms.

CASTR. Love! What creature?

FLOR. I'll tell you that, so you'll command the  
soldiers  
To be in readiness to kill me.

CASTR. On!

FLOR. Her hairs were Cupid's nets, a forehead, like  
The fairest front of heaven, without a cloud;  
Her eye-brow was love's bow, while either eye  
Were arrows drawn to wound; her tongue was  
Love's lightning, neck, the milky-path or throne  
Where sat the graces.

CASTR. You describe her well.

FLOR. Yet all this beauty  
Hang on her but like pendants on a grave,  
To make the monument glorious; for her heart  
Was cold and buried in her,—she was dead  
To gratitude. So far from rewarding  
My bold enterprise, she punish'd it  
With scorn; and, as I had been a person  
Carried infection, she made me be  
Excluded and sent back to bear the stain  
Of my dishonour home, to awake your  
Severity for my rash sin of loving  
Woman, unworthy woman!

CASTR. Do ye love her still?

FLOR. I feel that flame quenching every minute.  
I can die without desiring life to  
Enjoy that marble piece. I am as weary  
Of her, as of myself, having undone  
My fame past all example ; and the strength  
Of your commission gives me glad assurance  
I am short lived.

CASTR. O noble Florello !  
I could weep for thee, were it manly ; how  
Strangely love invades without distinction  
Of equality. Thus the bold Grecian,  
At the siege of Troy, grew weary of his arms  
For fair Briseis : Thus Cleopatra  
Did captivate the great Roman soul, till  
Too much of her memory made him lose  
His own. But rise, Florello ! from thy dull  
Sleep be disenchanted and resume thy  
Valour's flame. I'm proud thy fate made thee offend.  
Th'art pardoned ! exercise thy free command,  
As honour should direct.

FLOR. Oh you are  
Injust, and do commit offence in mercy,  
As great as my revolt. By all our laws—  
By that service in the Grisons' war,\* when  
Providence directed me to come to  
Your rescue, when your valour had  
Engaged you upon multitudes, let me  
Beg not to out-live this infamy.

CASTR. This plea seems most unnatural.  
Desist ! let me expect to see you in my tent. [*Exit.*]

FLOR. Not die ? Piracco shall I be so miserable  
To live ? Have you no friendship to intreat ?

PIRA. I did urge him privately while  
You were discoursing, but he would not grant it.

FLOR. I resolve not to

\* Grisons. A people inhabiting the Alps, and in alliance  
with Switzerland.

Be neglected so. If he deny  
Me one, there is a thousand ways to die.— [*Exit.*

PIRA. Ay, do so. Why now, I'm of another  
humour ;

I never found myself more apt to cherish  
Life. Hang this noise of immortality !

I ha'not the same appetite I had  
To trade with danger ; my conscience would  
Need dispensation to take  
My leave of gun-powder and pelmel,—hum !  
I cannot conjure up this devil valour,  
That us'd to roar so in me.

*Enter* MERVOLE, ARIOTTO.

ARI. Nay nay, faith, Ancient !

MER. Not a skirt !

ARI. Some restitution were fair—

MER. No, not the wing of a cossack.

PIRA. 'Tis my surgeon, Mervole ! hum—

ARI. Return my ducats, then.

MER. Not a clipt doit ! good temptation leave,  
And 'twere the duke's treasure 'tis all damn'd :  
Talk of restoring in a camp ? O heresy !

ARI. How ?

MER. Yes, and condemn'd by a council of war.  
They

Have canons, you believe are dangerous  
To those that break 'em.

PIRA. What if I mix with 'em, and maintain  
The opinion they hold of me ?

ARI. Must I lose all ?

MER. No, you shall lose nothing but the principal.  
I'll give you honest use.

ARI. What's that ?

MER. Why ? for instance, this dutch felt was  
yours,  
I'll use it for you gratis ; for your ducats,



They are used so much already, they are quite Worn out.

PIRA. I'm resolved !

MER. Why, you malt-worm ! shall I ha' nothing for

Fleshing of you ? Who, the pox, made you fight ? An I had known it, you should ha' still continued My dear revenue, and been coward till Y'ad stunk us from the trenches.

ARI. 'Tis truth !

MER. Bring law terms into the camp, And talk of honesty and restitution ? I'll first be stifled in my colours.

ARI. Well, th'art noble ! I give thee A general release.

PIRA. Ancient, how is't ? I thank thy surgery, I am No cripple now, Ariotto. When didst see my subject ?

*Enter LIZARO.*

LIZA. Oh ! Have I found you ?

PIRA. How now, weazel ! whither art thou creeping ? Here's no hen's nest.

LIZA. I have a note for you, captain.

PIRA. 'Death, a challenge ?

LIZA. A small note for you ; I expect an answer. Ancient, you shall be witness.

MER. Who signs ? is't a bond ? We'll share then.

ARI. What didst deliver to Piracco ?

PIRA. Imprimis, a beaver, ha ! Item, two laced ruffs, a pair of boots ; the inventory of the things I took from him : a belt, one holland shirt plain, another with seaming-lace——What's this ?

LIZA. Commodities that werelent you. You shall Find ready money at the balance of the

Bill. Captain, these odd reckonings  
Between you and I must be cleared.

MER. Observe 'em !

PIRA. Put in that hat and feather, and sum't up !  
I'll discharge all together.

LIZA. So you'll put me in other security.

PIRA. Ha ! Will he fight ? Come I was not  
serious.

Take your bonnet and be covered.

MER. How now, gentlemen ! What's the difference ?

PIRA. He brings his bill, and requires back his  
loan

And subsidies for beating. Shall I mince thee  
With thy own sword ;  
And like an Anthropophagus devour thee,  
Thou rabbit sucker ?

MER. Ay, do, Piracco ! scourge him  
As boys do tops ; or make him dance  
The Irish hey over a field of thistles  
Naked. Why dost not draw ?

PIRA. Mervole, dost not know me ? Shall I de-  
stroy  
The wild thing ? Prithee ! make him sensible  
What 'tis to enrage me.

MER. That I will !

ARI. Faith, restore captain ?

MER. Do you mean to be balladed when you  
come

To Florence ? Why d'ye extend your arm forth  
Like a fencer's sign ? Fight, or expect no  
Weapon hereafter but a dog-whip to  
Be advanced against you.

LIZA. Will not your  
Captainship shew your steel, because you once  
Did make a noise, and brave it ? Do not tempt  
My patience ; give me back my moneys !

And put me in good sureties for my wardrobe,  
Or by this flesh I'll pink you.

PIRA. He is converted ! why dost here squirrel ?  
What composition ?

ARI. MER. Compound !

PIRA. 'Faith, Ancient, I ha' done him wrong,  
and,  
Because I see he's noble, I'll return  
Some of the trifles.

LIZA. Observe me, I will have all, and more  
Than all ! I will not now be satisfied,  
Unless you fight.

PIRA. Why then, be accessory to thy death !

MER. So, so ! to't bullies.

PIRA. I scorn to fight with such a coward.

LIZA. Coward ? Thou liest ! Come back, you  
shall not part so.

PIRA. That wont provoke me.

MER. Can there be greater provocation  
In nature ? He's possest with a tame devil.

PIRA. Hold, I cannot fight !

LIZA. I'll try that.

PIRA. There's my sword ! I am disarmed.—

BOTH. Ha ! Give up's weapon !

LIZA. This is somewhat.

MER. Captain Cow ! Let's carry him to Bagola,  
And ha' him drest against dinner.

ARI. This is a miracle !

MER. Are you the doughty captain that did talk  
Nothing but batteries, famine, death,  
And all the sad remonstrances of war ?  
Let us search him, and his soul be not crept  
Into one of's pockets.

LIZA. I am not satisfied.  
Since thou wou'd not fight, I'll know the cause  
Makes thee degenerate. Nimble deliver——

PIRA. Gentlemen, for it cannot be conceal'd,

Mervole made me a coward.

MER. I! Thou fought'st with me.

PIRA. The impostume which your sword hap'-  
ned to launch,

Let out my valour; truth is, the pain of that made  
Me desperate, not valiant. Since  
I feel my self to have a sound body,  
I am loth to endanger it.

MER. Did this advance you from a corporal  
To be a captain? I perceive some men  
Thrive by diseases, then, besides physicians.  
Was I the surgeon to do this feat too?

PIRA. I beseech you, gentlemen!

ARI. I hav't! You shall now be my subject.

LIZA. Yours! That were precious! No, hands  
off! he's mine

For my discovery.

MER. Release your titles, gentlemen!  
My surgery is unpaid for. Give him gently  
To my possession, or try the agility  
Of your left arms. 'Tis not for your honours  
To deal upon unequal terms, and my  
Right hand is useless now.

ARI. Fight with left hands!

MER. Or he that hath arithmetic enough  
Divide him into three equal portions.

PIRA. I am content,  
Kind gentlemen.

LIZA. Oh thou mungrel!

ARI. I have a way to reconcile all; let's  
Draw lots whose subject he shall be.

MER. A match! and let him make 'em, so he  
may  
Preserve his flesh nimbly then.

LIZA. Well thought on.

MER. Is there no motion in you?

PIRA. Yes! Ancient, I wish I may fall to

Your power : you'll use me nobly.

ARI. When?

PIRA. I am preparing. Here, gentlemen!

MER. The longest cut enjoy him.

PIRA. Who must be my sovereign?

ARI. He's Mervole's.

MER. You yield he's mine?

LIZA. 'Tis your fate, sir.

MER. First let me see!

Gentlemen, I must request your absence

For a few minutes; I have a stratagem

Would have a little privacy, or I shall

Desire to see you at my hut. Nay, I

Beseech you, gentlemen!

BOTH. Farewell, then! We'll expect you.

ARI. Farewell!

*[Exeunt Ari. and Liza.]*

MER. There is a ceremony to be us'd, captain.

You must give me formal possession,

By delivery of your clean shirt. D'ye

Observe me, mine is somewhat foul? Quickly!

PIRA. Oh, noble Ancient! Ah!

MER. Make a shift, come!

PIRA. By this light, Ancient, I see company.

Leave me not naked to the world.

MER. Retire then behind the next tree! under

Pretence to ease nature you may doff it.

Mend your pace, tortoise.

PIRA. Oh, tyranny!

*[Exeunt.]*

*Enter FLORELLO, his sword drawn.*

FLOR. To live is but to walk to death! why  
then

Should we not take the nearest way, since that

We make the period of our pilgrimage?

But we are wanton, and affect the path

That keeps us circles in mortality,

When the least declination would teach us  
To die, and know our errors.

*Enter SORANZO.*

SOR. My noble lord !

FLOR. Welcome Soranzo ! There is pity now  
In heaven. I give my self up hopeless  
To have a friend in my necessities,  
To do me the kind office. I'm a prisoner.

SOR. A prisoner !

FLOR. A prisoner to the world, and thou  
Shalt set me free.

SOR. You are full of mystery,  
I understand you not.

FLOR. This will instruct thee !  
Aim it at my bosom, and I will  
Praise thee, when I'm dead.

SOL. D'ye court me  
To be a murtherer ? How long has life  
Been such a burden to you ?

FLOR. Wot thou not  
Cure my wound then ?

SOL. You would have me make one.

FLOR. There is else no physic for me,  
Prithee be charitable and do't, Soranzo ;  
'Tis but extending of thy arm, and touch me,  
And I shall drop down like an Autumn leaf,  
Without a murmur.

SOR. Why are you so cruel ? Name a cause  
That can require me to commit so great  
Injustice.

FLOR. I will tell thee, if't be possible  
I may believe thy ignorance. Oh, Soranzo !  
That action, which thy friendship made thee yield to,  
Murder'd my fame. Now it is no secret  
To tell thee ; love, like a wild passion,  
Transported me to Pisa.

SOR. Ha, love to Pisa !

FLOR. Why dost start ? I know I am thy wonder.

Here I was but a walking shadow, for  
My heart was lock'd up there with Bertolina,  
Foscari's daughter.

SOR. Bertolina !

FLOR. Thou hast a troubled countenance ! Has  
that name

Power to recall thy blood ? Dost know her ?

SOR. Yes !

FLOR. How old is thy acquaintance, or what  
cause

Brought thee unto the knowledge ? Thou dost  
not

Love her ?

SOR. I ne'er was guilty of a sin to hate  
So fair a lady.

FLOR. There's danger in thy words ! 'twill not  
be safe

To converse further with me, yet I'll tell thee  
Had the great Duke of Tuscany receiv'd  
Encouragement to love her, and had made  
His crown and wealth the subtle orators  
To plead for him ; the venture that I made  
Would buy her from his arms, and force her  
through

The wealth and treasures, like neglected things  
Behind her noble thoughts ; his name not deserving  
To be remembered that day that Florello's  
Was in her memory. Had her heart in dower  
The universal graces of her sex,  
Ages to come would call my act too great  
A price for't, and the purchase dearly bought :  
Yet she refus'd.

SOR. Her heart, my lord, may be,  
Was not her own to give.

FLOR. What dost thou say, Soranzo ?

SOR. Pardon, my lord,

The freedom of my language, or but hear it,  
Though you grow furious, and destroy me after.  
'Tis my unhappiness to affect that lady,  
The trouble of whose fate invited me  
To mingle with your troops, when Pisa held  
Friendship with Florence.

FLOR. No more, I have a rival, then ! How dare  
Thy fortune be so saucy ? Get thee from  
My sight, a minute will endanger thee.  
My afflictions come tumbling like waves  
Upon me ! there's another lost, my friend ;  
Yet still I live, and must, unless I teach  
My hand to murder. Ha ! blessed remembrance !  
The battery,—'tis not in the power of death  
To avoid me. 'Twill be some revenge to die  
The example of a lady's cruelty. [*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT V.

*Enter* PIRACCO, ARIOTTO, LIZARO.

ARI. How does the Ancient ?

PIRA. My tyrant is in health, sir.

LIZA. What ! you have exchanged wardrobes  
already ?

PIRA. We have both one tailor and laundress.  
I thank him he puts forth my linen for me ;  
But, for shame, I could shew you the naked truth.  
Was ever captain so prey'd upon ?

ARI. Captain ! Ha' not the rats gnawn off that  
title yet ?

PIRA. The Ancient does purpose to devour me  
first,



And then he'll leave that for the vermin.

LIZA. Th'art justly punished for thy tyrannizing  
o'er us.

ARI. This 'tis to be a coward.

PIRA. Alas! 'tis none of my fault.

LIZA. How! Not thy fault?

ARI. Whose, then?

PIRA. 'Tis an error in nature; I cannot  
Help it; I could wish it otherwise.  
I have disputed with my heart about it,  
But have no satisfaction; I've endeavoured  
Always, that men prescribe to make it valiant;  
I ha' been drunk three times, a purpose, since  
My last kick, wherein I have attempted  
To make a noise, and roar, but hardly can  
Conjure up my spirit able to put  
A mouse in to a fear, that nibbles  
A'th knapsack for the cheese in't, or a weazel  
That lies perdue for a hen's nest. I ha' not  
So much blood left in me to blush.

ARI. It seems so, Lizaro, such things were we  
once.

PIRA. Pray, gentlemen, speak to the Ancient  
To use me with more gentleness! an I had been  
So happy to ha' been a subject  
To either of you, my life would not have  
Been so burthensome.

ARI. An thou beest weary of thy life, why do  
you not  
Turn desperate as before, and fight?

LIZA. H'as no imposthume now.

ARI. Let him feed on polecats,  
And get one; there be things that die in ditches,  
And other nasty food to breed diseases.  
I see the generation of his valour  
Must rise out of corruption.

LIZA. Does he use you then

With such severity ? no mitigation !

PIRA. I have a privilege.

He's here, gentlemen !

*Enter MERVOLE drinking tobacco, BAGOLA.*

BAG. Here they are ! Ha ! Piracco by his phys'nomy,

But Ancient Mervole by the garb.

I observ'd not this before ; what ! disguised, Captain ?

LIZA. What health, Mervole ?

PIRA. Bagola, we are all one ;

Do they not fit ? we change habits often.

But that he has

The greater bush hangs at his tavern face

We might easily be mistaken.

Thou Lady o'th' Lake : A pox a whispering !

Mervole, shall I play the farrier,

And drench you for the sullens ?

LIZA. This is pretty !

MER. I do allow him this, or rather he

Allows himself ; for he pays for't heartily ;

That's his comfort.

PIRA. Go, bring a barrel hither ! why ? when,  
you Scolopendra—\*

Gentlemen, now plead for me ! *[Exit Bagola.*

I beseech you, noble

Ancient ! you see how ready I am to

Observe you, you might be pleased to take

Compassion on my fortune. I confess

I ha'deserved infamy, but my stars

Are to be accused as well as I.

MER. Does he not speak like one that's taking  
leave

A top o'th' ladder, and bequeathing precepts

\* Scolopendra is a venomous Serpent. Used metaphorically for a courtesan.

To the young fry, that come to see him swing,  
To avoid pilfering, and playing at dice  
With costermongers for oranges,  
And such like ungracious counsel?

ARI. Ancient, do him some favour for our sakes.  
See how he looks !

MER. I ha' seen a dog  
Look like him that has drawn a wicker bottle  
Rattling about the street, and leering  
On both sides, where to get a corner,  
To bite his tail off.

*Enter BAGOLA.*

BAG. Captain, here !

PIRA. Art thou come, Proserpine ? Here, my  
bullies !

A health to Agamemnon !

LIZA. The Captain's sprightly, and talks big again.

PIRA. 'Death, I'll not spare you, Ancient. What !  
a flincher ?

Quaff it off, Mulciber, or I'll force it down  
Your channel. How now ! thou king of sparrows,  
But wet your bill so ? what, Ariotto  
In contemplation ? begin !  
I'll pledge thee, mushroom !

ARI. I have not sign'd you any such commission.

PIRA. Th'art a Trojan, I hug thee ! Lizaro, drink !

LIZA. Let it go round ! *[Exit Bagola.]*

PIRA. Courteous Ancient release me, name  
My ransom, deliver me from these agues ;  
These violent fits, which I am forced to  
For honour's sake may much endanger me.

MER. Why have you not a noble privilege  
To bark thus to my face ? the great Turk with  
All his janisaries would not be  
Permitted to make this noise ; besides, you know  
I have but half your pay yet, that's a business .

To be consid'ed on ; for I do find,  
 I cannot without loss afford you so  
 Much impudence for the price, therefore observe  
 me.

I here, before these gentlemen, depute,  
 And fully authorise you to receive for me  
 Your entire pay, with all and singular  
 The emoluments that shall accrue unto  
 The Captainship, and to oblige your truth  
 And honesty in accounts, during pleasure,  
 You shall receive the just tithe of your pension,  
 Together with acquittance——

PIRA. How shall I live ?

MER. On salads, caterpillars, and wholesome roots  
 To suffice nature ; quench your thirst with pippins  
 Instead of mighty wine, surfeit with cloves  
 Of garlic, or eat horse-bread, and so grow hearty.

PIRA. Is this all ?

MER. 'Tis more than I'll be at the charge of too.  
 Now I think on't, you shall cashier your company.

PIRA. How ?

MER. Pretend thou hast a father lies a-dying,  
 Worth thousands, though he served a prenticeship  
 To a butcher, and with broken ends of felony  
 Never could patch up ten pounds together.  
 I'll procure thy freedom, th'ast a tunable voice  
 To beg and tell camp lies in,  
 'Tmay raise you to a fortune ; or, if you carry  
 Home the full number of your limbs, you may  
 Creep into some kitchen service, and in time  
 Be dog controuler.

WITHIN. Arm ! arm !

'Death, the word's given ! heigh a battery !

ARI. LIZA. A battery ! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* GOVERNOR, COLONEL, SOLDIERS.

COL. They have already dismounted our cannon.

GOVER. Make another sally.

COL. They fight like men were greedy of destruction :

They weary our artillery.

*Enter* SOLDIER.

SOLD. The out-works are all spoil'd, the sconce taken,

And they come on like furies.

GOVER Have you care to prevent the danger Of the petards ? the devil is not able

To resist those engines if they once fasten

Upon the gates. Courage ! to the walls ! and

Die with honour.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* CASTRACAGNIO, ARIOTTO, LIZARO, &c.

CAST. Florello hath done wonders, if he survive the danger of

The breach. On, gentlemen !

Pursue your victory.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* SORANZO.

SOR. Pisa is bleeding !

Florello has done things above a man ;

He flies about like flame, and consumes all

His anger meets with ; nor is Bertolina

Safe now. Angels guard her from his fury !

I languish till I see her.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter* MERVOLE *beating* PIRACCO, *Colours.*

MER. March on, you bear-whelp !

PIRA. Good Ancient, is not the town taken already ?

MER. I'll ha' thee cram'd into a cannon, and Shot back again to Florence.

PIRA. If I be slain, you'll lose a subject of me.

MER. You shall stand by, and catch the bullets then. On, on !

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter BERTOLINA, RANOLA.*

RAN. O, madam ! if I be kill'd with one of  
The pellets, I'll take my death on't 'tis your  
Fault. An you had staid Florello you had  
Been secure from guns.

BERT. I am unhappy,  
And only fit for death ! Heaven protect  
My father ; though his anger punished me  
With restraint, I'll pray for him. Florello !  
Bring home thy justice to my heart, and save  
The innocent.

*Enter SORANZA and KEEPER.*

SOR. Not admitted ? there's reward  
For your officiousness.

RAN. He has knocked down our keeper.

BERT. Soranza !

SOR. I know not, Madam, with what words to  
call

Your fears up, nor to give expression  
To my sad embassy. You may tell yourself,  
If you but read my countenance, wherein  
Is character'd a sorrow for your fate.  
Florello hath taken Pisa !

BERT. Proceed !

SOR. The duty that I owe to your command  
Emboldens grief, and gives alacrity  
Even to horror. I am come, lady,  
A sad harbinger to take a lodging up  
For death, that now is borrowing wings of time  
To hasten hither Florello, you have  
Made too late your cruel enemy, who,  
If ever fear did prophecy, is yet  
But in the way to his revenge. He led  
Up forces to this battery.

BERT.

Pray, omit

Circumstance ; be particular with what  
I am to expect.

SOR. 'Tis concluded in a syllable : death !

BERT. And so is life.

You might have been less tedious, Soranza. I  
Never held myself immortal.

SOR. When——

Do you grow pale, and curse the messenger  
That frightened you ?

BERT. Heaven avert so great  
Impiety ! This relation doth  
Not deserve such ingratitude.

SOR. That virtue should, like the phoenix,  
Kindle fires with her own wings,  
And fan her ashes to a second life ;  
But when thy breath, sweeter than spices  
That wait on the other's funeral, shall return  
To heaven, the world must be an eternal loser.  
O, Bertolina ! do not account me  
So unhappy, that I came only to  
Prepare thy obsequies, my ambition  
Is not to outlive that fatal minute.  
I have no other use of life, and you  
Cannot deny him grace in death, whom you have  
Coldly honoured for his living service ;  
And, if my love may hope for so much glory,  
That you will but name Soranza with one  
Kind accent at your death. We are interrupted——

*Enter FLORELLO with a case of pistols.*

FLOR. The zeal I had to be a sacrifice  
Hath been the loss of Pisa, and I walk  
As I were proof against all the engines  
Of war and death. Hah ! Into what place of  
Horror hath my wildness brought me ? Art  
Not thou Scranzo ? That Bertolina ?

BERT. We are !

FLOR. To what affliction will fate reserve me  
Next ? Did death distrust his power to kill,  
And left me for this object, more prodigious  
Then the fam'd gorgon ?  
Here be the adders that convert to marble  
The inconsiderate gazer.

BERT. Florello !

FLOR. And had Soranzo ta'en possession  
Of her soul ! Excluded all my merit ?  
Thou hast deceived him. Bertolina is  
Now lord of both your destinies. Pray quickly !  
I must despatch a pair of messengers  
To inform your hearts that I'm injured,  
And you shall both die.

BERT. 'Tis not to live I beg, I'm not covetous  
of breath,

When Florello thinks the air too  
Great a benefit for Bertolina.  
I know there will be time when Nature will  
Be sick and die ; and all that we affect  
Must be resigned, forgotten when the dust  
Carries no figure of our pride. I am  
Desirous now to meet your wrath, and mix  
With Pisa's friends. I would not survive them  
To have a new solemnity, and mourn  
My virgin-widowhood ; but, as you would  
Leave your fame precious to posterity,  
Let not your fury be unjust, but save  
This young man.

SOR. Why are you cruel to employ your breath  
To make me wretched by your white soul,  
Than which, the world knows no purer altar ?  
Life shall not hinder me the triumph to  
Wait on you. Florello shall not strike  
More daringly than I can meet his thunder.  
Yet if he be not lost to piety,  
He'll spare this temple ; which to violate,



Were not to leave a sin hereafter to  
Be call'd a sacrilege.

FLOR. Their souls are knit ! what will become of  
me ?

Now to divorce them were rude impiety.  
Here take you that ! *[Gives them pistols.]*

Assure your safety, and destroy me first,  
For I find I shall have no mercy on you.  
Faint not, lest I resume my vengeance,  
And seal your eternal absence. Will you not  
Remove my dwelling, and secure your loves ?  
Be wise and active !

Do you hold death too great a favour ?  
I'll live then till I can find out a punishment  
Above life ; and to encrease my affliction,  
*[Gives her to Soranzo.]*

Live ! and be another's ! I resign all my  
Claim, take her ! thou hast possess her heart  
Before me ; I give thee but her hand.  
Live ! and each day renew the marriage  
Of a chaste love ; time, Soranzo, which  
Shall only serve to wither me, make thee  
Happy in her. I forgive you, and  
Bow to my own fate, it hath o'ercome me !  
But do not make a mockery of my tameness.

SOR. O, nobleness ! which can never be admir'd  
Enough in our dull age. Posterity  
Shall call this act their wonder ! O, lady !  
We enter now upon our lives, I am  
Nothing but joy, my Bertolina !

FLOR. So I'll now go seek out some forsaken  
earth,  
And there grow old in prayers, that I may  
Forget you both, and my own name. Farewell !

BERT. Carry not, Sir, the burthen of a sin,  
Beyond that you suppose we have committed,  
To afflict you in your solitude ; y'are guilty

Of a robbery ; ere you part  
Make noble restitution.

FLOR. To whom ? Ha !

BERT. It is injustice to dispose of wealth  
That others have a right to, but, without  
The owner's consent, 'tis tyranny. You have  
made

Gift of my heart to Soranzo, whom,  
Though I honour, yet I have not plac'd  
So near it that it should incorporate  
With his : And is not this a theft upon  
My liberty ?

SOR. How's this ?

FLOR. Hah !

BERT. And yet not mine. Pardon me, Florello,  
I have it but in trust ; nor have ye power,  
Were I dying, to bequeath it as a  
Legacy to any. Would you take  
The trouble which you late pretended to  
Search, I believe you'd find written there  
The name that owed it.

FLOR. Why d'ye perplex me ?

BERT. Ye are incredulous !

By all the lives of virgins that have left  
Their memories religious for their chastity,  
The needle is not more constant to the north,  
Than my heart full of obedience to you ;  
Nor can it know a change, having despaired  
Long since to find one like Florello to  
Cherish it.

SOR. My happiness has been a dream !

FLOR. Play not the Syren !

BERT. Fear urgeth no confession. Could I be  
Other, you have disengaged my vows.  
You were not charitable, to construe  
My desires to preserve your fame unstained,  
Which made you first so precious to me,

A revolt in my affection ; 'twas a jealousy  
I could not miss, and love you.

FLOR. Am I not turn'd to a statue ?

BERT. Soranzo, as th'art a gentleman, I challenge  
thee

To accuse me, if in thy encouragement  
To love, I have infringed my vows to him.  
Was ever a faint syllable let fall  
To make you hope for it ?

SOR. I have made too greedy application,  
And find my error.

FLO. By degrees I'll come to the belief on't.  
Let me touch thy hand ! It is my own again !  
This kiss I seal'd at parting, she has for me  
Preserv'd the impression I do feel  
The very breath I lent it return back,  
As if she had suspected that I should  
Miscarry in the war, and kept it warm,  
To do a miracle upon me, and renew a life.  
Shall I call thee my Bertolina ?

BERT. Not to be yours, now you have recovered  
fame  
Were to be lost for ever, be you so just  
To acknowledge me ; or, if you despise——

FLOR. Not for the wealth of Florence, were it  
made  
The world's exchequer ! divine harmony  
Dwells on thy words. I am new created !  
Soranzo, why dost look upon my bliss  
With such a melancholy brow ? thou hast  
Lost nothing ; if thou enviest me, let us  
Dissect each other instantly, that she  
May see whose heart doth best deserve her.

BERT. Goodness forbid !

SOR. I am o'ercome with both your nobleness,  
And I should make my memory scorned, to  
Wish misfortune to your loves. You have

Power o'er my life, as her virtues have o'er  
 My passion. With a free-soul I wish  
 All joy crown your union ! I am content  
 To wear the willow now.

*Enter* CASTRACAGNIO, GOVERNOR, MERVOLE,  
 ARIOTTO, LIZARO, PIRACCO.

CASTR. The remnant of the common faction  
 We have power to banish ; be't proclaim'd, that  
 The town must now admit our garrisons.  
 You, my lord, must to Florence.

GOV. Use your power !

CASTR. You shall find it honourable.

BERT. My father !

CASTR. Florello ! to thy valour our triumph is  
 indebted.

GOV. The city mourns, thy folly hath defaced  
 Her goodly structures, and turned her monuments  
 Into a rude pile. We are all lost !

FLOR. You have found a son, though not to  
 recompence

The public sorrow ; yet to make it seem  
 Less or more sufferable, we are your children.

GOV. Ha !

CASTR. My lord, a happy omen to close up our  
 wars !

Will a sun shine take away the storm ?

FLOR. It doth a little alter the complexion,  
 And makes it appear smiling.

GOV. Rise and be happier than I. Ah, girl !  
 This should have been done earlier.

CASTR. I do congratulate you both, and  
 Wish plenty of joys dwell on you.

MER. Please your Excellence—

FLOR. You are too silent, sir, and apprehend  
 Too deeply what has past. Look on the present  
 State of things, and then you shall have cause to

Conform to the Duke's will.

GOV. You shall o'ercome.

CASTR. Is't possible?

MER. These gentlemen, who to their honour be't mentioned,

Were his cowards, and paid him tribute, till they found

The commodity of fighting for their liberties,  
Shall witness his apostacy, if he dare but  
Spit in defiance of this truth.

PIRA. 'Tis a miserable truth,  
But I am punished for't already.

CASTR. As the opinion of his courage  
Prefer'd him from a corporal, his known cowardice  
Degrades him from all offices in war.  
Take thou his company!

PIRA. I beseech——

CASTR. Come, noble pair, your marriage  
Shall be presently solemnized. Foscari!  
Assure your self, I'll labour to procure  
Your pardon of the mighty Duke of Florence.  
Now Pisa put off thy mourning,  
And gather up thy drops of blood again,  
That all may dance to th' music of this peace.  
Let bridal tunes sound high, now the drums cease.

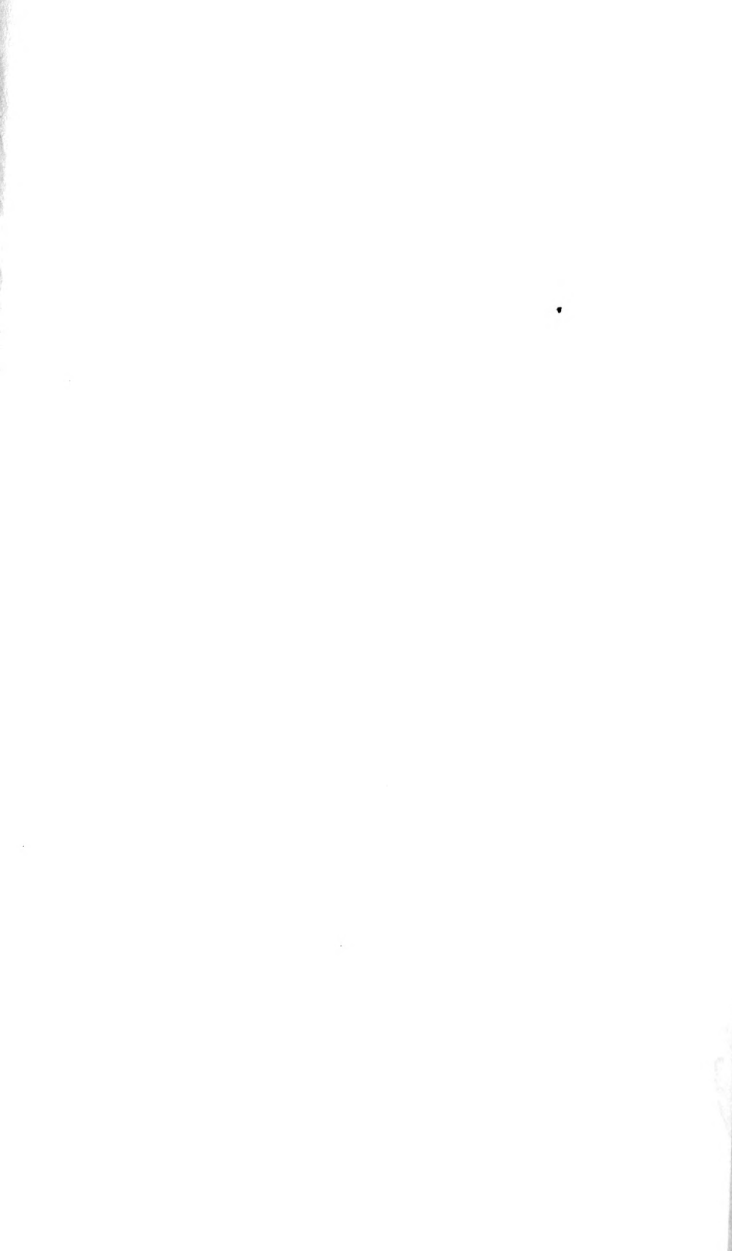
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

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